# William Plumer Jacobs

## Literary and Biographical

*William Plumer Jacobs*

1842—1917

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Edited by
THORNWELL JACOBS

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# *DEDICATION*

## TO WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS

His heart conceived, his endeavors founded, his love sustained this institution where his presence was a benediction and where his faith, his prayers and his Christian spirit still abide as a perpetual inspiration.

The contagion of his example and ideals created homes like this elsewhere.

His manifold services for education, religion and the church were crowned in his broad conception and substantial achievement for the orphaned child.

—Memorial Inscription—the
*Thornwell Orphanage campus*

# EDITORIAL NOTE

The publication of this volume celebrates the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Plumer Jacobs—1842-1942.

Its contents constitute a typical cross-section of his daily thought and life and, in its later pages, of the love and esteem in which he was held by his own and succeeding generations. Taken as a whole its pages comprise an amazing and almost incredible story of victory over difficulties, disasters, poverty, disease, sorrow, enemies, and death. Perhaps its chief value is its clear proof and proclamation that just such a life-story is possible for all who are willing to pay the same price for it.

Thornwell Jacobs

Oglethorpe University
December, thirtieth
Nineteen forty-two

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# P R E F A C E

By James Ferdinand Jacobs*

Dear Thornwell:

In line with my promise to write you about Father, I think the biggest thing in his character was his absolute altruism. He lived, not for himself, but for others. This was based upon his deep religious convictions.

As a theologian, he was dogmatic, and absolutely orthodox, but he was not formal. He took his religion as the greatest fact in life. He believed with an implicit faith, extraordinary in these times of formalism, and it was that faith which made possible his great altruism. He was a strong believer in the efficacy of prayer, and he proved experimentally through many years of experience that God would answer the prayer of faith.

He believed that we should live as Jesus lived. He believed this, not merely in the way of assent to its truth, but in the way of consecration to its execution. It was a daily matter, an hourly matter with him. I have no doubt that many a time he felt that he fell short of his duty and his obligation to live as Christ lived, but whatever temporary aberrations may have occurred which he may have been able to see, there were few others who were able to see any such short-comings, and the wonder is that a mere human being could have lived so closely to the doctrinal standards to which he so strongly adhered.

The product of such a life every one can see, and all admire. They are amazed that, in his age, it was possible for a man to live for others, for the sake of his faith in God and his feeling of obligation to do his duty. Of course every one, to a certain degree, is guided by his conscience and lives according to his doctrine, but there are few, if any, in our time and acquaintance who had so clear a vision of God and of the Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, who so absolutely believed and in his belief attempted to emulate, and there are precious few who in any time have been able so to "Walk in His way."

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*This letter, written to the editor while he was preparing the Biography of William Plumer Jacobs, (1918), now serves as a fitting preface to this volume.

Perhaps I was wrong in saying that Father's altruism was his strong point in character. I should have started with his faith, for he first believed and then he practiced, and his altruism was dependent upon his faith.

There was another quality of character which, while not of a religious or moral type, was nevertheless essential to the success which he accomplished. It was his wonderful optimism. I think that that optimism grew out of his faith in God, his effort to discharge his duty to God and to the human race, and was a great benefaction which came to him as a sort of reflex of his altruistic life. One cannot live for others without receiving a great deal of benefit thereby, and when one lives a life of giving, and a life of sacrifice, one cannot fail to have a great deal of happiness therefrom, and happiness, together with sacrifice, would largely create optimism.

He never complained of the passing of the good old days. He came out of the period of the ante bellum prosperity of the South, but he did not complain of the losses. He did not complain of the hard times. He was one of Woodrow Wilson's "forward-looking" men, except that he applied that ideal, not to politics, but to philanthropy and religion. He was essentially first a church man, next a philanthropist, third a literatus. The result was that he was widely informed, and his wide information gave him a wide interest in men and affairs. But this extension of interest in material things didn't in the slightest degree appear to affect his intense devotion to the interests of the Kingdom of God, so that in whatever he did, religion stood uppermost. If it was the care of the children, their spiritual affairs came first. If it was the care of the community, the uplift of the people through religion was the dominant ideal, but his ideal of religion did not stop with profession. He believed in cleaning up the community.

His first great pastoral work was his success in driving whiskey out of the community and making it a prohibition town.

I think you would make a mistake not to have something to say about his remarkable business acumen. Even when getting through the seminary he managed to make his expenses largely through trading. Perhaps you have heard him tell the story of how he would buy flour in the up-country and take it to Columbia when he returned from his preaching expeditions and there would exchange it with a student who visited Florida on similar expeditions, and who would bring back to Columbia a quantity of sugar. The student who went to Florida would take the flour to Florida

while Father would bring the sugar into the up-country, and in that way the two students managed to make their way through the seminary to a large degree.

This is a little indication that he was wide awake in a business way.

He built the first two-story house in Clinton, and he built it when everybody thought that Clinton was dead, but his optimism refused to accept the idea.

When the high school was about to die his optimism enabled him to force the people into the idea of establishing the Clinton College Association. He let the high school die but the college took its place.

When the Clinton College was about to die, he made it the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. His idea was always to meet adversity with a step forward. Had he failed he might have been called a four-flusher, but he did not fail. He knew that there was always more strength in the charge than there was in the retreat, and when his support appeared to be shattered and about to retreat, he always ordered a charge in order to get the motion in the right direction. In other words, he was essentially daring. He was no coward and, from what would discourage, his optimism and his faith and altruism produced results of a phenomenal character, both as to breadth and as to quality, and what he did, he did for the future as well as for the present. It is worth remembering that in his training of his children he realized that the things of value were not things material.

It was a matter of small moment to him whether his children became wealthy or not. He, of course, was glad to see them prosper but he was much more glad to see them doing things, accomplishing something for the world. He realized that the greatest wealth is the wealth which is contained within the man, or the woman, and not that which is possessed by the man or the woman.

I am very glad indeed now that I look back upon the days of my youth that I did not have money to throw away, that I saw something of hardship.

By the way, there is another feature. Father came of good stock, a literary family of editors, writers, printers, teachers, preachers. He had every reason to be proud of his good blood, but I don't recall that he ever boasted of it. He was democratic. I suppose that this arose from his altruism and from the intensity of his religious conviction. To him a soul was a soul, and one worth as much as another, and each one invaluable with God.

I said that he was a good business man. There was one quality about his business ideas worth remembering. He hated debt. He avoided it for the Orphanage and for himself. He disliked it in his children. His constant protest to me was against the carrying of debt. He would have had me run a smaller business and a safer business. When I used to be the editor of the Southern Presbyterian he could not understand why I would pay out $4.00 to get a subscriber when a subscriber only paid $2.00 a year and with no assurance of a second year's subscription.

I was right and he was wrong as it finally turned out, for I sold the paper for many times what I paid for it, and I got the money back, but the principle that he adhered to was a safe and good one, for there is a limit to a man's life, and all things here must pass away. Consequently a man should not do business on the principle that he would live always, but should be prepared to leave his business in good shape. The condition in which Father left his small estate was ideal, not a debt to pay that was older than the current month. All receipts for the preceding month and months in hand; his estate covered in memorandum; all of his papers together.

I think that the biggest thing about his will is not his division of his property, but it is the consecration of his children for the purposes for which he lived, to the church, the Orphanage, to the college, to literature, and in general, to humanity. He was always glad to talk to me about my business, and glad to talk to me about his own; that is, the Orphanage. He seldom alluded to any private interest of his own. Some times he would claim that he had more money than he knew what to do with, but I don't remember that he ever complained of not having enough money.

Thornwell, it must have been wonderful to have lived such a life,—so superior to material things. It was much better than the life you live or I live. I have never been able to see it fully until, looking retrospectively upon his life after he has gone, I see how much better he has lived than I have lived, or than any of his sons have lived. It certainly should be an inspiration to all of us, and to our children and children's children.

I think that his suggested epitaph fitly presents the man, "He loved God and little children."

By the way, don't forget his humility. He never claimed to be a great man. He was many times complimented for his goodness, for his charity, and on other points, but he seems to take no great pleasure in the compliments. As quickly as he could he would change the subject. Sometimes it seemed that he was annoyed, but never do I remember that he indicated any pleasure in receiving compliments. Think over that fact.

# INTRODUCTION

PAUL IN THE 12th chapter of 2nd Corinthians: "It is not expedient for me doubtless to glory. I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. Of such a one will I glory: yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities."

This is certainly a most remarkable statement. Evidently, thinly veiled through Paul's modesty, appears the person of the Apostle himself. He it was who saw the vision, who heard the inexpressible words and was caught up into the third heaven. But he does not tell of the wonderful vision and we are left in doubt of the nature of it. That he refrains from glorying is therefore, under the circumstances a marvellous thing. Is it not very, very strange that one who receives such evident tokens of divine favor should be so modest about it? Evidently he realizes that spiritual pride is the most subtle of all foes of the soul,—the most dangerous of all spiritual evils,—and he would give an example for the children of God to follow,—a modest, humble, grateful acceptance of the mercies of the dear Lord as a sweet token of the Master's *personal* love. Sometimes, the author of these lines has been asked to publish the goodness of God in answered prayer to this institution, but he has drawn back from doing so, because of the apparent implication that these mercies were special to him when they may be the common lot of all. And yet he feels constrained to say this much, that for twenty-five years past there has not been a month, nor often a week, in which the good hand of God has not directly been felt in answered petitions. Suppose you were to estimate for instance that during the month of June you must have $888 for the care of the orphans, and on the 1st day of the month you were to ask it of the Lord; suppose that up to the 28th of the month you had only received the half of it, and in surprise and disappointment you were to tell your blessed Lord your distress and plead with Him to prove His presence by quickly filling out the needs, acknowledging however that it would be very strange and wonderful for Him to do in two days what a month had failed in, and suppose that in those two days the relief came and He sent you the $888 and $25 over for good measure, would your heart glory

in such a thing or not; would you or would you not say "The Lord careth for me." Well, brother we know such a man, and such is his accustomed experience. We will not give his name. We will not glory in him. But you may rely on the facts of the case, and glory in the fact—God, glorious and wonderful, and present—the Comforter of this life and the Assurer of the life to come.—William Plumer Jacobs, in *Our Monthly*.

* * * * *

For three years past our family has numbered 170 persons including teachers and matrons. It has required donations for the support of these, for salaries and all other expenses to the amount of about $14,000 annually. Each year this sum has been given and the result has been that, without being unduly cramped, we have been able to get through each year, without debt and without cash balance. On the 1st of September however, our family will reach 200, and by the 1st of January it will pass that limit. This will require a sudden rise over all the experiences of the past of about $2000. Will this be provided? One friend says: "You will have to do a little more scratching, won't you?" If the brother meant to imply that we will have to work harder to raise the $16,000 than the $14,000 we answer, *No*. That is the wonderful thing about it. There, friend, is the proof of this wonderful proposition, that this work is the Lord's work, and not man's. The $16,000 will come. Keep this copy of OUR MONTHLY and when you get the Annual Report for October, 1900, compare the figures with the prophecy.—William Plumer Jacobs, in *Our Monthly*.

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Excerpt from Annual Report for the year ending October first, 1900:

. . . . "As our children were some thirty or forty more in number than last year the Master sent me nearly $2,000 more with which to make the needed provision. Here is a comparative table of receipts:

| 1899 | 1900 |
|---|---|
| $14,993.08 | $16,957.90 |

# My Boyhood Days

THE GREATEST, the most disastrous event in my life was the death of my mother. I was only three years old when the angels came for her. I do not remember anything about it. But that I am altogether a different man because of it goes without saying. Still I have had a dream-mother and she is with me till this day. In 1845, that same year of my mother's death, father was elected professor of mathematics and science in Oglethorpe University and though he was doing a noble work at Yorkville, where I was born, his sore heart drove him to accept the call and very shortly after his election he transferred his whole family in a carriage from Yorkville across to Midway, Ga. There were only a few railroads in the South then, and railroading was then regarded as rather in the experimental line.

Yes, I remember Oglethorpe, at any rate I remember its Central Hall, which seemed to me to have the glory of a great cathedral. It was a really spacious hall where college and religious services were held. And I remember the horror with which, on a week day, I saw a play-mate wrench off a loose rosette from the end of a pew. To me it seemed like plucking the ornaments from the gates of Heaven and I fled from the scene in terror, lest I be considered a partner in his sin. I think that then and there I made my choice for construction as against destruction and that principle has been a part of my being ever since.

Oglethorpe was a poor paymaster in those days and father was compelled a year or two later to give up his professorship and to move his family to Charleston. He had married again and that doubtless had something to do with the change.

I remember our first home on Charlotte Street, not far from the Second Presbyterian Church where in silence on Sabbath morning I listened to great and learned sermons from Dr. Smythe, but alas they were sermons that at that tender age (for I was only eight) I did not understand. An incident occurred at that time, that followed me through life. Wandering up one day to Meeting street, not far from home, I caught sight of a great black carriage with waving plumes, followed by many

other carriages and what seemed to me a vast multitude of pedestrians on either side walk. With the thoughtlessness of a little boy I joined the procession. The walk was long, but there was a multitude of things to be seen and along a street I had never walked before. The procession at last halted at a building, which I afterward learned was the City Hall on the corner of Broad Street. The casket (what it contained was all a mystery to me) was taken from the catafalque and carried up the steps. I followed with the crowd. When I reached the scene the multitude was passing quietly in at one door and out at the other. At the casket, which was much above my head, I remember that a gentleman picked me up and held me in his arms and showed me what to my amazement proved to be the face of a dead man: "My son," said the man, "look on that face and do not forget it; it is the face of South Carolina's greatest citizen." I did not know the meaning of these words but I have never forgotten them, for when I reached the frightened people at home who were searching the streets for me, I found that I was called a hero, for I had seen the face of JOHN C. CALHOUN. I afterward read his life and his relationship to the State and learned in doing so to love the history of our country and to study history with an eagerness for what it had to teach me, for on the title page of the first history I ever read was Coleridge's sentence which I committed to memory; "If men would learn from history, what lessons it would teach them."

Two years later, I was a boarding student under Dr. Francis R. Golding, author of the "Young Marooners," in his country school near Kingston, Ga. I learned dearly to love the old gentleman; but even more I learned to love the woods and the streams and the flowers and the birds and the stars, while this man of God told me that my soul was budding and he also told me that I must follow my guiding star until it had shown me the way into the temple of truth.

When I returned to Charleston my life for a while was crowded with events. Under Professor Sachtleben, the best known teacher in Charleston, my zeal for languages came to be a passion; under Prof. B. R. Carroll, whose private school introduced me to boys by the hundred, I learned how kind and good a learned man can be; then I also took my first dip into the mysteries of the science of shorthand. I had the run of the bookstores and printing offices and quickly picked up enough in both places to make me love books, authorship and types, while the Charleston College Library gave me a welcome when I was only 14. Though prepared to enter its Freshman

class I was shut off because of my age, and for a year waited to get older and learn the ways of business in one of Charleston's great dry goods stores, working all day and studying well into the night. I entered college promptly on my 15th birthday, and that same year, during that great revival of 1857, I was one morning standing in prayer in the dear old Second Church, when I heard the fervent minister say, "Lord, what a joy it is to know that we are not saved by anything that we have done, that we are not lost for anything we have failed to do; but we are saved by the precious blood of Jesus and can only be lost because we refuse it." Within five minutes I had decided the question of my soul's salvation and in these five minutes, I laid away childhood and became a man. My soul had followed the star into the temple of truth. So, with my manhood beginning at the tender age of fifteen this story ends. As I look back over it, I see clearly that I was made what I am by the people I loved, and most of all by the Master to whom I gave myself, heart and soul and whom I have followed unfalteringly to this time.

I

# Personal Recollections of Clinton

THIS LITTLE article is not an autobiography. But it will necessarily have to use the first personal pronoun very often, else it would not be possible to impress upon my readers that these are personal recollections. Neither is it a history. My recollections are along one line, my own point of view, and there is much in the annals of this city that I will necessarily have to omit because they did not come within my observation.

My first visit to Clinton, my very first knowledge of it was in 1862. At that time, according to all accounts, it was nine years old. It had been organized as a town in 1853, the Laurens railroad having reached this point and little wooden shanties (called stores) and dwellings having begun to sprout up in various localities. As late as 1864 there were only a half dozen good dwellings and one brick store building in the place.

The first building stood where the Seaboard Air Line depot now stands and bore the ensign, bar-room. The brick of the chimney of that old building is now a part of the writer's residence, capping off his chimney. Mrs. J. T. Foster (Aunt Lucindy being the name by which she was generally known) claimed to be the first lady that was ever a resident of the incorporation. Mr. Henry Young, a valued citizen, is now the oldest living resident, *born* and living within the town limits uninterruptedly to the present time.

The story of the naming of the place is unique. A dispute was in progress on that point, some advocating the name of Five Points because of the roads going out of the town in five different directions and in honor of one of the most unfavorably known sections of New York city; others wanted it named Round Jacket after one of the favorite citizens of the place, who always wore a round jacket. But just about that time, Mr. Henry Clinton Young, a venerable citizen of Laurens, a lawyer, and sometime member of the legislature who always caught the Clinton vote, happening to pass by on his way to Newberry, some one

proposed to honor him with the name and called the place Clinton after him. The choice went by acclamation and the name stuck. Clinton it has been ever since.

Clinton had at the very outset and for a long time afterward a very unsavory reputation. Horse-racing, chicken-fighting, gander-pulling, gambling and drinking, rowdyism, brawling and other little disorders like the above, were the distinguishing features of the place. It was said in the days when I first knew the place, that ladies did not like to pass thru the town in coming from the lower part of the county to the county seat, took care to leave the town off their line of travel.

The place was just like many western railroad camps, it was growing rapidly, did a big business in cotton, probably buying more each season, in those early years, than ever it did afterwards, that is after the line from Charleston to Spartanburg was built. Cotton was brought to Clinton for sale from beyond Spartanburg and Union. They were great times for merchants and lively times for everybody. But the growth was mainly in the number of little shanty stores and in the number of families and public buildings.

As early as 1855, the Presbyterians, under the leadership of Rev. Z. L. Holmes had built a church and organized it on July 28th, but even a little earlier, in 1854, the Methodists had moved in a church (named Mount Zion) from the country, a little north of Clinton. Mr. James Wright, a good Methodist steward who was a leader in every good work, was the leading member of that organization and very early in the life of the town had a very interesting union Sabbath School, which lasted until the War between the States began. The citizens erected by subscription a school building, on the lot now occupied by the City Graded School, and Mr. Wright became its first teacher. The citizens took great pride in it and it was really the center of town life for at least six or eight years. This subscription list has been preserved and formed the basis on which in 1872, the organization known as the Clinton High School Association was formed. In that Association every subscriber was given a vote for each $20 subscribed.

There were only five or six streets laid off, and on a few of these, some attempt to form side walks and to set out shade trees had been undertaken, but as late as 1865, the town had a poverty striken appearance, the general opinion being that Clinton had seen her best days; and very few were there to prophesy otherwise. The Civil War had taken off every man of enterprise,

closed every store, even to the post office, destroyed the railroad and had given a sickening blow to the town and everything in it.

## II

I CAME to the town of Clinton to make it my home in 1864, having it in my heart to become pastor of the Clinton Presbyterian Church, joined in a pastorate with the neighboring churches of Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek. The Clinton church was organized on July 28, 1855; the Shady Grove church in 1859, while the Duncan's Creek church belonged to the regime of the early settlers and was first set up as a preaching place in 1755 or thereabouts, if any official account of its organization could be found. When I reached the town, if town it could be called, (for it could be called so only by courtesy), its only public edifices were the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, both of which were just square boxes, and the Clinton Academy, afterward the Clinton High School. On the grounds of the Presbyterian property there was a small building erected by the members of the church to serve as a boys' school during the week and a "session house" on Sunday.

As 1864 was the year before the war ended, nearly all of the men, a few older ones excepted, were off in the army. I boarded with Mr. Phinney who was not only the life of the Presbyterian Church, but was also the spirit of the town. He was a merchant, being associated with Mr. Geo. P. Copeland. Their business was the big business of the town before the war, but the doors were seldom opened at the time of which I write, so seldom in fact, that zealous Presbyterian as he was, Mr. Phinney on one occasion went down "to open out" for the day's business and was amazed a little later to find that it was the Sabbath morning and it should have been the church and not the store that he was to open. Mrs. Phinney was a woman of whom Clinton may well be proud. She was a veritable mother in Israel. Everybody called her "Aunt Sake" and there was nothing that happened in the way of family life in Clinton, whether birth or death, that her help and advice was not sought. Another of Clinton's leading families was that of Capt. Robt. S. Owens. His widow occupied the residence now owned by Mr. A. M. Copeland who afterwards married one of her daughters. He was a brave man and true. How often I have heard it said, "what a loss to our town was that of Capt. Owens." I had never seen him but he was so often the subject of conversation that his name was almost as familiar to me as that of any of the citizens. His son Rutledge

and my brother Pressley lie buried in the same grave on the field at Gettysburg.

Capt. B. S. Jones lived just east of the Presbyterian Church. He was a member of the legislature and later on was killed by a run-away horse, he dying instantly.

There were no stores open in Clinton the last year of the war. Even Mr. Phinney's store was open only on mail days. It was the custom for the mail carrier to throw the mail bag down on the corner. Mr. Phinney would open it and call out the names of the parties to whom letters were addressed and the whole town was there to get the expected letter or had some one there to receive it. Sometimes when Mr. Phinney was not well, the mail was emptied out, and left for each one that chose to search through the little pile for anything that belonged to himself. Later on, a postmaster was appointed, and H. M. Martin was about the first. His salary reached the munificent sum of $50 a year.

Clinton could boast at that time of having a loom for weaving cloth in almost every house in town. Cloth could not be bought for love or money and cotton was a drug on the market. The good women and girls of Confederate times were equal to the occasion. Wooden looms, reels and spinning wheels were made by the carpenters and set up in some back room or outbuilding. The little girls especially, and the colored girls also, had their task to spin so many cuts, and the good women did the weaving of jeans for the men and the cotton goods for themselves. In every family I visited as pastor I was sure to hear the hum of the spinning wheel and the regular thump of the loom treadle. Miss Esther Fairburn, an elderly single lady, went a little further than the rest in the way of manufacture, by setting a room apart for raising silk worms. She made some beautiful silk goods. But just after the war she moved to Bremond, Texas, to end her days at the home of her brother, Mr. J. M. Fairburn.

Before the War a 60 horse-power saw mill had been built on the line of the Laurens railway, for grinding corn, and hauling and sawing lumber. It was never a success, however, and after long disuse and the destruction of the building by fire, the machinery was sold and moved away.

## III

WHEN I was a boy I was very fond of types. Even at an early age in life, I had pondered over the question as to how books

were made, though I had never seen a press in operation or even a printer set type. But that was not a deterrent. I determined to start a paper, to do all the type setting myself, to make a press and print a book. To get the type, I visited the trash pile of a printing office and gathered in all the old type that had been swept out by the printer's devil. When I had several bags full (small bags of course), I made a type case, and later on a printing press. I used the old printer's balls for printing; then I wrote the book and printed it. Indeed, I printed only one copy, for I had to make the ink I used, and I thought too much of that to put it on the market. College and Seminary put a stop to my zeal to be a printer, but after I had settled down in Clinton, in the first year of my residence here, I bought a 25 lb. font of "pica" and the same of "long primer"; half a dozen fonts of display type and a little cottage press. These were the very first type and the first press ever brought to Clinton and in May, 1866, I printed the first number of the "True Witness." It was a little three column folio, 4 pages, printed on the quarto medium Cottage Press, one page at a time. The intention was to serve as a medium with my congregation. It was a very ineffective sheet however, its work being that of a tyro in editorial work. I did all the type setting, printing and mailing myself. A few months later, I moved the paper and publishing department from the log house in the rear of my dwelling, where it first saw the light, to the northeast corner of Pitts and North Broad in what was then known as Craig building and there it continued until 1867. On the first of July, 1867, the *True Witness* came to an end, for it was too extensive a job for the publisher, and *Our Monthly for the Fireside and Garden,* a 16-page magazine took its place. Later on the words "Farm and Garden" were dropped and the little magazine sailed out under the heading of *Our Monthly* simply and solely. The magazine has been improved from time to time until now it is a 68-paged magazine, well printed and illustrated. It has become the property of the Thornwell Orphanage, although as yet the Orphanage has never paid a dollar of the thousand promised for the plant. Of course, before it was sold, its plant had improved greatly and was worth at least $1500 while the magazine itself has increased to some 4000 subscribers at $1.00 each.

The town of course, felt the need of a weekly paper and sometime about the year 1875, the *Clinton Enterprise* was started by the Enterprise Co. It did not pay, however, from the very start, and after a struggling existence of a year or two, its plant was bought by Messrs. Parrot, now of Gaffney and again

had a brief existence, when the plant was sold to Mr. Wade Dendy who, entirely ignorant of typography or the editorial art, nevertheless made himself quite a success at both, and sent out for many years Clinton's only weekly paper. He afterwards sold out, but the paper now under the name of the *County Gazette* is still alive and is doing many a good turn for the town of Clinton.

In 1886, a joint Stock Company was organized with a capital of $6,000, with which was bought from Dr. James Woodrow of Columbia, the *Southern Presbyterian,* one of the old and substantial papers of the Presbyterian church, and its purchase brought honor and nothing more to the town of Clinton. Rev. W. S. Bean was elected editor and certainly put out a fine paper. The only lack was plenty of cash to run it. It became a burden upon the stockholders and was finally sold to Rev. J. F. Jacobs, of the Religious Press Advertising Agency of Clinton. He ran the paper very successfully for five years and then sold it at a good figure to Rev. T. E. Converse who moved it to Atlanta, and so the paper was lost to us. Its subsequent history is not a matter of Clinton history. It is only necessary to add that it is now a component part of the *Presbyterian of the South* and is published at Richmond, Va.

While running the *Southern Presbyterian,* the same publishers started the *Clinton Chronicle,* now edited by Hon. Wilson W. Harris. Mr. Harris was a former pupil of the Thornwell Orphanage and a student of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. He is an elder in the Thornwell Memorial Church and is one of Clinton's honored citizens.

The College has been in the printing business also, not only sending out its Annual Catalogue and quarterly Bulletin but printing magazines. At one time it printed an "educational Journal" and at another time, the *Collegian.*

The *Thornwell Messenger* was originated in the Thornwell Orphanage Press in 1910 and is a religious (Presbyterian) weekly, and boasts several thousand subscribers. It is the only Presbyterian Weekly now published in South Carolina. *The Orphan Work* was begun with the century in 1901 and is the Orphanage College Bulletin.

Very much good printing in the way of books, pamphlets and leaflets. For fifteen years, the Bulletin of the First Presbyterian Church was printed under the heading *Clinton Presbyterian Weekly News* and was only discontinued in 1912 after the

resignation of the writer from the pastorate of that church.

It is a pity that the town library has not preserved copies of all these publications. They would be very valuable in future years when the history of Clinton is to be written. Certainly the material would be bountiful, if only it had been preserved.

## IV

CLINTON is now quite a lively, growing city. Including Lydia Mills, it has five thousand inhabitants. There are about 140 brick and stone buildings. Quite a number of very handsome dwellings and some beautiful store fronts, worthy even of Columbia and Charleston, line its streets, but in 1862 when I first rode through it, I thought it to be a most forlorn and hopeless hamlet. Its business center consisted of twelve or fifteen lopsided frame buildings. None of them were beautiful with paint, but all looked as if they were very, very old. The railway depot, which of course, was most prominent to travelers by steam or highway, was a 20 x 40 building, weather boarded with plank on end, the cracks strapped except where the strapping had come off, and the whole leaning two feet out of the perpendicular. When I settled in Clinton in 1864, there were six streets in the town. The Main street running East and West (now dignified by the name of Carolina Avenue) had but few homes on it. The first in the town to the east end was Col. B. S. Jones's. Half a mile nearer the station was the Presbyterian Church. Mrs. J. M. Fairbourn, Mr. Daniel T. Compton, Mrs. Robert Owens and Bob Franklin's (on the corner of Broad), were the only families on the south side, east of Broad. West of Broad the families were: Mr. A. J. Butlers, H. M. Martin, Dr. Passly and Mrs. Bob Williams. With the exception of Mr. Newton Young's home now occupied by Mrs. J. C. Copeland, these were the only families living in that part of Clinton. No streets had been laid off at that time. On Main Street, north of the railroad, the first home was Mr. R. S. Phinney's. Mr. Elbert Copeland lived next to him, and Mr. Joel Foster ran a hotel which had been occupied a long time before it was finished and it never was finished. Beyond the stores and westward, the houses were those of Mr. Barksdale, Mr. Bell, Mrs. Langston, Gentleman Jno. Little, and no others. On Musgrove Street which was the crack street of "the city," the only residences were those of Mr. Mad Ferguson, Mr. Tom Dean, (the Mayor), and Mr. George H. Davidson. The homes of the first two mentioned, were the brag residences of the town. On Broad Street, north, lived Mrs. Eustace,

Mrs. Huette, Mr. Harris and Capt. Leake. These were all. Mr. Harris' house was afterwards bought and owned by Dr. W. A. Shands. The only other street in the town was Pitts Street on which Mr. Bailey's Bank is now located. The only persons living on the street at that time were the Inglesbys, a refugeed family from Charleston. A little off, almost out of town, lived Squire Sloan at the end of the road, running out from Pitts Street. These families constituted the entire white population of the town of Clinton, but the little town was as proud as a dandy, and though some people called it the worst hole in the state, Clinton aspired to be what she has become at last, about the best.

Clinton has never suffered from the ravages of war. During the Revolutionary War, Tories and Continentals, Britishers and Patriots rode at their will through the town undisturbed by the populace, but as Clinton at that time was a swamp, and its only inhabitants were frogs, reptiles and squirrels, it escaped unmolested. During the Civil War from 1861 to 1864, Clinton's men were all in the army, with few exceptions. No troops of the United States Army ever entered it. I remember standing on Mr. Phinney's piazza to watch the smoke of Columbia when Sherman left his foot-prints there. The enemy came on up as far as Pomaria, thirty-five miles below Clinton. A mighty multitude of refugees from Fairfield, Richland, and Lexington counties poured through our streets, leaving the citizens in an uproar of confusion and anxiety, but the scare was all and nothing followed.

In 1872 Clinton suffered all the miseries of a second war in the period of reconstruction which in its effect upon the town and in the suffering it brought, was more doleful, even than the Civil War itself. The reconstruction period was one constant reign of terror in these parts. It was charged that Clinton was one of the South Carolina storm centers and a home of the Ku Klux. During the election riots of that year, several parties in and near Clinton were found dead the morning after the election, whether brought there or killed by local people, nobody knows till this day. The general supposition is that the people had become so greatly excited, that they were ready even for such extraordinary incidents, but there was cause. I remember riding from Cross Hill, where I had been to marry a couple on a certain dark night. On reaching Mudlick, a stream just the other side of Little River, my horse suddenly sprang forward, he seeing what I couldn't see—a rifle raised and as he sprang up the hill, the report of the rifle rang through the woods. Nat-

urally I was a little excited as I did not know that I had an enemy in the world, white or black. The next morning, I was informed that three young men came in about nine o'clock, from the country, passing through the woods where the McCall building of the Thornwell Orphanage now stands, were fired at by some unknown parties, but fortunately escaped without injury. That night or the next day the negroes began to assemble in force on top of the hill, opposite the old steam mill, where there was an armory, with some fifty or sixty rifles, belonging either to the state or National Government. All of the ladies and children in the town were collected at Mr. Phinney's and guards were stationed about the house. The men were assembled in the town, arranged along Mr. Foster's hotel front. A colored democrat was sent up on horse back to the armory, to notify the negroes to disperse, but owing to the sharp volley of musketry, he decided to disperse himself, and came rushing back. As he was between us and the enemy, the musket balls peppered the side of Mr. Foster's hotel, considerably above our heads, and nobody was injured. Runners were sent out however, throughout the country and up into Spartanburg. By ten o'clock about a thousand armed men were here in force. The blacks concluded it was better to leave a town like that, and it was not long before the whites had the town all to themselves. This was the closest we ever came to a battle in Clinton.

In mid-summer in 1872, while we were all assembled forming the Clinton High School Association, the predecessor of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, United States Constables came into the town and arrested some fifty men. Two of these were members of our High School Association. A little later on, five of them were put on trial in Columbia as conspirators against the peace, prosperity and unity of this great government. A score of these prisoners were members of my church. I remember that on two successive Sabbaths, I preached to these members and others, once in the Columbia Hotel and once in the Columbia Jail. The trial proved to be a flash in the pan. Theirs was the first case under Judge Bond in which a mistrial was the verdict. The jury stood one for conviction and eleven for acquittal. It was a glad day for Clinton when the war ended, and our citizens were once more restored to the bosoms of their families. Evidently Clinton is a town of peace.

We had one little war of our own of which I will have more to say. King Whiskey was the enemy and the king was uncrowned and his scepter taken away from him. Clinton has had no whiskey on sale since 1879.

## V

## CLINTON AS A PROHIBITION TOWN

WHEN THE town of Clinton was first founded, nobody would have thought of those two words together—Clinton and prohibition. In fact, Clinton was rather the head center of the anti-prohibition sentiment, but as the years went by, circumstances arose that altered its view of the situation. Just after I came to Clinton a Spartanburg citizen told me that he went from store to store and he could find nobody in condition to wait on him. Merchants and clerks were stretched on their counters all asleep, while fumes of liquor told the tale. Whether he told the truth or not, it indicates the fact that an idea was abroad in the land that Clinton was not for temperance. The town was chartered at first for fourteen years. The charter expired by limitation in 1866. When it was rechartered, about the first question that arose upon the selection of Mayor and Council was as to whether a wet or dry council should be put in office. A wet council was almost the unanimous result. Liquor worked out in Clinton its natural results. Several murders took place in the town or near it. These greatly shocked the sentiment of the community which was beginning to be purified by regular preaching in the churches. With each new case of murder or manslaughter, the general feeling among the ladies of the town, if not among the men, was, "what a bad name this will give to Clinton," for it must be faced, that at that time the reputation of the town was more of a concern to the mothers, sisters and wives, than to the men of the town. Along in the seventies the spirit of temperance became more alive. A lodge of Good Templars had been organized in the town, and such men as Jas. M. Wright, W. B. Bell, R. S. Phinney, and others were active workers in it. Mr. Bell was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a merchant of the city, threw his soul into the lodge, and served it for many years as its worthy chief. This lodge determined if it were possible to change the sentiment of the town of Clinton in favor of an anti-liquor law. In 1879 a dry council was elected, and all barrooms were closed. Prior to that the only effect the selection of a dry council had had was to raise the liquor license. It reached at its best $500.00.

In 1880 the citizens decided that the time had come to ask that a law be passed by the Legislature prohibiting for all time the sale of liquor in the town of Clinton. The law was pre-

pared and sent forward to the Legislature and passed. Someone asked the Governor why he signed such a fool law as that. His reply was, if the people of Clinton wanted anything of the kind, they could have it. Clinton was one of the first towns in the state to pass under the prohibition flag. It has never forsaken its banner from that time until this. For a while the council had trouble with blind-tigers; with drug stores; with passing North Carolina whiskey wagons thru the town; with little liquor shops on our country streets and every other form of liquor selling, but the temperance people were on the alert and they fought nobly for their principles and have the pleasure of knowing that they have led the State of South Carolina along precisely the same road that they have traveled and the result is that South Carolina is now a prohibition state, and that its late legislature has locked the door and thrown the key away. The Lodge of Good Templars did not keep alive its enthusiasm for many years after the town became a dry town. They seem to have had the idea that they had done their duty, and they truly had. Clinton is proud of her prohibition sentiment, and shows a pure life and a multitude of sweet cottage homes, her schools, her colleges, her railways and her factories as the reward of her purpose at any sacrifice to get rid of liquor. I might say here that other forms of vice that usually accompany liquor drinking have been put out of town. It was the proposal at the very outset, to make Clinton a clean place, the sort of place men and women could afford to raise their children in. The town up to 1880 was almost without exception, a town of Presbyterian people. The Lodge of Good Templars had almost every office filled with Presbyterian men and women, and that church may well be proud of its efforts in that direction.

The only cases of discipline that ever came up in the church session, were trials for drunkenness and profanity and these gradually grew less, until drunkenness has been banished from the town and a drunk man is almost unknown on our streets. And yet at one time the town was spoken of as "the worst hole in South Carolina."

## VI

## THE EARLY DAYS OF EDUCATION IN CLINTON

IN THE days before the war there were no public schools in South Carolina in the sense that we have them now. The

state contributed the education of poor children but everybody else paid tuition. In the history of this little town of ours, the very first public movement after that of securing church privileges was to get up a school for the children. Five years after the town was started, a number of gentlemen, mostly members of the Presbyterian Church, decided to erect a school building, and to get a teacher. Squire Thomas Craig, who owned land in the nowthwest part of the town offered an acre lot on which this building was to be erected. It is the same lot on which the Graded School now stands. Mr. Robt. S. Owens headed the movement with a subscription of $100.00. J. T. Craig, a son of Squire Craig, gave $177.00; Geo. P. Copeland, $142.00; R. S. Phinney, $152.00; E. T. Copeland, $167.00. This was three-fourths of the money that was raised. Five others gave $25.00 each, making a total of $972.00. A two-story building was erected on the lot mentioned, the second story not being finished. When the house was put up and dedicated it created a great deal of interest in the town. Mr. James M. Wright was selected as teacher. He had an assistant and also a music teacher, but this with all other enterprises went down with the war.

When I reached Clinton in 1864 I found the school being taught in that building, with Mrs. R. S. Dunlap, who is still living, at the head of the school, but the teaching that was done when she gave it up was spasmodic and occasional in character.

The year 1872 was a turning point in the history of this town. In my mind there had arisen a purpose to make something of Clinton or to quit it and go somewhere else. I had several little children of my own, and I felt profoundly interested in their future. There was a fine and very efficient teacher, a Miss Sallie Robinson of Pendleton, who for four or five years was doing her best, and very successfully to help along the little people in their studies, but Clinton needed something more than that. In that year of 1872 I planned for three educational institutions. One of these was the Thornwell Orphanage, the story of which is given in a little book which I have written, entitled, "*The Lord's Care.*" The second was a library Society, which was finally organized by private subscription, but which finally was merged into the College Library. It did a good work while it lasted especially in giving every season a course of public lectures which attracted much interest at the time and which were educational in character. This series of lectures was precursor of the Lyceum courses which belonged to a latter period of our town life. After the long sleep, a new

society has been organized, which goes by the same name as the old, "The Clinton Library Society." If our citizens will stand by it, which they are well able to do, they will have eventually a noble and most worthy aid to city improvement. The third of these efforts saw the light on the 31st day of August, 1872, when at my urgent request, all of the gentlemen who had constructed the Female Academy building as it was called, met in Mr. R. N. S. Young's store for the purpose of considering school conditions in Clinton. The old Academy building had gone to ruin, needed paint, all the glasses had been destroyed in the windows, some of the sashes had been carried off and the building was wholly unfit for school uses in winter. The writer was elected President of the Clinton High School Association, which was organized that day. The membership of this association was to consist of all previous subscribers to the old building.

Every person who had contributed or would contribute $20.00 to the funds of the association was to be entitled to a vote for each $20.00 contributed. They were permitted to vote by proxy and shares of the school property could be transferred to others as is the rule in Cotton Mill properties. We at once raised a fund of several hundred dollars, put the Clinton High School building, as it was now to be called, in good order. Mr. Nichols J. Holmes and his sister were elected teachers. They accepted and gave us a most successful school. Mr. Holmes was afterwards a lawyer and is now a minister of the Gospel. He was succeeded by Stobo J. Simpson, who afterwards practiced law in Spartanburg and is now deceased. His successor was Wm. States Lee, of Edisto Island, S. C., who was a teacher of practical experience and of much previous success. Under all these teachers, the school prospered. At a meeting held early in October, 1880, there being a few members only of the College Association present, the President of the Association made a statement to the effect that in order properly to awaken an interest in Clinton for the school, it would be necessary to take some vigorous steps to arouse all members to a greater enthusiasm, and he suggested, if it met with the views of the members present, that the word High School be stricken from the constitution wherever it occurred and the word College inserted in its place. Mr. M. S. Bailey heartily endorsed the proposition and Prof. Lee gave it his second. The motion was carried. Mr. Lee was instructed to organize a Freshman class immediately. Rev. Z. L. Holmes was selected as an additional professor. The preparatory school was to be carried on as usual, an excellent lady being in charge of the same. It was in this way that the Presbyterian College came into existence. It was with a little

degree of surprise at our own audacity and of amusement on the part of the town people that we made an announcement of what we had done upon the streets. Nevertheless it took well from that day till this. The institution, then known as Clinton College, has gone on steadily until it has reached its present splendid development. It will be seen that at first there was no intention to convert this school into a Presbyterian School. At the first meeting of the Clinton College Association the Presbyterian feature was introduced. All of the stock holders with a few exceptions transferred their stock to the session of the Presbyterian Church. Nineteen-twentieths of the stock was in this way so to speak Presbyterianized and the other twentieth died out in the course of time, by the death of its holders.

It is not my purpose to follow the history of the College after this event. The College will no doubt have its history written, all material being on hand in the way of minutes and publications from which the history is to be obtained. There is one little incident that is worthy of special notice. On a certain day, the exact date of which I have forgotten, but it was shortly after the change of name above mentioned, Mr. M. S. Bailey, Mr. J. W. Copeland, Mr. R. R. Blakely and the writer were standing together at the door of Mr. Bailey's store, when the first two named gentlemen offered to give $500.00 each toward the construction of a suitable college building, if $5,000.00 could be raised by subscription in the town of Clinton. Mr. Blakely and the writer agreed between them to make this subscription of a thousand dollars to be $1,500.00. When the association met there was very considerable enthusiasm over the offer and a suitable location and a $5,000.00 building was erected into which the College moved in 1886. At the time when Clinton College was organized, the Presbyterians of South Carolina had an institution at Walhalla for young men known as Adger College. There was no intention, whatever, on our part to interfere with the progress of that institution. Indeed it was never thought that Clinton College would be anything more than a town institution. It was made co-educational. The purpose was to care for our own sons and daughters. Prof. Lee, who was the first President, was encouraged to organize a College family, and to take boarders, which he did, and a number of young men were educated in his family, these being principally the sons of personal friends of his own.

Just after the opening of our new building, Adger College was closed forever. The thought then entered into the minds of our Trustees that we were now called to widen our scope, and

to secure if possible patronage from abroad. One or two Presbyteries agreed to elect trustees, a charter which we had obtained making this possible. Again and again, in fact on three successive occasions, the College was offered to the Synod of South Carolina but was declined by them. Our people worked on, however; the faculty was enlarged, the primary and preparatory departments were cut off and turned over to the state under the State School System. Mr. Newton Young, and Mr. J. W. Copeland donated a handsome sixteen acre lot on which the noble Administration hall now stands. The Alumni Society elected Rev. J. F. Jacobs their agent and the College board elected him Bible Professor. Under his active work, the state was canvassed and two new buildings were erected on that lot. Our interest in the old Academy building had already been sold to the Public School trustees, and is now occupied by a beautiful and costly public school building, with nearly five hundred pupils. The more recent history of the College is known to everybody. Its present President has the devotion and confidence of everybody in the city. The College itself is on the high road to success. The three plans proposed away back in 1872 have all developed into institutions of note and have been a blessing to the town of Clinton.

## VII

## HABITS, CUSTOMS, AND RELIGIOUS IDEAS OF THE PEOPLE

IT IS said that every great war is usually sure to advance the people that are left alive after it is over, in social culture, family comfort, and general intelligence. Mr. Chas. Frazier in certain recollections of Charleston, calls attention to the wonderful improvement in that city, caused by the Revolutionary war. Whether it was the war of 1861 to 1865 that has caused the great change in the habits of the people of Clinton or whether it was the natural result of plenty of gospel preaching, is an unsettled question.

The community in 1861 was a very small one. The children and grand children of that generation are still with us, but vastly changed from their ancestry. Yet there were certain things about the clever folks of the old time that it would have been well if continued. Neighborly kindness was a very common and expected state of affairs, not only thru the country

about Clinton, but also in the town itself. If somebody came in unexpectedly to dinner, an errand was sent to a neighbor to ask for a baking fowl or a couple of dozen of eggs, or some garden truck, and it was sent unhesitatingly, and the sender would have felt much offended if he had been offered pay for what he had sent. A constant supply of little gifts passed from family to family. If a young fellow married and went to housekeeping, his neighbors would see that the proceeds of garden and chicken yards were at his disposal. There was no market at the time. Purchasing outside of Clinton, by mail, was out of the question, and the result was that every man sent his surplus to anybody that he thought would appreciate it. It is a pity that this habit of constant attention to the necessities of others has died out among us. Visiting also at that time was very different from what it is today. Very often one of your neighbors would send you a message about breakfast time that "I am going to spend the day with you and bring the family." Now spending the day meant *spending the day*. By eight or nine o'clock the family would be there. The lady of the house, would probably be in the kitchen, already busy with the dinner, leaving the husband and children to entertain the guests. The visiting lady, however, would find her way back to the kitchen and help in the preparation of the dinner, and the dinner was always a good one. About four or five in the evening, the visitor would say, "well, now I must be going," and before she left would probably arrange a day when her hostess would return the compliment, not forgetting to bring the family.

Yet another peculiarity, springing out of the absence of hotels such as we know them today; a perfect stranger would drive up to the gate, introduce himself, and ask permission to stay all night. His horse would be taken to the stable and properly taken care of. He would be provided with his supper, bed and breakfast, and sent on his way rejoicing the next day without being charged a cent for it. His company and the news he would bring from the outside world would be considered as sufficient pay for his night's entertainment. He would give his name and address before leaving and extend an earnest invitation to his host to stop with him when he visited that way. So common was this habit that some of our fellow citizens became noted as entertainers. They actually ran a free hotel. I have known Mr. Robt. Phinney's house to have in it a dozen guests in a single night.

The sports of the young people were somewhat different from what they are today. Card playing was regarded as ir-

religious and not practiced but dancing was considered just a little bad, and was a very common way of spending the evening. Large crowds were attracted to see so-called tournaments. This consisted in riding full tilt at high speed, under three consecutive rings suspended across the track, and the game was in the power to put a wooden spear into each of the three rings in succession and the finest and most skillful rider was privileged to select the queen of the tournament, and to crown her with high honors. That night there was always a grand ball, but the dances consisted of country dances and reels and such like, while modern dances would not have been tolerated for a moment. There was altogether too much liquor drinking, and especially in the assembly of young people, and the result was that a race of drunkards sprang from it. The changes in the habits of the people in Clinton have been so gradual that it is impossible to say when our modern state of society began. At present our Clinton ladies have almost a monopoly of the social order. Invitations to set dinners, where quite a number of guests were present, and the men excluded as soon as the dinner was over, were unknown in the old days. There were no social bands of women with parties held in the afternoon, such as we have now. Both men and women worked hard. Fancy costumes were wholly unknown. Young women and married women would go to church in calico dresses, the young women wearing sailor hats and the married women often with sunbonnets. The men seldom thought that there was any need to brush their jeans suits, or black their boots, and for a good old elder to stretch off his feet on the bench, lean his head against the wall, listen to the preacher, if he liked him, and go to sleep if he didn't, was a sin of common occurrence.

Very shortly after the war ended, the customs of the people began to change, and in less than twenty years, a new order of events ruled out the old. I remember distinctly just after the railway began its operations in 1876, a very old lady talking with me of the changes that were going on exclaimed, "what a pity our town is changing so. I admit that it is improving and that many people are moving in, but all our family ideals are going, and we will soon be like a modern town." "Well," I asked her, "don't you want it so?" "No," she said, "I like the old better." But the old was doomed, the new had come, not to stay, but to change the old and then to be changed again and again.

As to religious views and feelings of the people at that time, it is hard to give an exact description. People clung tenaciously

to their own church, not so much because they understood its doctrine, as because their kith and kin were in it. They regarded any attack upon the specialties of their religion as a personal affair. They would argue the cause up and down, not at all seeing the force of their own arguments or even the force of their scriptural quotations, but nevertheless most earnestly and vehemently. The bitterness between the various denominations was more than considerable, it was great. The practice of religion was a much more difficult affair. There was great opposition in all the churches to certain kinds of sin or what they considered sin, such as horse-racing, betting, gambling, and drunkenness. But as to the weightier matters of the law, they gave less attention to them. The consecration of money to the services of the church was deemed to be right, but it was considered as not at all an important thing. The churches were usually opened once a month, and Sabbath Day accordingly came only about once a month. Very few of the people thought it worth while going to their neighbors' meetings of a different denomination from their own. It was regarded as preferable to have long services than to meet as often as every Sabbath Day. The other Sabbaths were given to visiting and entertaining.

In Clinton there were only two churches at the time. These exchanged congregations very freely. Everybody went to the other man's churches and even ministers were considered as bigoted in the discharge of duty, if they failed to put in their appearance at their neighbors' church, if there was no service in their own, but this was not the rule in the country generally. Social interest had more to do with church going than religious zeal, but I will deal with this matter under another head.

## VIII

A YOUNG man leaving the Theological Seminary and going to a thoroughly organized church learns more about church work from the church than the church learns from him. In my case I left the Seminary absolutely without preparation for any pastoral work. I was very impractical, knowing neither what ought to be done, nor how to do it. However, I had had some previous experience by having been a member of that venerable and highly organized church, the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston. I took my entire education, both school and college, social and religious, in the city of Charleston, where I lived until I entered the Seminary. In Columbia I was an attendant on

the First Presbyterian Church with such pastors as Dr. Jas. Henley Thornwell and Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer. In both cities I had had a little practice in Mission Sabbath School work.

When I came to Clinton, although I thought I knew it all, I soon found that I knew nothing, as it ought to be known. The Clinton Church was wholly unorganized. It had only thirty white members and a few colored members. It had no Sabbath School. It had no choir. It had no Prayer Meeting. It had no church collections. It had no officers' meetings. It had no Ladies' Societies, and was accepting only two services a month, both in the morning. I saw the need of all these things. My first effort was to get thoroughly acquainted with everybody in Clinton, and to be specially familiar with the membership of my own church.

My first call was on old Mrs. Holland, a Scotch Irish lady about eighty years of age. She greeted me with the remark, "I didn't vote for you to be pastor of our church. I voted for our old preacher, Mr. Holmes. I am sorry they elected you." I replied to her, "I am glad you told me. I am sure that one who was so true and faithful to her old preacher will feel warmly toward a young man who needs you so much, and who loves the old preacher as much as you do." She became my friend at once and was one of the warmest in her welcome to me of the whole congregation.

My first effort was to start a Sabbath School. There had been one at the Methodist Church before the war. It was a union school and all the Presbyterian people attended it. I started our school on the second Sunday in May, and gave a warm invitation personally, to everybody in the town to join it. As it was the closing of the war, books were hard to get, but I found a place in Columbia where I could buy a small supply. I had to print a little easy question book myself for the benefit of the primary classes. It was a good long while before the International lessons were adopted by the school. I found it very difficult to secure teachers. Dr. Jno. T. Craig, my Bible Class teacher, was not even a member of the church but he was a very accurate Bible student, and thoroughly Calvinistic in his beliefs. Later on he became a member of our church. All of the other classes were taught by ladies of all the different denominations represented in Clinton, and differing of course in their views of religion. The children took great interest in the school. Many of them studied hard, and grew up to be very efficient teachers. Their first effort at a collection was taken

in the Sabbath School. I remember the delight with which our young treasurer came forward on the first collection occasion and announced in a loud tone of voice, "I have seventeen cents." It was thought to be a remarkable collection. Some years later I urged the session to authorize regular church collections. Some thought that if we did so, we would drive away the congregation, but others while not consenting to a collection agreed to have contribution boxes placed at the door. On a certain day, the treasurer having forgotten for several Sabbaths to open the contribution boxes, the box was discovered to have been broken open and whatever was in it to be gone. This created quite a sensation among the people, though from my experience of that box, I am sure the thief was very sorely disappointed. After that, the collections were taken up in a bag on the end of a pole, counted immediately after the services and passed over to the treasurer who placed the money in his pocket and accounted for it very irregularly, spending it for the benefit of the church just as he pleased and thinking the congregation ought to be satisfied.

Our first night services came about in this wise. I offered to the young people if they desired it, and would take the trouble to provide the church with lamps and oil, that I would preach for them every Sunday night. Some of the elders objected, saying that the young people would never foot the bills, and the church would be running into debt for candles and oil. Mr. Phinney undertook, however, to light the lamps, claiming that the young men might set the church on fire by neglect, and from that day to this the Presbyterian Church of Clinton has continued its night services.

As to the Prayer Meeting, the very suggestion seemed to be absurd to the majority of the Clinton people. At the first Prayer Meeting only three, counting myself, were present. On going down town after the prayer service, one of the jokers with a smile asked how many we had at Prayer Meeting. I replied, "three." The young man spread the report that there were three at Prayer Meeting. He was asked who they were and he replied that he did not know, but he thought it was the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in which he showed that his knowledge of the Trinity was somewhat ill-defined. Still I hope that he was right, and that if we did not have the Blessed Trinity at that meeting, we certainly would at the next. I regret to say, however, that Prayer Meetings are not Clinton's strong point even yet. The five churches hold their Prayer Meetings on Wednesday night which is a sort of second Sabbath with them. This

arrangement has gradually worked itself out, the object being to protect one night in the week for Prayer Meeting purpose.

Gradually the church work was organized, and collections were taken up regularly. The people began to learn the meaning of such words as Foreign Missions, Home Missions, and other technical terms of an ecclesiastical character. One brother who was charged with being an enemy of Foreign Missions denied it indignantly saying, "I am a great believer in it and give liberally. I have given ten cents twice this year." This shows that church work was making efforts to maintain itself. One of my elders in great glee told me of a conversation that he had with a man of another denomination. The man asked him, "How much do *you* pay to your preacher?" He told him a little shame-facedly that his subscription was only $50.00. The reply he got was, "I'd see my preacher in the bad place and the church along with him, before I would pay that much money." However, a gentleman, a member of my church, who had just paid $25.00 for a baby carriage and $20.00 for his wife's hat, signed his name on the subscription list to his pastor's salary, with a great flourish, $1.00. The report was current on the streets of Clinton, and not very much to the credit of the Presbyterian Church, that a few years before my advent in the town, the church had invited the Presbytery to which it belonged, to hold its next session with them. When the cars came rolling in loaded with dignified elders and ministers, the entertainment committee took to the woods, frightened by the number of their guests. The brethren were turned loose in the streets, and it was some considerable time before a hospitable people got together and distributed their guests among them. Certainly the town improved in its ability to entertain a crowd. Presbytery met in Clinton in 1866, just after I had taken charge of the church. We were in session when a lot of gentlemen desiring to do their best by the preachers, brought an invitation from what in other places would be called a Jockey Club, to adjourn their proceedings and be escorted out two miles in the country where the Clinton people in buggies were racing a fine set of race horses against each other. The preachers were eagerly invited to the races. The brethren rose to the occasion and explained that they were about to adjourn and would leave on the next train.

This little story is a warning to all Synods and Presbyteries, —not to despise the day of small things. When this little church, now the mother of churches, colleges and orphanages applied to the Presbytery of South Carolina for organization, the petition was refused.

## IX

ALTHOUGH I was city "raised" I do not think I was a green horn or even a tenderfoot in my experiences. This "back country" town in the days before the war was a wild one. Although Clinton is now the twentieth town in size in the state of South Carolina, yet fifty years ago Charleston and Columbia were the only towns in the state that were larger than Clinton is today. Even Columbia had only six or seven thousand population at the opening of the war, but at the time about which I am writing, Clinton was hardly worthy of being dignified with any other name than that of hamlet. I had some mighty good friends in Clinton, who fearing the inhabitants might take me for some new kind of Yankee and shoot at me, designed to set me on my guard and warned me against being taken in. Then my friends suggested to me that if I was invited to go snipe hunting, I should laugh and decline. I might even say that I knew the joke and the joke was this: a lot of young fellows, too old to be called boys, and too young to be called men, would invite a green horn on his first visit to the town to go out "snipe-hunting" with them. The name was fascinating. The fact that it was done at night excited curiosity. The program required only a dozen hunters, one of whom was to be the owner of the snipes, and the other of whom was to be the head snipe catcher. The boys would take their green companion out of town some mile and a half or two, when the snipe owner would appear suddenly on the scene, would bless out the boys for interfering with his snipes and blaze away in the dark with his gun. Immediately all the boys would scatter caring no more for the green horn, and one of the boys who was the snipe catcher, would fall, crying out "he shot me, don't leave me boys," but all the boys were gone except the green horn. As he reached the wounded boy to give assistance, the snipe catcher arose and ran into the woods and there alone and nonplused stood the green horn, frightened at the sudden turn of affairs, and utterly ignorant of his location, or even of the direction of home. Greenie was the only snipe *and he was caught*. There are some of Clinton's aged citizens who probably remember incidents of this kind in their early youth.

The boys of Clinton were of the sort of which men were made. Just before the war broke out, there was a great occasion and a mighty commotion in town. The boys had asked their teacher for a holiday. The teacher, however, saw no occasion for it, whereupon they told him they would duck him if he did not give it. The threat angered him and he let his hickory fall

rather sharply on the back of the leader of the school rebellion. Instantly as if this had been the sign, a dozen little boys sprang on the teacher, had him on the floor, tied his hands and his feet and swarmed over him like Liliputia did over Gulliver. The boys were determined to carry out the threat of ducking. There was no water on the school house grounds, and it was half a mile to the public railway tank, but what with dragging, carrying, and pulling they got him down to that tank in the course of half an hour, and were about to turn the nozzle on him, when Robert S. Owens, afterward Capt. Owens, C.S.A., appeared on the scene and scattered the Liliputians right and left, and rescued the much bedraggled and highly enraged Professor. He quit his school exclaiming that he was willing to teach boys, but not little devils.

Among the words that have passed out of our present vocabulary is the word *school-butter*, but in those early days, it was all a man's life was worth, if passing by a school house, he called out that fatal word "*school-butter*." Instantly every boy in the house would pour out of the doors and windows, and make for the venturesome man. If he ran, he was pelted with rocks and brick-bats and books, or whatever else came handy, until he was raced a mile from the school house. If he stopped to fight he would be a very fortunate man if he got out of the scuffle with a coat on his back, and with a face that could be recognized. "School-butter" simply meant, I am the *better* of the *school*, and dare you all to fight. The fellow that ventured to say it got the fight.

Another custom of those days was that of locking the school Master out and the school boys in. The custom of the boys of this day when they want a holiday is to run away, and leave the school to take care of itself, but there was no fun in that. It did not give the chance for a fight, and that was something that South Carolina boys of the war times were always boiling for; so the door was fast barred, the window-shutters all fastened and the school bell rang violently a half-hour before time, and the ringing kept up until the teacher appeared on the scene, when at once silence reigned supreme. The teacher came and finding the door locked, demanded admission; no answer. He knocked on the door; no reply. He began to try the various windows; silence was the only result, then he would call out to the pupils, if he were an unwise man, and order them to open the door. If he were a wise one, he would bow to the inevitable, would take it for granted that there was nobody inside, and would go home. Usually however, some boy could not contain

himself, but shrieked out and that was the signal for a general hullabaloo. The teacher would try to get in, and the boys would dare him in. If the teacher were quiet and pretended to have gone away, spies would open the windows and peep out and if they saw no teacher there, they would come out with a shout and dash off home, and that would be the end of that day's attack. The teacher would come back the next day, and if wise would go on with his work as if nothing had happened. I was called on, more than once, to settle such a conflict as this, between teachers and pupils.

Not the whites alone, but the blacks were also zealous for learning. On one occasion, while I was at church, a negro laborer entered my study and carried off a wheel-barrow full of books, mainly Greek and Hebrew, carried them to the woods and covered them over with leaves, intending to get them on another day. In the course of time the books were discovered, and also the thief. The thief was not reported to the state officers, but understanding that he was a student for the ministry, his case was reported to the conference of his denomination. The presiding officer charged the brethren that stealing was a grave offence; but that as this property had evidently been stolen for the sake of getting books to prepare himself better for preaching, the thief was somewhat excusable. His motives were good even though he deserved to be blamed for the action itself. So they voted to let him go on with his studies and warned him not to steal any more books. On yet another occasion the same conference decided to license the man to preach. It was argued that he had never been to the Seminary and did not know enough, but that argument failed for the reply came forthwith, it is true that he has never been to college but he spent four years in the Columbia Penitentiary, and that was education enough for any man.

During those reconstruction days, a colored brother, named Jim Pig, offered himself as a candidate for election to the House of Representatives, but the whites said Jim was caught stealing a pig, hence the title Pig was added to his name. His colored brethren, however, indignant over this effort of a rascally white man to deprive an honest darky of his profits, proceeded to preface the title of Honorable to the same name, and he went to the Columbia Capitol building, as Hon. Jas. Pig, and there served South Carolina in the House of Representatives. Those were great old times in South Carolina. I had in my employ a colored man that had made himself offensive to the whites and he was wise enough to know it. On the night re-

ferred to in a former chapter, as the election night on which a number of men were killed, this negro came to my house about ten o'clock, and begged me to hide him, as he thought white people were going to kill him, so I told him he might lodge in the barn. He climbed up into the loft among the hay and fodder. Later on when several men were brought before Judge Bond, my negro appeared as a witness. When asked who he worked for on that night, he replied, "Parson Jacobs." As I was somewhat offensive from the part I took in behalf of our prisoners to some of the people in authority, the question was put to this negro, "Did the Parson have anything to do with that Ku Klux business?" And then I got the reputation of my life. There in the court house in Columbia, he testified that a big crowd of white men rode up to my door and asked for a member of the House of Representatives, of black complexion, bearing the name of Wade Perrin, one that was killed that night, and that I cursed the negro race black and blue, and he heard me tell them that Wade had passed my house going down to Martin's Depot, that he, himself, was lying in my barn, and heard it all. This of course made me accessory to the fact and the murder, and gave me the reputation of having forgotten the third commandment. I am glad to say that this young Judas failed to carry the jury and the prisoners were all discharged. Later on, I met him in Newberry. He rushed up to me to express his joy at meeting me again. When I called to his attention that little indiscretion in Columbia, he replied, "Boss, I just did that for fun. I knew dem folks would not believe me."

The colored people of Clinton have made wonderful progress in all that goes to make good citizens. They are a tax-paying and property-owning set and are working hard to get for themselves a good reputation. In the early days after the war, I preached for them for five or six years every afternoon, and organized a church and Sabbath School. The church had about two hundred members. Some of them did not understand church life very thoroughly. I remember one good brother that joined our church, and even served as an elder who afterwards joined the Methodist church. I met him on the street one day, and said, "How it is, old man, that you quit us?" "Why," he said. "Massa, I have not quit you." I said to him, "They told me here today that you joined the Methodist Church yesterday." "Oh," he said, "I just did that to encourage them, I ain't jined dem, I belongs to you yet." The little church was afterwards transferred to the Northern General Assembly of their own

choice. They have not thrived well since uniting with that branch, but there is still a fragment left under the name of Sloan's Chapel. I asked our Presbytery to give them an organization under our care, but the Presbytery declined. I feel sure that had the Presbytery taken different action, a large colored Synod would now be under our care. But it was not approved by those at the head of our work in this state.

## X

## AN INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH

IN THE early days of my pastorate I had never heard of "the institutional church." The expression would have meant to me something altogether different from what it means now, but I feel sure that I anticipated the conception by my own efforts at making the church start all that it ought to be for the community in which it lived. Of course the main idea of any real church of Christ is to save souls, but the membership of the church is an organized body through which it is possible to do good work for the advancement of Christ's cause. I found that the Presbyterian Church was unpopular in Clinton and the surrounding country. I diligently sought to find out the reason. Several reasons were given. The first reason, and it was the hardest reason to combat was that the members of the church were all hypocrites. This reason was sometimes advanced by the members themselves, but the closed examination showed that they had the wrong conception of what a church was. They imagined that the membership of a church all profess superior holiness to the men around them. They did not understand that as the hospital was for the sick, so the church is for the sinner, and that the membership is made under such profession. Another reason given was that the organization of a church in Clinton had about broken up old Duncan's Creek church six miles away. But Duncan's Creek church only gave thirteen members of the formation of the Clinton Church which would seem to indicate that the Duncan's Creek Church was almost broken up already, if losing thirteen members was to prove its ruin. The old church still lives and it is stronger in membership than it used to be when it gave up so many members to Clinton. There were other reasons of a more trifling character which to repeat would confuse.

I determined to make the church a very useful body to the town and thereby to destroy all opposition. However, the more we succeeded, the greater was the opposition. The first item

of the institutional work of the church was the organization of a Sabbath School. I had many schemes for its promotion. On the anniversary of the Sabbath School we always proclaimed a free invitation to everybody to come to Clinton and take part with us in glorifying Sabbath School work. At first there was a picnic dinner, for the anniversary was held on Saturday. Tables were spread in the grove, and the invitation to a first-class dinner was given to "everybody," and "everybody" accepted it. The best speakers that could be found were invited to come. The Sabbath School children took a very eager part in the proceedings of the day. Prizes were distributed. The Sabbath School was greatly improved by the occasion, and the proof of it was given at that time in this zeal for the occasion. These anniversaries increased in the number of their attendance from year to year, and for forty years they became a sort of national holiday. The older members came in and the families were all represented. Numbers estimated from two to five thousand flocked into the little town, and always seemed greatly to enjoy the day, even though not more than one-tenth of that number succeeded in getting into the church. Toward the last the day became secularized, and the session decided, wisely, I thought, that although these gatherings were very interesting, yet they were not to the advantage of either church or Sabbath School work and the Saturday holidays were discontinued, the anniversary being kept up on the following day, and it is still so honored. The school was provided with a good library, reaching from twelve to fifteen hundred volumes. This was at the time, the only library of any kind in the town. It served a good purpose, for the books were mostly of such a character as was beneficial to the reader.

The two institutions that were founded by this church: the Presbyterian High School and College, and Thornwell Orphanage were founded with the same object in view, namely to give impulse to church life and to instruct the children of the community in literary knowledge and to lead the whole church into sympathetic beneficence specially for those who need it most—fatherless children. But the church was not contented with these items only. Through this school, of course, all athletic sports were cultivated, and at first a great deal of attention was paid to music. Unfortunately the zeal for music although now blooming out into the use of pipe organs in our churches seems gradually to have lost its zest for our people. We hope, however, that the seed sown years ago is only dormant in the soil, and will yet bring forth much fruit. I have already mentioned

the part the church took in the Temperance cause. It was through this church, however, that the upward impulse was given to Clinton as a whole. The first effort to revive our railroad was made in the session of the Clinton Presbyterian Church. Leaders in that church had much to do with the development of the Seaboard Air Line.

The various enterprises in Clinton were largely due to the impulse given from the pulpit, the press and the membership of the church. On one occasion a member of our church was attacked by a member of a different denomination with the remark that the Presbyterian Church was the most selfish church to be found anywhere, and the answer he got was struck from the shoulder. "Nevertheless," said the gentleman, "the Presbyterian church has made this town a place fit to live in, and so interesting that you and your people were not satisfied until you had moved to Clinton and founded a church of your own faith and order. You found a welcome when you came and the men of our church ready to help you. Nothing was said of selfishness then."

The Presbyterian church was the first to undertake the construction of a building suitable for the great work that it had undertaken, and worthy of itself. The erection of this church was surrounded with many difficulties; in fact, it was the first great enterprise that the town had ever undertaken. The membership decided to build the church on the plans of an intelligent architect and to build it of granite, to make it substantial throughout and no sham nor shoddy work in it from foundation to capstone. They expected that it would cost about twenty thousand dollars. In reality it cost us about twenty-five thousand. The lowest bid for its construction was something above thirty thousand dollars, so we built it under our personal supervision. There were three principles that the church adopted at the very outset. First that they would build for cash, and only as they could raise the money. Second that they would not ask for a dollar from anyone outside of our own church organization, and third, that they would not reduce church contributions to any of the benevolent causes of the church. This church took four years in its erection.

Four different subscription lists in all were raised—a payment made as they came due. All members of the societies of the church, especially the Ladies' Aid Society, and the Sabbath School worked together most zealously and harmoniously for the raising of the money needed. The building was dedicated

in 1904. It is still being improved, and will no doubt become a very beautiful and attractive edifice surrounded with grounds, for the beautifying of which art will be employed to its fullest extent. The people are proud of their church and they have good cause to be. The building of it was really the beginning of the education of our people in good works. Since then the Baptists first and the Methodists later, have built beautiful churches, fully up to the mark and altogether worthy of the church membership. Clinton may well be proud of what she has done up to this time in the matter of church buildings. It was the plan of the Pastor to erect a second church in the western end of the town. A chapel was built at the Cotton Mill by the people of the Presbyterian church, and at one time a second church was organized. Since the resignation of the Pastor in 1911, after seven years' of service in the new building and forty years in the old, the church at the Mill was burned down and the membership scattered, and the church organization dropped from the roll of the Presbyterian church.

A church ought to be maintained by our people in that section of the city. Not just for people of the Cotton Factory but with a local membership there, through whom a Mill membership could be gathered and permanent work kept up.

In the Southern section of the town in which are the two institutions a church organization was found necessary on the Thornwell Orphanage grounds and under the name of the Thornwell Memorial Church which now has a membership of over three hundred in it. The northern section of the town is cared for by the Associate Reformed Presbyterians with whom our people have always maintained good fellowship, and for whom we feel profound regard. This was the plan that was worked out by the pastor and session of the First Church and it is hoped that it may yet be successfully developed. On the whole the Presbyterian church has done a good work for Clinton. Now it does not stand alone. The other denominations have gone heartily into the making of the town and are certainly doing good work. In this article we have spoken of only the Presbyterians of Clinton, and not of the Methodist Church, nor the Baptist Church. We hope that this fellowship will always remain as effective, and as sincere as it is now.

## XI

## POLEMICS

I HAVE referred in a former chapter of these notes to the disputes and hard feelings that sprang up between the different denominations in this section of South Carolina. In Charleston, where I had my early "raising," there were no disputes whatever between Presbyterians on the one side and Methodists and Baptists on the other. In fact they were all three united against the Episcopal and Catholic Churches, but when I reached Clinton where there were no Catholics nor Episcopalians and not even one Jew, I soon found that I had to be very careful in all that I said, and in all that I did. I made some mistakes of course and these were remembered against me for many a long day, even if they are not held against me still. It was very easy to see why I made the mistakes. I did not know where the troubles lay and got in the mire before I knew it. When I was in the Seminary, we had a Professor of Polemic Theology. The word polemic is derived from the Greek word polemos, which means war. One can readily understand therefore what kind of Theology, Polemic Theology was. The various churches interpreted literally the saying of St. Paul, "Fight the good fight of faith." A young preacher in particular was in danger, for older and more experienced warriors of the faith of other denominations were ready to trip him up when he was not looking for it.

I shall give you an incident or two out of my own experience, one with my friends the Methodists and another with my friends the Baptists. These brethren were all very sensitive to what we might call their peculiarity and a big-headed boy such as I was, would rush right in where angels fear to tread. The only church in Clinton at that time, besides my own, was the Methodist Church. It had some mighty good people in it, and they loved their church every bit as much as I loved mine. They were Methodist, because they loved Methodist ways, and strange to say, what they loved most was not the Theology of the Church, but its methods of worship in particular.

After I had been here a few years, a meeting was announced by a zealous pastor, to be held at that church. The meeting was a very earnest one. To his preaching no exception could be taken, but the Presbyterians who like order above everything else, saw plenty to condemn in the after meeting. I have

never been used, in the old second church Charleston, to stand up if I wanted to go to heaven, and so when Bro. Lee asked me to do it, I smiled and kept my seat. We were all asked to come up and shake hands with the preacher if we were going to try to live better lives hereafter. As I had always been trying to do that, and saw no necessity to shake hands with the preacher at that time, I kept my seat again. This was evidence at once that I was a very cold hearted Christian, if indeed I was a Christian at all. A little later on, a young girl in the congregation, about ten years old, announced that she was converted. Her mother, at once, as I thought, went into hysterics, but I found out afterward, that it was the holy laugh. I had never heard the holy laugh before. She picked up her child in her arms, and went up to one of the visiting ministers, knelt down by his side, put the child in his arms, prayed over it and laughed over it. She did the same to the next brother who was the pastor of the church. My time came next, but I felt myself badly slighted. She looked at me and shook her head, and went on to find someone more pious.

After that I was looked upon as out of sympathy with my Methodist brethren. They did not understand. They could not see that I was reared altogether differently, and that these things were too different. A wave of deep religious feeling filled my heart with a sadness at the mistakes that I thought they were making of classing religion and excitement together. One of the brethren who was more inquisitive than he was wise, laughed at me about my predicament and attacked the Methodists for their fervent ways. I said to him, "My good brother, do you know how they treat the dogs in India?" "No," he said, "how?" "Well," I answered, "everybody lets his dog wag his own tail." My unfortunate remark was repeated. I learned then that comparisons are always odious.

There is near Clinton a church known as the Hurricane Church, pronounced by many of the people around Harrykin. It was so named for a violent tornado that swept through this country about one hundred years ago, leaving the mark in many an up-rooted tree. I came across the Hurricane Church one day in my travels through the country, hitched my horse and went in, for there was preaching going on. I found that a preacher was expected but none had come. Knowing that I was a minister, several of the brethren asked me to take charge which I gladly did as I had never spoken in a Baptist Church before. Our acquaintance was so pleasant that I went back day after day for a week, preaching a sermon every morning. Their min-

ister came on the Sabbath, and I had to go to my own church at Shady Grove. Learning on Monday that a number of young people had joined the church, and that their baptism would take place that evening at four o'clock, my friend Mrs. Phinney, who had taken me to the various meetings of the week before, offered to take me down to the reception into the church by baptism. Strange as it may appear to my Baptist friends, I had never seen an immersion. There was some tinge of curiosity in me. I wanted to learn, and that was my only reason for going. As we were going out of town, a Baptist lady passed us in her conveyance, for she had a faster horse than our little mule. As she passed us, she asked, "Going to the show, are you?" I nodded my head and turning to Mrs. Phinney, I asked her, "Did she call it a show?" Mrs. Phinney replied, "I thought so." When we reached Hurricane grounds, where I expected a warm welcome, I met many averted faces. However, Mrs. Phinney and myself walked around to the pool where the crowd had assembled, and where the ceremony had already begun. As I drew near the pool, an old officer of the church drove the little boys away from in front of us, saying, "Let these Presbyterians get near so they can see the *show*." I thought it strange and glanced at Mrs. Phinney. Perhaps I smiled, I don't know. We had another engagement, and after being there about an hour, the exercises being over, I looked at my watch and seeing that my time was out, I spoke to Mrs. Martin, a Baptist lady who had very kindly stood by me fanning me now and then, as we were standing in the sun, whereupon we took our departure.

A few days after I met a report in many a house I was visiting as to my behavior on the occasion. It was said that I called the baptism a show; that I laughed at the whole proceeding; that I took out my watch to note how long it took to baptize a candidate, (controversialists will know the reason why), that Mrs. Martin, a Baptist lady stood by me, and shook her fan in my face and told me that in ten minutes she could prove to me that the Baptists were right. The good lady had not even spoken to me. I wrote to the pastor a day or two after telling him of these reports and asking him to say to his people that I had the utmost respect for them and their form of faith, and that none of these things had happened. He replied that Pedo-Baptists were so often misrepresenting the Baptist Church that it was generally supposed that I would do the same. Some of my Baptist friends, however, believe this story to this day.

Many years after these events occurred there came to Clinton a new form of faith that gave us much more anxiety than

ever we had from Methodists and Baptists. Rev. N. J. Holmes was the first young man I received into the church after I took charge, (son of the minister, Rev. Z. L. Holmes) the first teacher of our High school and himself a Presbyterian minister, recently of the Presbytery of Enoree, from which he received honorable dismissal. He was warmly loved by my people, all of whom believed in him thoroughly, and carried on a meeting of ten or twelve days duration in a tent which was pitched on Musgrove Street, very near the spot where his father had first preached to the Presbyterians in the town of Clinton. Bro. Holmes had espoused the holiness doctrine. His meeting drew very large crowds. Perhaps all of my people attended at some time or other, and the question of sanctification was discussed at every corner, in every home, and everywhere else where people got together. It put me into a very trying position. Of course I enlightened my own people on the Presbyterian doctrine, but it was not so much the doctrine that disturbed me as the shouting and groaning and holy laughing and the talking in what they called the unknown tongue. My people could not understand all this. I enlightened them as far as I could, but by this time I had gotten wisdom and the Pilot steered the bark safely through the breakers, and instead of doing the church harm, it bound the brethren still closer together. It strengthened their faith in the good old doctrines and it increased the church by addition to its membership.

Early in March of that same year, Dr. Edwin O. Guerrant, a distinguished evangelist of Kentucky, and founder of the celebrated Mountain Mission, put in ten days of good preaching in my church. There were eighty-five additions at the time, and the numbers continued to increase until we had reached one hundred and thirty new members; after Mr. Holmes' meeting, fifteen others were added, making one hundred and forty-five, the largest up to that time made to any Presbyterian church in this county in one year. In fact, the stated clerk of the General Assembly who was the father of our distinguished President Woodrow Wilson, wrote me a letter asking me if there was not some mistake in the figures. Happily there was none.

There have been collisions since those days between the Christians of Clinton, on forms of worship and doctrine, but as these do not concern me, this had better be left buried. I end this chapter by saying that our brethren of all faiths and orders are getting on nicely together.

## XII

## THE WAY WE DID IN THE OLD TIMES

WHAT I have to say in this chapter does not refer to the cities of the state, but only to the villages and country places of the up country. Our up country towns were looked upon by the city people as somewhat wild and uncouth, though there were strong advocates of each section always ready to fight, each man for his own.

In our little town of Clinton which was one of the smallest in the whole state, about fiftieth in size, at that time the customs and manners of the people were just about like those of the neighboring country. In fact, Clinton was a country town. No man thought it possible to live on a lot less than four to six acres. Not only chickens and turkeys and cows, but pigs and horses were raised in the town. Every family had a garden and a water-melon patch and of course corn and potatoes. The result was that table fare was better and cheaper in those days than it has ever been since. Everybody tried to live at home. The whir of the spinning wheel and the hum of the loom were ever present sounds to attentive ears at every house passed. All of the inventions now so common even in negro cabins were unknown among the whites in those days. Stoves had just found their way to the up country. Sewing machines did not reach us until after the war. In Clinton there was just one piano and it was badly out of tune. There was also a little melodion belonging to a young soldier in the army which was borrowed by the Presbyterian Church to help them in their music. Books were a great luxury. The doctor had a few and the preacher, of course. The only books to be found were on the center table. A library case in a private family was looked on as a great curiosity. A hymn book, Bible, a Book on Baptism, the Confession of Faith, and one or two books of religious biography constituted the entire library wealth of most of the families in town. To this the children added a Blue Back Spelling Book, Davies' Arithmetic and a small school dictionary. The evenings were usually spent by the young people in winter around the fire side. The pop-corn shovel and oven for roasting peanuts furnished amusement. If company came in, young people's singing games were introduced and varied by that form of dance known as the "Blackberry Pie." It was a simple cotillion, but was looked on with great suspicion. As time went by, however, the name was dropped and the young folks took to the modern dance.

Sunday was spent either at church or visiting, while all outdoor games were tabooed. I overheard one of my old elders giving a very sharp rebuke to a young lady boarder in his family for cracking hickory nuts on Sabbath, but she greatly aggravated her offence by telling him that it was a work of necessity for he had failed to give her enough dinner that Sunday.

Church going was very popular with everybody. For years in the early history of the town there was not a single non-church-goer in the place. A few Jews had moved in and these had to drop into the procession and go to church, too. They usually went to the Presbyterian Church, claiming that it was more like a Jewish Synagogue than any other religious assembly they knew of.

The most common amusement in the country with the young men and girls was what they called "courting." It led, however, to the serious consequences that the young fellow almost before he knew it was saddled with the necessity of providing for a wife and family. Young people married at a very early age. Very few persons waited beyond eighteen. A young man of twenty-one and a young lady of twenty were looked upon, the one as a confirmed bachelor and the other as a hopeless old maid. Fortunately, however, the age has steadily advanced for matrimony until now, a gentleman is hardly eligible until he is forty and has made his pile.

Horse-back riding which the automobile has put entirely out of fashion was then almost an occupation. Girls rode as well as men. Every church had its upping block, from which the lady mounted her side saddle. The upping block has now passed away along with some other curiosities of the olden time. Sometimes our folks imagine that those must have been barbarous days when there were no telephones, nor automobiles, no electric lights, no sugar coated pills, and that the young folks of those days must have had mighty little fun, because they could not go to the movies, and never went away from home much further than a horse and buggy could carry them in the daylight of one day. But these modern folks may dry their tears over the miseries of the past. The sun shone just as brightly and the birds sang just as sweetly. The odor of the rose was just as refreshing in 1865 as it is now in 1916. Young hearts beat just as rapidly and the smile of the loved one broke into the dull routine of life with a power that may be equalled, but cannot be surpassed in these present days of ours. Indeed the old man looks back upon the past days with a wish that he could

have just a few of them brought back to his door. All the delights of modern life do not seem enough to recompense one for those good old days, when he stood by the piano and listened to his best loved girl, singing with a tenderness that never could be duplicated anywhere else, "I love you, I adore you, but I'm talking in my sleep." Just ask any old man, and he will say the same thing.

Books and newspapers began to pour in on us about two years after the war, and for a long while many such papers as the New York World and New York Sun circulated in these parts but it was not long before the Southern Press began to satisfy the people with a high class of literature, and New York had to give way to Charleston, Columbia and Atlanta. For ten years after the war Clinton was almost destitute of postal facilities. The Laurens Railway was dead. Mails reached Martin's Depot, as it was called, now Goldville, three times a week, and a boy was sent down to Goldville to bring the mail sack up to Clinton and a little later on Laurens put on a hack between that place and Newberry, and Clinton being on the route, got its mail more regularly. It was 1876 before the train was restored and the Post Office reopened at Clinton. Of banking facilities there were none. Newberry being the nearest bank, everybody bought on credit and paid high prices. It was a Herculean task to bring in the cash system. One could buy a barrel of flour for $6.00 cash, and ten dollars on credit, and everything else in proportion. It paid a poor man to buy for cash, and the rich man could not afford to buy on credit. This double priced system saved the country.

One of the greatest difficulties was the finding out of some way to make the negro labor of equal value to both the white man and the black. The negroes were wholly untrained and uneducated. Not one in a hundred was able to read. The black man who could write was a rarity indeed. A wonderful zeal for education, however, pervaded the black race, but no one took their education seriously. A negro with a spelling book in his pocket was regarded as a joke or perhaps I should say a hoax. Very often one illiterate school master who could spell probably half way through the blue back spelling book would have under him a hundred unlettered negro children all of whom looked up to him, amazed at his sublime importance and his unparalleled learning. It is easy to see, therefore, that the negro readily became the dupe of the white man. One negro to whom the white man offered work refused the work on the white man's place for a *fourth* of the crop. He said it was too little, but

readily agreed to work for the *fifth*. He got even with the white man, however, as he claimed that he had only the fifth on his place and the white man was to get nothing. We speak often of the North's progress and of the South's. The progress of the colored man has been equally wonderful. He has not only learned to farm but he has almost gotten the entire farming interests of the country into his hands. Just after the war when the negroes found that they were free, they were dreadfully puzzled to know what it meant. When told to go, the world was before them, many a homesick negro replied, "I have got no place to go, and I don't know where to go," and many of them did not leave; but very many could not believe that they were really free until they changed employers. Preaching seemed to be the favorite employment with the negro men. They went into it entirely without education, and very often without knowledge enough to be able to read the Bible and hymn book, but they could make a noise and a heap of it, and they had a remarkable knack at taking up a collection. The first collection of $500.00 ever taken up in the town of Clinton was taken up by a negro congregation. It amazed the white churches. Going to preaching was their main amusement, and a funeral they regarded almost as an extravagance. It certainly attracted a mighty multitude, but the preachers have improved with the process of time and the work of the colored pastor may now be taken seriously.

Education has advanced among both the whites and blacks to an extraordinary extent. The world is better in Clinton than it ever was in the old time. We need not say that the former days were better than these, for they that say so, do not wisely inquire concerning the matter.

## XIII

## HOME COMFORTS IN THE OLD TIMES

PERHAPS ONE one the most universal changes from former life, especially in the country, concerns the arrangements for cooking and dining. I say in the country, but I remember while living in the city of Charleston in the ante-bellum period, I lived in five different homes and in every one of them the kitchen was separated from the dwelling. This separation in the up country in and around Clinton was universal. No change was made in this habit till quite a number of years after the war. Usually a brick or wooden path-way led from the kitchen

to the house. Had it not been for this, in muddy weather the house would have been tracked up with the going to and fro necessary in the preparation of the meals and the serving of them. As for the meals themselves, the people then lived more lavishly than they do now. Economy was considered no virtue when it touched the dining table. On the other hand enough was placed on the table to serve all the visitors that might come in. What the white folks left, the black folks could easily manage. House-keepers prided themselves on having good food and plenty of it. During the war there was no such lack of food as seems to be the case in Germany during the great war there. The country was not thickly settled. Poultry was plentiful; so were the fruits of the orchard and the productions of the field. If the armies suffered, it was only because of mighty poor management and the lack of a commissariat. The people at home suffered deprivation of coffee, sugar, tea and salt. The latter was the most serious of all. As for the others, coffee was made out of rye; chocolate out of pinders; tea out of sassafras and instead of sugar, there was plenty of sorghum. Florida furnished a little sugar and Louisiana a little more. It was very brown, but very good.

In the house, lights were very poor and dim. Every householder was provided with tin candle moulds. Even the children learned to string wicks into the moulds. The tallow was boiled and perhaps colored by thoughtful house women and poured into the mould until the mould was filled. Of course the candles were not drawn from the moulds until thoroughly cold, consequently as many as one dozen candle moulds were attached to the same form and in that way the business proceeded a little more rapidly. Occasionally people who kept bees were able to use wax candles. One of the first things in my residence in Clinton was to see the good lady of the house sitting by her candle stick, which was a long rod fitted into a heavy base. The candle-holder was arranged with a slide and a thumb screw and could be raised and lowered on the rod. The light was so dim that this was necessary for everybody that either worked or read after dark. The house-keepers made very considerable preparation in summer for winter's comfort. A regular part of the day's work was the drying of fruit and the canning of vegetables. This was done under grave difficulty as there was no way of making tin cans and soldering them up. Pickling and preserving were very common.

The comforts of the sleeping room in the majority of country homes were of the simplest character. There was a basin

on the back piazza and very often the boarder or the visitors would have to resort to it to get a wash. As there were no water works and no wind mills, a bath room was out of the question. In the towns and cities these comforts were hardly any greater than in the country, but there was always the basin and pitcher and a foot tub, and one was privileged to go to the well for water. As times were in those days with war raging all along the frontiers, upper South Carolina may be said to have been remarkably blessed. Occasionally even at the great distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies we could hear the thundering of the cannon about Charleston. When Columbia was burned, the glare of the conflagration was plainly seen in this up country, but there were no armies passing to and fro; no sound of battle, from clear up into North Carolina and Northern Georgia. On the whole, Clinton was locally in a very peaceable section of our war stricken country. Very much attention was given to the production of meat and flour, for the government was needing these supplies, and our people gladly furnished them. The worst discontented and the least satisfied were the men when the call was made for a corps of negro slaves to go down to the sea-coast to work on trenches and embankments. It was commonly said that the people were far more willing to give up their sons than their slaves. Many sacrifices however were made in behalf of those who were more in need than we were in this section of the country.

## XIV

## SOMETHING OF LIFE IN THE OLD TIMES

ABOUT THE year 1870 the writer of these lines was sitting in front of Mr. Copeland's store, on a dry goods box. Half a dozen men of the "City" were with him engaged in the useful occupation of whittling. In front of us ran two rusty lines of railway iron upheld by rotten crossties, that had not been used for years. The Railway Station was in a tumbled down condition. One of the men remarked very encouragingly, "Clinton is dead." "Yes, sir," said another citizen, "In ten years there won't be a house in the place." The writer was somewhat discouraged by these double remarks, and to free himself on the occasion said: "Within twenty years, twenty trains of cars of one sort or another will be passing through this town, daily, and it will have a population of at least one thousand." One by

one the citizens got up and left him, their only comment being a whistle of amusement. I may say here that the prophecy came true, but the spirit exhibited by that crowd of men was one of perfect hopelessness in the future of what had been before the war a very thriving town. It was under the impression caused by a spirit of that sort that the Thornwell Orphanage and the Presbyterian College shortly afterward came into being. The railroad was rebuilt. Stores and shops were opened and perhaps the one thing that did more than any other to excite a public spirit was the founding of a bank. The oldest bank in the county was owned by Mr. M. S. Bailey. It gave the people a new idea of business and was the forerunner of the splendid cotton mills at Clinton and Lydia that have been the life of the town. In 1876 the railway was rebuilt. Very shortly afterward the telegraph poles were put up and a line brought to Clinton. The telegraph was the wonder of the day. In fact, many people "didn't believe in it" simply because they could not understand it.

Mr. Geo. B. McCrary who was then in the cotton business in Clinton sent and received the first telegram.

The first photographs taken in Clinton were made by Capt. J. A. Wrenn, who married a sister of the writer. Both of these are now in their graves. The photograph was about as wonderful at that time to the people of our town as the telegraph lines. It was hardly believable that with a few chemicals, a plate could be used to print the likeness of a living individual. In the early days the only method of preserving the likeness of the living was through the pencil of an artist. A number of old portraits are still preserved in some of the families of Laurens County. They were the work of travelling artists of some ability. I have never seen a Silhouette in this county but in my earlier days before the daguerreotype and the ambrotype and what was afterwards called the tin type came into use, the Silhouette was the common method of preserving a likeness. This was made of black paper usually, cut out skillfully from a shadow of the party that posed for the picture, which diminished in size, was afterward framed and kept as a souvenir.

At the close of the war our people found themselves plunged into abject poverty for while their homes and their lands were not confiscated the negroes were turned loose and every negro represented from five hundred to one thousand dollars of investment. The master saw his money walking off of his place while he had no power to restrain it. Many people lived

for their negroes. They did not build good houses for themselves, they did not provide themselves with even the common comforts of life; they wanted to increase in riches which they did by the growth in population among their negro hands, so that a man with fifty to one hundred negroes would hardly live any better than his negroes did, nor in any more comfort. When these negroes were freed, the man found himself with land miserably worn out and a log house to live in with the cheapest sort of furniture and with nothing of real value but his stock. This will explain how it was that our country was so dreadfully poor at the termination of the great excitement. It will also explain some of the difficulties that the preachers had to contend with in their efforts to advance church work. Collections were exceedingly small and so were the salary and subscription lists. The ladies resorted to hot suppers, ice cream sales, cake sales, dime parties, and other entertainments of the kind to raise a little money to buy a new pulpit, or to seat the church comfortably or to paint the building. This way of raising money is now very sharply condemned by some of our learned clergy who do not recognize the difficulty of money raising in a poverty stricken community. Those who gave their services in these entertainments had literally nothing else to give. However improved be the conditions at the present time, these goodly women instead of being condemned, deserve the noblest praise that the church can bestow upon them. Undoubtedly to every one that worked in such entertainments in this town fifty years ago, it could well be said, "She hath done what she could." Even yet, in all our small villages and towns, it would almost prevent our ladies from helping the cause if they were forbidden to give of their services.

The recent efforts on the part of the Presbyterians and Methodists in Canada to unite in one body remind us of the Union Choir in those good old times. The choirs of the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches were used by each other on all occasions. We called it the Methobapterian choir. We suggest the name built on new lines to our friends in Canada.

One trouble with the country was the extraordinary high price of cotton just after the war. Farmers pitched their crops with a view to those prices, but every year brought the prices lower. Beginning at a dollar, cotton finally fell to eight cents and even to six cents in some years. The expenses of making the crop were high and many farmers went to the wall under these new conditions. Of course the money used during the

war of which millions and millions of dollars were printed, suddenly fell in value to zero, and many men with great rolls of Confederate fifty dollar bills, amounting up to the thousands in face value, found themselves suddenly not worth a dollar in the world. The writer paid twelve hundred dollars for his wedding suit, and that did not include hat, or shoes, or trousers. His wedding hat was the work of the fairy fingers of a good lady who knew how to bleach and plat palmetto leaves. His trousers were paid for with a note to be paid in gold sixty days "after the war ended," and for his shoes he paid three hundred dollars which was his total salary for a year's work in one of his country churches. After the war the first money to come in was the greenback. People were ashamed to use them because of their being the work of our enemies, but that squeemishness soon gave away. At first everybody paid for all purchases in gold and silver but it was not long before they were glad to get green backs and shin plasters. By way of explanation I would remark that shin plasters were small sheets of paper intended to pass current for dimes, quarters and halves.

The writer remembers well when having been called to marry a couple, he was handed something bright and heavy in payment of his services, it turned out to be a five dollar gold piece and was so remarkable a phenomenon that it became a subject of study to the entire wedding party. At that time salaries of the preacher were largely paid in barter. It was a little amusing to have a man pay his preacher a squealing pig or a basket of cackling hens expecting them to be carried quietly home after the services under the seat of his buggy without disturbing the people along the road. Preachers therefore needed to have some other occupation than that of his office by which to secure a living. I remember hearing old father Humphries say in one of his sermons that his first salary was paid in Peach Brandy. One of the brethren in the Presbytery before whom the sermon was preached called out, "What did you do with it?" Father Humphries replied, "Sir, that is none of your business," and proceeded with his discourse. This was not an extraordinary event. One of my best parishioners sent me a five gallon jug of good corn whiskey. What ever became of that whiskey, I am not able to say even to this day. In some way it disappeared. My impression is it leaked out.

## XV

IT IS SAID that necessity is the mother of invention. The good housewives of Clinton of the last year of the war were just as thoughtful of their guests as has been notably the case with them ever since. Germany during the present war is no more given to invention than the good women of the war of '65. Owing to the difficulty in transportation and the cutting in half of the Confederacy by the capture of Vicksburg, sugar and molasses from New Orleans could no longer be had. Sorghum had been cultivated all during the war but toward its close the art of sugar making was developed and hardly a farm but had its can mill and syrup boilers. Some succeeded most admirably in making a high grade syrup. Very often one heard the expression, "It is equal to the best New Orleans." Coffee was cultivated no where in the Confederacy. The pure article quickly passed out of existence with us. A substitute for it was found in parched okra seed or parched rye, while chocolate was made of parched pindars and tea of the sassafras root. As I have previously mentioned there was a cloth factory in every house. The ladies made their own clothing and the clothing of their husbands, while the carpenters vied with each other as to who could make the best looms, spinning wheels and reels. Cards were a more difficult proposition and with few exceptions were imported, although card making machines were invented and cards were made in some of our principal cities. A great drawback to the country was the fact that such few railways as we had in the South were badly run down and no new roads were built. There were only one or two rolling mills in the whole South, so that railroad iron was hard to get. Building operations almost entirely ceased. Our people had not been trained in the mechanical arts and such men as were available were used in preparing weapons of offense and defense by the Government, but it is remarkable how well everything moved on in those sections of the country that were not visited by the enemy. Everything moved on as if the country were full of people. Although the slaves were liberated in 1863 they did not get the news until 1865, so they worked quietly, making crops, raising wheat and bacon for the soldiers in the field.

Telegraph lines were very few. Columbia was our nearest telegraphic office. The Piedmont Railway and the Seaboard Air Line Railway were neither of them constructed at that time and it is fortunate for this back country of South Carolina that such was not the case. Among the things of which we experienced a dearth was the Holy Bible. An edition of the New

Testament was printed in this state, but it was very unsatisfactory owing to poor printing, poor paper and poor binding. Through the energetic efforts of Dr. Hoge of Richmond, a large quantity was brought over from England; and later on while quinine, so necessary in the South was refused a permit to cross the line, our Northern foe did allow Bibles by the car load to enter the Confederacy. Most of us, however, depended upon the Bibles with which we entered the war. Newspapers everywhere were greatly reduced in size and printed on unbleached paper. As fighting was the principal business of our people the only loss attached to this deficiency of newspapers was the failure to get abundant war news. As we look back now to those times and compare them with the splendid towns, cities filled with foundries, machine shops, factories, of all kinds, great publishing houses and the whole country a gridiron of railways, supplied with telephonic communications, bright with electricity and our road highways for the automobile, we cannot help but be amazed at the change which has come so quietly but so splendidly into our Southern life. The South is in better condition today than the North was in 1861, but the South of that time was made up of farming communities with sparse population and very poor means of sustaining life, not to say of filling life with abundance and happiness.

In one thing we have assuredly lost. While our churches have grown amazingly and our religious life vastly increased, so has the army of opposition to truth and righteousness. There was a time when every man in Clinton was a church-goer and there was but one man in the whole town who was marked by the poor distinction of being an unbeliever. This is the penalty that we pay to increase in numbers and to the monster-giant, progress, but such is the case the world over. One hundred years ago the world had one thousand million inhabitants; today it has sixteen hundred million. One hundred years ago there were one hundred million Christians to nine hundred million non-Christians, and today there are five hundred million Christians to a thousand million non-Christians. The Christians have greatly increased in numbers, but so have the non-Christians. The comfort lies in the fact that whereas one hundred years ago one man in every ten was a Christian, now one man in every three is a Christian. Evidently the world will never be without its heathenism, but we must work for the day when Christianity will be as three to one to Paganism. This section ends these recollections at least in this form. We may give some of the good jokes of those times in a later note.

## XVI

DURING THE latter years of the war Clinton had the reputation of being one of the roughest towns in South Carolina and whenever a rough joke occurred it was considered the right thing to give this town the reputation of having originated it. Here is one of them. We had in the company, that went from Clinton, a long, rambling-looking soldier named Stribling. Like everybody else in these parts he believed in God and religion, even if he was not doing much at it. It was of him that the joke was told. When he found himself for the first time facing a lot of minie balls that were racing from the enemy's breastworks in his direction, he fell on his knees believing that it was the right thing at the right time and prayed in a very audible voice, "Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive." This joke by the way, has been told about a good many others besides Stribling. Another tale on him, however, is a little more worthy of belief. After the war ended he entered Mr. Copeland's grocery store, and seeing a jug on the counter and having a natural attraction toward the jug, he turned it up and without making inquiry took a half dozen big swallows from it. One of the clerks ready to go into a fit of laughter said to him, "Stribling, do you know what you have been drinking?" The ex-soldier replied, "I guess it is some of the vilest whiskey I ever tasted." "No," said the clerk, "you have been drinking kerosene oil." Stribling meditated a little while and looking at the clerk remarked, "Well, Captain, it don't matter, I needed a dose of oil." It ought to be explained that in those early days in the town of Clinton most every merchant kept whiskey on tap for his customer's enjoyment. It was about the only advertisement about which the town knew anything.

We do not know whether the following joke is authentic or not of our own knowledge, but we think it is.

It is said that one Billy Rose got into a squabble with Mr. Jno. C. ——— who was somewhat disposed to go beyond his strength in the matter of exercising his authority, lawful or unlawful it mattered not. But friend John was over-matched and was getting the worst of the fight. About that time out came John's father, a very old man; he rushed upon the contestants exclaiming, "Go away, Billy Rose, go away, Billy Rose, I raised my son John, I raised him right, go away, Billy Rose." Now this little incident occurred on the public square close to a train filled with soldiers on their way to camp. The cry was taken up by the whole train-load and "Go away, Billy Rose, I

raised my son John, I raised him right," rang from car to car. It even reached Virginia and with every little disturbance among the Confeds roused the camp to a shriek, "Go away, Billy Rose, I raised my son John, I raised him right. Go away, Billy Rose." The parties to this interesting conflict were all Clinton citizens, and their existence was vouched for. The incident was often repeated after the war and never denied.

Just after the war when business was in a most dilapidated condition it became customary for many men who were made bankrupt, to place all their earthly belongings in the name of the wife, so as to avoid any financial troubles bothering their homes. Later on a Homestead law was passed, protecting the man in the possession of his home, but before this law became active the sheriff came down from Laurens to levy on a man's property. The husband and wife lived not far from Clinton. The man had fought for four years while the woman ran the business at home. The sheriff looked around to find out someone on whom he could serve the levy, and what property the man possessed. The good wife met him at the door. "What's your business?" she said. He told his business. She answered, "That man's got no property about here." The sheriff asked her, "Whose property is this house and farm, and where is your husband's property?" She answered, "All that's his'n is mine, and all that's mine is my own. You can get out. I don't owe nobody nothin'." Turning about the sheriff saw a little, old, dried up looking man and he asked him, "Is that woman your wife?" The Southerner drew himself up straight and replied, "That lady, sir, is my wife, and what she says goes here. My advice to you is to go home and stay thar." Report says that the sheriff dropped the case.

After the war it became common to rent land to the negroes and these negroes very often found themselves entirely lacking when the crop was to be divided. They had bought so much on ticket or credit that what the merchant did not get the farm owner got. Once in a while the tenant got the best of both. When he saw that his crop was going to be a dismal failure he would skip out and leave it all, and with this all the failure to the property owners. He had gotten his year's support and for them was left only the results of a whole year's idleness. The skipping out of a number of negroes not only reduced the black population but it was the means of the sifting out of the shiftless people, leaving behind the industrious that set a good example to the rising generation. In this way the country has gradually improved until the farming interests of the

country have fallen almost entirely into the hands of the colored people. One evil result of this is the entire absence of progressive farming. The establishment of Clemson College has done much toward producing a better state of affairs. It is generally believed that in less than half a century South Carolina will come into her own and that through fine farms, and an intelligent farming people, mostly white, the result will be that this State will be a great farming state. Everything can be raised in it, and what is more, before very long everything necessary for the comfort of life will be raised or made in it.

## XVII

## DATE OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN LAURENS CO.

1763 Duncan's Creek
1764 Little River
1780 Rocky Springs
1790 Liberty Springs
1820 Friendship
1830 Warrior's Creek
1832 Laurensville
1833 Bethany
1844 New Harmony
1855 Clinton
1859 Shady Grove
1870 Lisbon

## XVIII

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF CHURCH-LIFE

THE HISTORY OF the life of any individual is always interesting. Even though it be one of the common sort, such a life as we each may lead, it comes only so much the more near to our daily experience, and recognizing our own life in the life before us, we find an ever deepening interest in the narrative. But today there is a still deeper interest attracting us. It is *our* church—our own *family life* that is narrated.

Today the Clinton Presbyterian Church fills out the first quarter-century of its existence.* We can review the past, and find that the 25 years gone by are filled with matters of deepest interest. Brief as the period has been, our church has a

*July 28, 1880.

"*history.*" Faults there have been,—errors too, and a present weakness, but there are those things that, it is the record of *our* church,—the church of our love, of our spiritual birth, training and warfare. We read our individual histories in it. It is well then for us to turn over the pages of these living years, and meditate upon our failures and our successes, that thus we might be better prepared to grapple with the questions of the future, and to plan for an expanded growth and increasing usefulness.

Presbyterianism in Laurens County is not an ancient plant, only because the county itself was not settled more than 125 years ago. The first organized Presbyterian Church in this county was that of Duncan's Creek, which is the old mother church, of which Clinton is a child—the youngest child. Duncan's Creek was "composed of emigrants from Ireland and Pennsylvania, some of whom settled here, as early as 1758. The original settlement was made three years before Braddock's defeat, by Mr. John Duncan, of Aberdeen, Scotland, who first emigrated to Pennsylvania and then moved to this county, on the creek which bears his name. He was the highest settler by ten miles in the fork between the Saluda and the Broad Rivers and the only man at this time who had either negro, wagon or still in this part of the world. About the year 1763, Messrs. Jo. Adair, Tom Erving, Wm. Hanna and Andy McCrary united in building a house of worship, all of whom, except Mr. Hanna, were ordained elders—the communicants numbering about sixty. The manners and dress of these first settlers must have been quite primitive. Their dress was a hunting shirt, leggins and moccasins, adorned with buckles and beads. Their hair was worn clubbed and tied up in a little deer-skin bag." (Dr. Howe's History of the Presbyterian Church in South Carolina).

Immediately after the setting up on the Duncan's Creek section of the Irish Presbyterians, there seems to have been an inpouring of emigrants, as we find the Little River Church organized in the very next year, 1764, and the Rocky Spring Church in 1780, fourteen years later, the Fairview (1787) and Liberty Spring (1790) churches following next. Thus at the beginning of the settlement of the county we find a strong Presbyterian element to begin with; although from 1776 to the present time, the ground has also been occupied by Baptists and Methodists.

Presbyterianism made scarcely any progress in this section for many years till Bethany Church was organized in 1833.

A great deal of this lack of progress can be traced to the dissentions that prevailed among the Presbyterians of that day, mainly springing out of dissatisfaction in regard to church music. A warfare was carried on between the Rouse-ites and the Watts-ites. Many members left the quarrelling church and went over to the Baptists, and in the meanwhile a tide of emigration to the west thinned out the churches and brought them almost to the verge of extinction.

In those days, that section of the country now occupied by the town of Clinton was almost uninhabited. Although situated at the crossing of two famous high-ways, the land was hardly considered as worth having, in comparison with the rich bottoms of Duncan's Creek and Little River. A sparse population occupied the country, but being miles distant from Duncan's Creek, Rocky Springs and Little River churches, the Sabbath fell almost into disuse, the day being occupied in hunting, fishing and sports of more questionable character.

The earliest attempt to establish Presbyterian preaching in the limits of the present town of Clinton was about 1817. At that time, Dr. Daniel Baker, the noted evangelist, then quite a young man, spent several days at the residence of Mrs. Hollidan (the building now occupied by Mr. Butler Ferguson) and preached several sermons. A year or two after that he returned and preached at a stand which had been erected near Mr. Holland's Spring. Col. Lewers, whose memory is blest in all this country and who was instrumental in establishing the Bethany and Laurensville churches, also preached at the same place occasionally. No Presbyterian preaching was ever held regularly in the bounds of the present town, but for several years, Rev. Edwin Cater preached at Huntsville Church within the bounds of this church, that building having been erected originally as a union church. There he held his famous "controversy with the Universalists" which sect once had a church organized in that locality. It was long felt that a church was needed in this neighborhood, as the distance to any other Presbyterian church was considerable.

It was about the year 1852, that the village of Clinton made its first beginning,—and a miserable beginning it was. A little framed building was erected in the middle of a mud hole or stagnant pond of water, at the corner of Broad and Pitts Street. The words "barroom" painted on its side, is a history of that house. It was opened as a bar-room. A log from the doorway to terra-firma was the way of approach and many

an unlucky fellow who walked straight in, walked out so crooked, that he would topple over into the pool below. This was the first business opened in this village and was for years its curse and blight. Of course, it was accompanied with gambling, betting, horse-racing, chicken-fighting, street brawls, and the like. It partook of the character of many railroad towns all over the west. For years, the worst elements of the population were in the ascendancy, and it required courage in those who believe in the right to stand up for it. The tale is told that in the choice of a name for the young city, "Five-Points" came near carrying the day, and was defeated only by the friends of the name "Round-jacket," (from the shape of the coat worn by a notable character of the day), who combined with the better element of the community upon the name "Clinton."

It was about the year 1853, that the Rev. Z. L. Holmes, that faithful and zealous worker in the Master's vineyard, who then as now was supplying the Duncan's Creek Church, saw the necessity of doing some work here. His first preaching was held in a thick grove on Musgrove Street, now occupied by Mr. C. E. Franklin's and C. M. Ferguson's property. Very soon the project developed strength. Mr. Holmes saw that a church could be organized here; a petition asking for a church, was sent to the Presbytery in 1854, but opposition from the mother church postponed action. The application was renewed in the opening of 1855, and this time was successful. In the meantime a beautiful four-acre lot had been purchased and the frame of this building in which we today assemble, was erected, weatherboarded, covered and painted, and at length on the 28th day of July, 1855, the committee to organize the church assembled.

The following thirty-one members united to form this new church: Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Blakely; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Foster; Mrs. and Mrs. J. P. Patton; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Copeland; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Leake; Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Phinney; Mrs. Mary A. Holland, Miss Isabella Fulton, Miss Ibi Henry, Mrs. Mary Fairbarn, Miss Mary McClintock, Mrs. Eliz. Stroud, Mrs. Nancy Henry, Miss Matilda Fairbarn, Wm. H. Henry, Mrs. Carolina Fulton, Ewel T. Blakely, Mrs. Lizzie McDowel (now Mrs. Tobin); Miss Pamelia McDowel, (now Mrs. Pyles); Mrs. D. A. F. Williams, Mrs. Sallie Young, Mrs. Nancy Young, Miss Martha Stroud, (now Mrs. Newton Young) and Mrs. Nancy Owens. Of all these, only ten remain with us to this day.

Of course, Rev. Mr. Holmes, who has been instrumental in organizing four other Presbyterian Churches, was present

and acted as moderator. Rev. Mr. Wills acted as clerk. John Blakely of blessed memory and Messrs. E. T. Copeland and R. S. Phinney, who still fill the same office in our church, were elected the first elders; Wm. H. Henry, afterwards an elder and Joel T. Foster, both now of the church triumphant were elected as the first deacons.

The session organized on the 11th of September, and at its very first meeting, five young men were admitted to the communion, and within 20 days, four young ladies were added, so that the church began its work with forty members. We shall be compelled in tracing the history of the church to deal with it partly in chronological order and partly according to subjects.—The session being the first institution of this newly organized flock, and its most important, we note its progress. Rev. Z. L. Holmes, who was for nine years, the minister of the flock, (he was never its pastor) resided nine miles away. It was difficult therefore for the session to meet. Hence, there were several entire years in which a formal meeting of the body was not held. On the 23rd of September, 1864, the session agreed to meet formally once a month regularly, and oftener when necessary. This resolution has been faithfully kept, and on the 4th of July, it held its 355th recorded meeting.

With an untrained set of officers, without a resident pastor, with one sermon each fortnight,—it was impossible for the church to make rapid progress. Still God blessed the infant fold. There were additions each year, except in those years of the war, 1861-2. In 1863, there was a gracious outpouring upon the young church. It was at the invitation of Mr. Holmes, and in the fall of this year, that the present pastor (Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs) then a young licentiate of Charleston Presbytery assisted Mr. Holmes at a most delightful communion meeting, at which nine were added. Mr. Holmes, seeing the possibilities before the church, determined to urge upon the congregation the choice of a pastor. Early in the fall he made a visit to Columbia Seminary to enlist the sympathies of the writer, in behalf of the little flock. The result was an accepted call to the united field of Clinton, Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek churches.

In April, 1864, he found himself as pastor elect, in the village of Clinton, for a year residing with Mr. Robert S. Phinney, who was then and for years after, almost a foster-father of the church. At that time, the village had about two hundred white inhabitants. The church had upon its roll 43 white mem-

bers, and only fourteen of these resided in the town limits. The place itself was crushed beneath the burden of the war, there not being a single place of business open in it. The reputation of the place as a moral village was at a low ebb, nor was this improved by the demoralization that ensued at the close of the war.

Still it was with faith and hope on the part of pastor and people, that on the 28th of May, 1864, the pastoral relation was formally instituted, by the ordination and installation of the young licentiate to the solemn work of the gospel ministry, Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, D.D. presiding. It was at once arranged that Clinton should have two morning and two night services each month—one for each Sabbath in the year. On the day following the ordination, the pastor's first work was the reception of four new members. In the fall of the same year, nineteen were added. There were five additions in 1865. But the year that this church holds in thankful memory as its year of grace was 1866. Then it seemed as if the heavens were opened and the violent took it by force. Under the faithful preaching of Rev's. Stewart and Wilbanks the work went on. There are none who were then present, that will forget that eventful Thursday night in October, when the communion tables being spread, forty new converts sat down for the first time. There were weeping eyes, but rejoicing hearts in that crowded house, nor was it hard to realize as well as say—"This is the house of God, the gate of heaven." So clean was the town swept of the unconverted, that in the following year, not one white person was added to the church. In 1868, there were 6; in 1869 there were 15; in 1870, 11; in 1871, 9; in 1872, 7. In 1873, there was a delightful protracted service, thirteen being brought to the fold at one time. There were four additions in 1874. In 1875, again God's spirit was poured out. Twelve young men, at one time presented themselves for church membership. In 1876, fifteen were added. In 1878, twelve. No protracted meeting was held that year, but at each communion, there were additions, 17 being added. And in the same way up to this time of the present year, 28 have been added. In all 282 white persons have been enrolled. Of these, 127 have either died or removed, and 150 are now upon the roll of members. And in addition the roll of infant members has increased from 11, in 1864 to 135.

In 1864, there were upon the roll of the church, 28 colored members. In that year, the church resolved upon the evangelism of the colored people as part of its great commission. Ser-

vices were held for them, twice on each Sabbath. The colored membership increased rapidly, and at the close of the war, there were 80 members. Although emancipation brought alienation, yet the church did not cease its labors. In 1865, over forty colored members were added, and by the 10th of May, 1869, the number had reached 163. Hoping to be still able to retain our hold upon this people, notwithstanding the fierce political contests of the hour, the session organized this membership into a colored mission, selecting three watchmen or elders for them. Presbytery however declined to organize them on the Assembly's or any other plan. This and the rapidly increasing political excitements destroyed our hopes. Through political preaching, in one case enforced by outside influences, the negroes were excited to violent thoughts against their former masters, and they being then in control of the State Government, common danger threw the whites into an attitude of trembling self-defense. The colored membership deserted our church by scores and by January, of 170 only 50 remained. That year will ever be remembered by the citizens of Laurens County. Armed bands of negroes marched up and down the county. On one occasion a fusilade of shots was scattered from their armory among the dwellings of Clinton. On many occasions the whites were compelled to gather for self-defense. No man lived in safety. At last the storm burst in the election riots of 1870. It was a dreadful time, past forever, thank God. Still our church continued through all this its regular services for the instruction of the negroes. But seeing the apathy then prevailing among our people, it was deemed best, as an organization could not be had in the Southern Church, to advise the membership to organize under the care of the Northern Church. This was done, Rev. Mr. Gibbs, (colored) having the matter in hand. The church now known as Sloan's Chapel was organized, and though today weak in numbers is a vigorous and promising young off-shoot of this Zion. It numbers forty members, has recently erected an humble but commodious house of worship, aided by this church, has a Sabbath School of over a hundred scholars, and in God's good providence, may yet do a noble work for the colored race.

The next movement of progress was the establishment of that joy and pride of our church,—its Sabbath School. There had been a prosperous school in the Methodist Church some years before the war, but this had been discontinued. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made to resuscitate it. At length on the 29th of May, the school which two weeks before, had been proposed, held its first session, with 90 teachers and pupils. Efforts were shortly made to found a library. This

has grown now to a thousand volumes and for nearly the whole time has been under the supervision of Mr. Wm. B. Bell. And for all but one year of that time the pastor has acted as Superintendent. Four years after the organization of the school, the fourth anniversary was celebrated, and since then the anniversary on Saturday before the second Sabbath of May, has become a sacred day in Clinton. A grand gathering of all the people is held. Speeches, election of officers, music, a picnic dinner, and interchange of friendly greetings fill up the day. There is no pleasanter institution in Clinton than this anniversary. In 1870, the school began to hold its services each Sabbath, instead of twice a month, as heretofore. It grew larger and stronger, each recurring anniversary showing increase in numbers. "The Children's Foreign Missionary Society" was added to its work. Then came that which its expansion required—a neat commodious Sabbath School room. The zeal of our ladies, and the hearty cooperation of the gentlemen, remodelled the old house we were occupying, and has at length given us, at a total cost, (including the original building) of $700.00 one of the most tasty and convenient of school buildings. The school now numbers 210 teachers and scholars, and is the largest Presbyterian school outside of the city of Charleston. We are sure that nothing has ever done more for the refinement and elevation of our community than this loved school. Though but sixteen years of age, it has acquired great solidity of character, and is full of life and promise of good to the church and village.

Then came the Prayer meeting,—organized on the second Thursday in August, 1864, while the cannon were thundering around Richmond. We have had many a delightful Prayer meeting. Sometimes the burdens of our troubled land were recounted there. Sometimes the meeting glowed with enthusiasm of a revival. In all these sixteen years, it has never been intermitted. At times, its attendance has been very small. At times our lecture room was crowded. Once a year it is observed daily—viz. during the 1st week of January, when all the world at the invitation of the Evangelical Alliance, gathers to the altar of prayer—(this for eight years past)—and sometimes it has been supplemented with special Prayer meetings, gotten up by our young men. At times these "brotherhood" meetings have done great good, and blessed the church and the village.

The next work was to take under the care of the church, the village cemetery. This had from the first been the property of the church. But it was not till 1864 that special regu-

lations were adopted for its control. At that time, an annual Cemetery Committee was agreed upon, which yearly reports to the congregation in meeting assembled. Mr. Robert S. Phinney has always served as chairman of the committee. The overhanging arches, the neat walks and well laid squares testify to the zeal of the chairman. In 1878, two additional acres were added to the cemetery by purchase. In 1879, these were fenced in, by the present wire fence, and arrangements made for a permanent assessment of the lots in the cemetery, the proceeds to be expended upon the improvement and care of the property. The labor thus bestowed is not wasted. Some of our members will testify that their dead buried here, first drew them to us.

On the 30th of October, 1864, our church turned its attention in a new direction, at least for us. We resolved to take up *four collections* annually. It was a feeble beginning, but it was the acknowledgement of a great principle. Just two years later, October 15th, 1866, after the delightful meeting already mentioned and as a result of it, the church was prepared for a weekly contribution. At first the gifts were very small. They are not large now. But up to this time, the church has steadily progressed in the grace of giving. The total contributions of the church, including pastor's salary, in 1863 was $206. In 1867 it reached $575. In 1871, $1056, below which it has not since fallen. In 1880, $1260. There is room yet for great improvement. Our people might show far more zeal and self-sacrifice. But we gratefully recognize the wonderful improvement, and look forward with hope for the future.

For several years the work of our church went smoothly on. Little by little it crept upward, and the roots of its new and now varied institutions struck down. The Sabbath School grew stronger. The work among the colored people progressed. The Prayer meeting took its place as a matter of course. The gifts increased in number—the church was arranged within; pews taking the place of benches, and a carpet adorned the floor. The candles upon the walls were changed to lamps. Blinds within kept out the sun's fierce light. A neat avenue of elms marked the way to the church; the communion was made quarterly instead of semi-annually; the church membership rounded its one hundred. Then the vigorous young church demanded the whole of its pastor's time, as a fitting work for its fifteenth anniversary. Presbytery heard the request with pleasure. The other pastoral relations were dissolved, and henceforth the church was set down as "able to walk alone." So it seemed that the summer had come at last. For two years nearly, the church

steadily improved. Although it had to contend against much intemperance, profanity, and Sabbath breaking, in the community, and sometimes in its own bosom, yet the contest with these was normal conflict of every church. The church grew and prospered.

But on the 31st of March, 1872, the blow fell. First, the railroad that had brought the town into being and was supposed to be its very life went from bad to worse and finally became a bankrupt wreck—its life the forfeit of bitter hostility to the whole people. This was a stunning blow, but there was worse to follow. We have already referred to the bloody election riots of 1870,—riots that seemed unjustifiable unless viewed through the eyes of men menaced by midnight murders and high way assassination—robbed of their property by confiscation—and crowded to the wall at last. Who the guilty parties were, who incited the riots—who made "blood tread upon the heels of blood"—it is not for us to say. God knows and God will judge. But thank God, we can look into the very eye of Truth and say, *"We did not do it. Our church had no hand in this!"* Yet when the blow fell, it fell on us the innocent. Warrants came as thick as autumn leaves—and to sustain them "perjury swore back on perjury." Men were indicted, who were in their graves at the time of the riot. Blank papers were carried about by constables, with charges made out against blank individuals of conspiracy and murder so that if one man couldn't be caught, another name of some unsuspecting citizens could be inserted. Thus happy homes were broken up. Men fled from a doomed land. Business was ruined. The innocent were driven into exile, or hid about in graveyards by night and gullies by day, to be dragged out and hurried to a distant jail.

These were days of anguish to us all, for none knew where next the blow would fall. Already, eleven of our members lay in jail in Columbia to be tried before a court that was bent on conviction, with a jury picked to convict, and the Government caring only to convict. The days were very dark. Other communities frightened away from their prisoners by the threats of prosecution, and attempts to extort blood-money. So the trial came. And this village, leaning upon God for succor, rose like one man to meet the issue. Every effort was made by the prosecution to deter witnesses from going to Columbia, but it was a vain attempt. No sooner was a message received, "Come and help us" than the town rose to go at its own charges, without waiting for legal summons. Pastor, elders, deacons, wives, sons, daughters, boys, girls gave up business, fears, time, to prove

the innocence of their loved ones. It was a dark day when the only service that was held by our church on that December Sabbath, was in an upper room in Columbia, but we bravely cast our all upon our God, and our God helped us. The right was maintained. Our enemies themselves being judges, nothing of evil could be proven. And then followed the happiest Christmas that ever was held in Clinton.

With this token of the divine favor came still another. Several years of effort had revived our railroad interests and in 1875, Clinton was for a while the terminus of the Laurens Railroad. And this once more threw life into our village.

But it was at the very time, when the night was darkest, that three great movements for the improvement of our village were set on foot.

While Marshals were in the town arresting the innocent, our citizens organized their High School. This was the first act, and is we trust the harbinger of something better in an educational way, that is yet to come.

Then secondly—It was in October, 1872, that the first steps were taken to establish that charitable institution that is now the pride of our village. The session and deacons formally resolved themselves into a body to be known as the "Board of Visitors of the Thornwell Orphanage." There was nothing in hand but a purpose. No treasure but faith. Yet with this and Willie Anderson's first fifty cents, the work was begun. It required a year to raise the $1600 that was needful to purchase the broad acres that were a foundation. Then on the 28th day of May, 1874, a day now thrice hallowed (it also commemorates the 1st session of our Sabbath School and pastor's installation) the corner stone was laid with religious ceremonies. Then eighteen months wore on. It was on the 1st day of October, 1875—five years ago—that the neat stone building of the institution was completed enough for opening. That night, after a day of pleasurable greeting of friends and relatives—eight little fatherless children nestled in the new homestead. A sweet, good motherly woman, who had a heart to love them, for three short years led and cared for them, and then went to better work above. So the years went by. A piazza, a kitchen, a laundry were added. Many loving hearts all over the land sent in their gifts. The family doubled, then trebled. The Spirit of God took up his abode among them. As fast as they learned of Jesus, they gave themselves to Him. They filled their seats in the Sabbath School. They took their places at the communion ta-

bles. At first there was a debt of $2000 resting on the Institution. That was speedily removed and in its stead a small endowment of $3000 has been gathered. Many children have already learned to care for themselves. Each day sees the inmates busy. All domestic arts occupy their hands. From the printing office drop out the pages of Our Monthly, religious periodical, that strives to do its share of good work for the Master. This plant also is growing. The money is in hand to build, and this very afternoon the corner stone of Faith Cottage will be laid. Clinton has done much for the Orphanage besides to father it. But thousands of loving hands have given their dollars. The Lord too, has been with us. This work is His work. Every stone in the building is a monument to his goodness. Stone by stone has been built into the wall by self-denial, faith and prayer. We thank Him for what He has done. We take this institution as a precious gift to our church from His hands, and as a promise of things that are yet to come.

And now as to the third movement. Long, long, had our church mourned over the prevalence of vice and intemperance in our community. The town Government was supported by the licenses of the bar-rooms. Drunkenness was a common thing and of course the vices that it engenders. But now the time seemed to have come for action. The church threw its whole soul into the temperance movement. On the 10th of September, 1873, a public meeting was held in this building. After earnest addresses, those disposed to organize a Lodge of Good Templars repaired to the lecture room and then the Lodge was organized. At its first election, every single one of its fourteen officers was a member of this church. Of course, the Lodge was a work outside of the church, but from then till now they have acted in concert and sympathy. The work has told. For three successive elections, the temperance party prevailed. At length by act of the Legislature, liquor-selling was forbidden, and the town has taken a brave and noble stand as a thorough temperance town. This is the out-come of years of work. The old original well-labeled "bar-room" still stands but its glory has departed. Its pond of stagnant water and its hotter water within are both, we trust, things of the past.

While thus laboring for the good of its people, on every side, this church has not allowed energy to be expended only at home. Not only has it devoted its gifts to the various foreign and home agencies of the Assembly, not only has it sought by its Orphanage, to benefit the orphans everywhere, it has sought to establish mission work in the outskirts of our village. For

two years its pastor labored at Martin's Depot, to collect a congregation. This mission has since been transferred to Rev. Mr. Holmes, and we rejoice to say that there is ground to hope that a comfortable church building will soon be erected at that point. The pastor still continues to labor at Rockbridge Academy. A small congregation has been gathered. A union Sabbath School has been organized and it is hoped that a chapel building will be erected this very summer.

Thus have we traced this church from its small beginning, 25 years ago, to its present vigorous and hopeful out-look. We have seen a village noted for its intemperance and rudeness grow into a home of purity and peace. We have marked the outgrowth of one institution after another—a continued Prayer meeting—a growing Sabbath School—an increased library—a far-reaching Orphanage—a powerful temperance revival. These things fill us with joy and cause us to exclaim—"What hath God wrought."

But there is danger in this very success, that we will look self-complacently upon ourselves and say "We have d o n e enough!" Alas for the day when we shall dare to think that. Our village, though small is prosperous and growing. It calls in loud and clear tones to this church to awake to yet higher deeds.

1st. Let us set an example of sincere piety. The family altar is the great institution that we need to erect now. There are too few of them in this village.

2nd. Let us look after the young people of our village. They need the fostering care of the church. In their education and amusements, they need guidance and assistance. What better work could we begin this new quarter-century with, than to lay deep the foundations of some educational institution.

3rd. Let us strive to make our village a perfect one, which we can best do by ourselves striving each thereunto.

God may have set a great proposition before us—viz. *to prove that a little village church can become a tower of strength.* May He count us worthy to undertake and by His guidance to accomplish it. Let this town be satisfied with nothing less than to be a bulwark against the inrush of infidelity into our country. We must go on to attempt yet greater things for Christ. As yet we have but begun. The foundations have been laid for a broad superstructure. Now, let us arise and build thereon.

# The Life Story of The Thornwell Orphanage

## INTRODUCING THE WRITER

I AM CONSTRAINED to put the story of God's work for the Thornwell Orphanage in the shape of a personal narrative, because it is so interwoven with my personal experience that there is no other way to do it. But I am to tell you not of what I have done but of what the Lord has done for the cause that I love best of any in this world.

I propose to let you, my friendly reader, into the inner secrets of a history that is not full of startling adventure, or sudden surprises, or wonderful opportunities, but deals with what may be the experience of anyone who will walk in the simple, plain path of that duty that comes to all alike.

George Muller, in the wonderful record of his great work in Bristol, England, declares that for his success he depended on prayer simply and only; that he made the Lord alone the recipient of the cry of his complaint; and that his great Orphan Houses are not a testimony of the love of God's people for the orphan, but of God's willingness to answer prayer. How few there are that can attain to so magnificent faith! Yet that such is possible, his life work wonderfully demonstrates.

The lesson to be taught in the pages that follow, is slightly different, that God is a prayer hearing God, but that also He has given His children a part in the work of His church. Labor, to be acceptable to God, must have these qualities; it must be built on faith; baptized with prayer; wrought in humility, self denial and patience. To all men, such labor is possible—even to the humblest. The success that follows is a testimony that the blessed Saviour whom we serve is the living God.

## I

## BY WAY OF GETTING THE STORY BEGUN

IT IS ONE of the most precious providences of my life that I was ushered into this world amid the surroundings of a Christian home. I have often heard good men boast from the pulpit of the vileness of their lives, from which the grace of God saved them. Even so noble a man as George Muller put on record that he was a brand plucked from the burning. God does

not call upon us to publish our shame abroad in this manner even as He does not approve the Pharisee's prayer, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," or even of the young man's glad assertion, "All these have I kept from my youth up." I gratefully thank God that amid the innumerable things I have to thank Him for, one is that He shielded my early life from great sin and taught me at a very early age to love the Lord Jesus Christ. I think His protecting care is as wonderfully manifested in covering the heads of His little children from every storm as in resuscitating blackened souls which the lightning of sin has scarred and scorched.

I remember when I was but a little lad how bravely I could lie alone in the night, banishing the goblins of the dark that an excited imagination and a naturally timid disposition would conjure up, by applying to my heart this thought: "The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" Nor has any thought been so strong as this through all the years that have followed. I have been in perils oft, but amid every danger from the flash of lightning, the wild beast of the forest, the storm-beat sea, or the mountain's slippery pathway, I have felt that "The Lord careth for me."

Reader, that sentence I wish to have on your lips as well as mine. It is the golden thread that binds the pages of this book together. It is the voice that is uttered from each stone that makes up the buildings of the Thornwell Orphanage.

Once there came to me this thought: If God cares for me, ought I not to care for others? The first question that man ever put to God was this, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The last command ever given in holy writ answered it, "Let him that heareth say, Come!" It was that answer that led me as a boy to work in the Sunday School, and to endeavor to tell others of the goodness of God. It is needless to say that it was that which led to this work for orphans. The Thornwell Orphanage has set to itself this delightful task—to show to the church its duty to God's helpless children, because He careth for us.

After graduating at Charleston College in 1861, I went in the fall of the same year to the Theological Seminary, Columbia, as a student for the Presbyterian ministry. The professors at that time were: the modest, but withal profoundly learned Howe; the polished Leland; Woodrow, the accurate and thoughtful; Adger, a very Nestor in things ecclesiastical; Cohen, the dispenser of Hebrew roots; and last, and though last yet first,

Thornwell, idolized by us all as the Augustine, the Calvin, the Melancthon—all in one—of the Presbyterian Church.

On the second day of August, 1862, I made this entry in my Journal. I was not then a man as the law counts, but the impressions of life become the profounder convictions of maturer years: "The sad news reached us this day, of the death on yesterday, near Charlotte, N. C., of Dr. James H. Thornwell. As I write this sentence my eyes are wet with tears and my heart depressed with sorrow. Confession like this is but the confession of many another throughout this southland. The greatest man in the Southern Confederacy is dead. I saw him just before the exercises of the Seminary closed for this session. Laying his hand on my head, he said solemnly, "God bless you Brother Jacobs, and make you useful." I will prize these words as the blessing of the greatest man that I have ever known. What a cause of regret to the world is this death. He was nature's nobleman. A more talented, and yet more humble man, I have never heard of. A more genial companion, a sincerer Christian could not exist. Dr. Thornwell is fit for heaven, and now he is sitting down with Luther, Calvin and Knox; with Paul and Peter; nay, more, with the holy and ever beloved treasure of his heart, Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant.

The death of Dr. Thornwell was felt by all his students as a personal loss. When ten years afterwards, I suggested his name as the one our institution should honor, I felt as if it were almost a sacrilege to connect a name so dear to my heart with a fledgeling that the world thought would die in its infancy. The name of Thornwell has a ring in the ears of his old students that is unlike that of any other name. We think of him as the founder of modern Presbyterian modes of thinking.

## II

## A VILLAGE CHURCH AT THE BOTTOM OF IT

IN 1864 the little village of Clinton, then nine years old, sometimes asked itself if it were a village at all. About thirty families composed the hamlet. The worn out and broken down Laurens railway dragged its slow length through it from west to east. The best men in the village were soldiers on the Potomac or about Charleston. Business was absolutely dead. The only life in the village was given it by a few godly women and a handful of Charleston refugees. It contained a small Meth-

odist Church, a Presbyterian Church with 47 members, including soldiers; a school house, and two Baptist churches in the suburbs about four miles away.

On the 27th day of May, the tercentenary of John Calvin's death (1564), Presbytery met to ordain me pastor of this church and the churches of Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek, and on the next day, the 28th, I was formally placed in charge of the church.

I found a thoroughly disorganized community, a church that although it was nine years old, had not yet learned what it meant to be a church of Christ. The town itself had a very unsavory name abroad, and was proclaimed by its enemies as "the worst hole in South Carolina." Liquor asserted its right to rule. Human life was not accounted high in value. Only a few days before the ordination, a murdered man was found on the church grounds. But there were some of God's own in Clinton, men and women with backbone, and these only needed a link to bind them together, a tool as it were with which to work, in order to pull down the wrong and to erect in its stead, the right.

I need not rehearse the eight years of pastoral labor that followed. First we had a vigorous Sabbath School planted. What wondrous changes that school has wrought! What faithful and rewarded toil has been bestowed through it upon our young people! The Prayer meeting followed with its hallowing influences. Then the church began to learn to give of the substance, a thing almost unheard of before. Even the great work of God among the heathen often met the sneer of "Cui bono?" Who could have dreamed in those days that our church would yet strive to lead its sister churches of the Presbytery as a mismionary church and should rejoice to send one of its own sons to the forefront.

It would not be just to the memory of those days to forget how bravely the church fought on the side of temperance. Sometimes victory was snatched from us just as our hands touched it but we knew the power of the devil's curse of drink. The gallant Bell was our leader. True men stood with him. At last after fifteen years of battle, the barrooms were closed, the town swept of its vileness as though a cyclone had swept through it and a legislative enactment ordered that it should stay clean forever.

It may seem a strange thing for a church to do but it is nevertheless true that in those days our church took steps to-

ward uniting the people in matters of temporal progress. Of course, she must provide a cemetery for the dead. But she also did her part in giving railroads to the living. It is not with boasting that this is written, but only as a candid fact of history, that Clinton was made a town, a town of happy homes, by the Presbyterian Church.

The village lies at an altitude of 800 feet above sea level. Mountain breezes from faraway peaks sweep over it. Pure water and good health is the rule. I came first to Clinton because of these things needed by an feebled constitution, and finding congenial spirits among my congregation, I stayed, accepted no inducements to go away because I love them. I was willing to share their poverty and suffer lack of all things with them, believing that the time would come when I could demonstrate to the world that a little village church could be made a tower of strength, a blessing to those within it and a light house to all about it.

Why should our young ministers seek for fat places in the Kingdom of God; or why, driven on by ambitious ideas, should they long for posts of honor and fame? It should content us to work just where the Master puts us, trusting Him, that He who knows all our needs, will give us fat things if they be good for us, and honor and fame therewith, if they be for His glory.

## III

## THEY UNDERTOOK TO BUILD AN ORPHAN'S HOME

I HAD ALWAYS had a fondness for types. In earlier days I had been much about the offices of the Charleston *Courier* and the Columbia *Daily Carolinian*, serving as a reporter. There I had gained some practical knowledge of the art, but it was not this inborn fondness for typography that induced me in 1866 to purchase a small press and a few fonts of type. I wished to have some means of laying printed thoughts before my people and the community. The *True Witness*, a little four-page weekly, lived only a year. In 1867 it gave way to an agricultural paper, controlled by my brother. In 1871 the agricultural feature was dropped, the name was changed to *Our Monthly*, and it eventually became what it is now, a vehicle for religious thought, and of information about the work we were trying to do as a church for the Master.

I found *Our Monthly* an invaluable assistant. Through its columns the scheme was worked up for the establishment of the Clinton High School (afterward college) Association, which has since done so much for the development of a Presbyterian College in this town.

In the October number 1872, *Our Monthly,* the same in which the announcement was made of the organization of the Clinton High School Association appeared an article under the head of "Christ's Little Ones." It was as follows:

"In 1832 a noble-hearted German, Immanuel Wichern, established a home for destitute orphan children on a plan of his own. He was opposed to the gathering together of a great crowd of children in one institution, but was of the opinion that twenty-four were as many as ought to be collected into one building. He was also of the opinion that the home should be largely self-supporting, at least to the extent of requiring the children to labor on the Rauhe House farm and in the shops and offices connected with it.

"Greatly would our heart delight us to have the same experiment tried in our own land. We proposed, two years ago, such an institution under the fostering care of the Presbyterians in this state. Is there love enough for God's Orphan children to enable us to give some of the little remnant of our former wealth for this noble purpose?"

This article, trifling as it may seem, was not written until after six months of prayer, consultation and study. The very first entry in the records of the Thornwell Orphanage is to this effect:

(Extract from the Minutes of Session, Clinton Presbyterian Church).

"September 1, 1872. The Moderator stated that he had received a letter from Dr. J. W. Parker, of the Palmetto Orphan House, inviting this church to cooperate in maintaining that home. During the discussion which ensued, the formation of an orphan's home under Presbyterian control, to be located in Clinton, was suggested. Much conversation was held on this point and it was finally resolved that the pastor should draft a plan, to be presented at the next meeting on which such a home might be established."

Owing to the sickness of the pastor, nothing was done till later.

"October 10th, 1872. The pastor presented his report in regard to the Orphan's Home, which was very fully discussed and finally adopted."

Until the 8th of January, 1873, all the work of organization was carried out by the Session of the Clinton Church but as it was deemed best that another organization should take its place, on the 8th of January, the Board of Visitors of the Thornwell Orphanage was officially organized and held its first meeting.

My thoughts go up with sweet gratitude to God for the noble band of workers that on that day put their hands to the wheel. Foremost among us was the enthusiastic Bell, now we trust, among the glorified saints of God. There were the Holmeses, father and son. The older was the founder of the Clinton Church; the younger was the first principal of our newly organized high school. There were also with us the energetic Phinney (one Sabbath eve after an hour at God's house, he went home to die like a warrior on the battle field); the sagacious Boozer; the quiet, but faithful Bailey; the God fearing Copeland, (he walked with God, he is not, for God took him); the three Youngs, not of one blood according to the flesh but one in faith and hope and good works; McClintock and Foster, earnest and beloved and now glorified; the aged Green; the thoughtful West, both gone to the Master's throne where tribulations have an end. There, too, was Blakely the beloved. Alas, the grave has closed over him. His sun set at midday. There was Copeland, the younger, wise in counsel; Bailey and McCrary, on whom the mantle of our sainted treasurer fell. And after these came to us Lee the learned, and Owings the true and tried; and Watts, who later led the orphan lads to weedy battles. Faithful co-laborers, who could not accomplish projects for the Master with such as you to help? Month by month, through all these years you met and worked and prayed. Rain did not hinder you. You asked no glory; no reward; but only to stand by your pastor, as one man, and like Hur and Aaron of old, to hold up his hands, when he was ready to faint.

I remember as though it were but yesterday, the assembly of this band of workers in my parlor. The plan was presented. The time came to vote upon it. It was a solemn moment. I told the brethren present that if they voted aye, it meant that I and they must cast in our lot together for life; that we were the least among the thousands of Israel, that neither pastor nor people were known to the church; that our poor little congre-

gation was struggling for very life, having just called its pastor for all his time; and that we must look forward to years of unremitting toil. There was this to encourage—the cause was one on which we could ask God's blessing, and assuredly if we asked, we should receive. The vote was taken. Each one present answered, aye. And our dear Brother Bell said, "Now, brethren, forward!"

A few days afterwards *Our Monthly* published the tidings. Our first article appeared in the *Southern Presbyterian* and the *Christian Observer*. The world knew that a little people in Clinton had determined to lead the great Synods of South Carolina and Georgia, and God's people everywhere in a movement to extend the aid of the church to the widow and the fatherless; the widow indirectly through her children. We wondered if the answer would be decisive.

To stand upon the mountain-top and look down over the vast prospect, one is overwhelmed for a moment with the glorious panorama. It seems an easy thing to have thus reached that high pinnacle; but to stand at the mountain's base and look up to its lofty crags, scanning the innumerable steps and besetting dangers that lie between, strikes the faint heart with dismay. "Let not him that putteth on his armor boast as him that putteth it off!" and, yet, poor as we were, we dared to boast! We dared to say of the long way to the mountain's crest —"it is nothing!" Our soul did make her boast in God; and each one of us said, Where He leads, we will follow.

One of our earliest circulars closed with this sentence, "Dear friends, wherever you may be, pray for the success of our Orphanage. If you cannot give silver and gold, give us at least your prayers. If you pray aright, God will turn these prayers of yours into silver and gold, for He has the treasury, and He is the God of the fatherless."

And, yet, when this was resolved on, and when these trustful words were written, there was not one dollar in the treasury, nor promise of one. It is easy to believe after the event. We were called to believe, and to risk our all upon it, where, as yet, no ray betokened the coming sun.

## IV

## THE STORY OF THE LITTLE RED LEDGER

THERE LIES BEFORE me as I write, a little red ledger of two hundred pages.

The hand that made the entries in it is now silent in the dust. It is the account book of Wm. B. Bell, Treasurer. On that first day of October, 1872, when we held our formal meeting, needing something for postage and printing, we each dropped in our dollar to the little collection basket. The first entry on the first page is the name of our Treasurer, and the amount of his gift.

I turn the page, and now the accounts of the Thornwell Orphanage begin. I read, Willie Anderson, fifty cents. I remember it all. We were sitting at a widow's fireside. The Orphanage (a then unknown word) was the topic. Little Willie put one arm on my shoulder and the other hand fast gripped about something in my lap. "Well, Willie, lad! what have you there, and what is it all about?" He blushed and opened his hand, and there lay in the orphan's palm that silver half-dollar. It was the first gift that came. It was the first drop of the shower.

I can cover with my hand every entry on the first page of this ledger, and it is the record of two month's gifts! Seventy-eight dollars and sixty cents in all. There are just twenty-five entries. The first gift by mail is James McElroy, of Charleston. Here is Dr. J. B. Adger, $5.00. It was the sole return for the first public speech I ever made for the orphans. Scene: Columbia Church; the Synod in session. Dear Bro. Riley had just helped us much with this resolution:

Resolved: That the Synod of South Carolina heartily approves of the proposition to establish the Thornwell Orphanage under the care of the Presbyterians of this State, and commends it to the Christian liberality of our people. The resolution was voted in by a few feeble ayes—no nays. Then our dear old professor rose and backed his vote with his dollars.

On that same little page I find that there were gifts from other states than our own; a nameless friend from New York, another from Maryland; three from Illinois; one from the District of Columbia. Strange enough, all were from states that might have been called the hostile North. The other gifts of those two months were mainly from our little village. Friendship Church in Laurens County, with the first church to take up a formal collection.

What heart-stirring thoughts swarm up from the pages of the red ledger? How we thumbed and studied those pages to see whether we with our little company of donors could turn an army of doubters into friends. The names were read, too! Of this first page of helpers, heaven has reaped a harvest. Twelve out of the twenty-five are among the saints of God.

But the year 1873 opened with much encouragement. Gifts from Clinton first came in. Mississippi responded. Laurensville Presbyterians bade us God speed with a goodly list of donors. Friendship, which church I was then supplying for a Sunday in each month, filled a page. The month footed up $160.00. The showers were falling.

The whole of this first year of effort was occupied in raising funds for the purchase of a piece of ground on which to build. Many lots were examined. The one at last chosen is a beautiful spot along Broadway, Clinton. It is an irregularly shaped block of land, containing 125 acres, part woodland, part open, near the railway station, not far from the church. The Lord himself seemed to have directed us to it. Time was offered us in which to pay for it and fifteen hundred dollars was set as the price. By the first of August, twelve hundred dollars, all our collection, had been deposited in the savings bank at Laurensville. On the 8th of August, the gentleman from whom the titles were to be had, rode into Clinton and offered these titles to the Board on payment of the full amount. It was determined to close the trade at once; the $375 necessary to that end was borrowed and that with a check on the savings bank was tendered in payment. To our surprise this latter was refused. And along with it the demand that the payment must be made that day or the trade would be off. Vexed at what seemed trifling, there was nothing for it but an immediate ride to Laurensville, nine miles away. Even then, difficulties awaited the collection of money from the bank. Wearied with the day's work, the settlement was at last made and the titles passed. What gratitude filled our hearts when we found a few days afterward, that the Bank had closed its doors and gone into bankruptcy. Then we knew that our Orphanage had been saved. Was it by an accident? Nay, verily, by the direct intervention of the good hand of God. The gentleman from whom we purchased had "builded better than he knew!" The Lord had sent him.

The year closed with the report from the Treasurer that he had received in the twelve months, $1,360.00. A part of this

had been received as the result of addresses delivered at Friendship, Laurensville, Greenwood, Newberry, Shady Grave, Charleston, Rocky Springs, and elsewhere but the greater portion was the result of the warm-hearted work of many who now enrolled themselves as co-workers with us. I read over the list of our earlier helpers amid thanksgiving and tears! I see loving hands that helped in the toiling, now crossed forever upon the breast. But there are some who still abide. One young lady, Miss Lizzie Brearly, of Sumter, appears in the records of each year's work. Little by little, she has collected more than six hundred dollars.

## V

## STONE AFTER STONE FROM THE QUARRY

ANOTHER YEAR had opened.

As yet we had lived by faith only. The time had now come to arise and build.

Early in 1874, a pair of oxen was purchased; Mr. G. C. Young's granite quarry, freely tendered, was a busy scene of blasting. In the first week of the new year the first load of rock was delivered. Having decided to build of granite, we were now hard put to it to find workmen. Workmen in stone were not to be had. It was our heart's desire to build solidly, and yet the prospect was against us.

It was then that one of those singular coincidences occurred that compel us to believe that the Lord was caring for us. On the 28th of January there arrived a batch of forty eight immigrants, the first that had come and the last to come. Among these, two excellent stone masons were found. These two were to build the Orphanage, and to disappear as they came, one to parts unknown and the other to the silent grave.

We had no architect. It was proposed to build simply and cheaply and as we received the money. We began without a dollar in the treasury. We only knew that God was helping us. We do not blame others because they could not see anything but fool-hardiness in our plans. They looked at the men. They could not see that the men were looking at God. A friend of mine stopped me on the street one day and begged me to give up this project. Said he, "It will ruin you!" I told him, "It were well to be ruined working for God." He shrugged his shoulders and turned his back. Another bantered me with the

loan of ten dollars, at double interest, I not to return it if the Orphanage should ever be opened. I took the money. He has given up hope of seeing it.

At length the 28th of May had dawned upon us. It was the 10th anniversary of my ordination. How time was passing! The day was a lovely one. At the Methodist Church a great crowd of people were assembled. They wore the regalia of the Good Templars and Grangers and were from all parts of the country. Forming in procession, they were joined by bands of children bearing Sunday School banners. They marched down Main Street. When opposite the Masonic Lodge that fraternity fell into line. The roads were filled with carriages; the sidewalks with people. This was the day we had been planning for. The friends of the Orphanage were gathered to testify their willingness to work. The Cornerstone was laid at 12 m., Hon. B. W. Ball presiding. A great feast was spread by the Ladies' Society of Earnest Workers, and best of all, nearly six hundred dollars was that day placed in the treasury. The immediate results of the day was to give us favor in the sight of His people, and the people were giving us their money. Col. Ball, on leaving Clinton that evening, handed me a bill for the treasury. Speaking of it afterwards, he said—"I did it to encourage you all, not that I thought the Orphanage would ever be built. " Oh, God, bless these dear friends, and remember it for their good even though their faith was in men and not in Thee!

When the first of October came, completing the second year of our orphan work, our Treasurer reported $1,846 as the receipts. Here was progress. Our land with accrued interest and taxes had all been paid for, and the Home of Peace had been completed to the level of the second story. We were working upward.

It would not be true to say that in all this time we had no anxieties. But there was never a doubt but that God would bring us to the accomplishment of our desires. Our fear was that we should not please God. We knew that God would help us, if we acted honorably toward Him.

We had set the first day of January, 1875, as the day of our opening. But Messrs. Young and Bell, who now contracted to build the house, were delayed in their work. Again we hoped that the 28th of May would see the doors open. Again hope deferred, made the heart sick. In the meanwhile, orphans were applying for admission, and friends were asking "When?" and "How long?"

The delay was better for us than we knew. Our own minds were not all of a unit. I felt that I wanted to swing clear away from the traditional Orphan Institution, and to found a Home School that would have nothing of the Employment bureau about it. I never could see why orphans should be treated like criminals, or made to feel that they were objects of charity. Throw up your hands in holy horrow at that iconoclastic error! But I stand to it. You shall not treat my children as though they deserved nothing but pity. They shall hold up their heads. They shall feel that they are men. Bind them out! Nay, verily not if I live to prevent it. I am writing about my own flesh and blood, and am not saying this of my orphans. And, yet, why not of my orphans? They are God's children and shall not God's children be treated as well as mine?

At length we came to an understanding. We were to have a new idea for the world's people to cry down. The Church, the dear old Presbyterian Church (God bless her) was to adopt these orphans; they were to be her own; she was to put spirit into them; to give them a true home; to educate them well, to do the best for them in that line that could be done; and having so fitted them for life's work, training head, heart and hand, to bid them God-speed as they took up their weapons and entered into the battle of life. We were to have our children to work —yes—work is noble; Jesus worked. It would make them feel honest, independent, self-reliant, to work. But there was to be no reformatory discipline; no institutional-life; no law or ordinance that my own children could not endure.

There was another hindrance. We had no Matron. We had tried one and another. We had failed everywhere. One letter was sent to us that had it been received, would have prevented what afterwards happened. But it was missent to another office, though most plainly directed. In the meanwhile, the first of October was nigh at hand. It was the day fixed for opening. It was most unexpectedly to me that she who now for nearly eleven years had been to me "star-light, moonlight, sunlight" freely offered herself. I could not understand it all at first. It seemed hard to give up a sweet home; a cozy fireside; my literary leisure, and to mix up my little ones with the children of strangers. Ah! were they not God's children? "Was there a lamb in all His flock I would disdain to feed?" And so it all came about in God's way, which was wiser than our way, that I and mine were to become part and parcel of the work.

As September drew to its close, the contractors were pre-

pared to give us the use of the building. We were $2,000 behind in the payments for it: but no papers were passed; there was nothing to bind us or anyone. Already several orphans were at my house ready for the transfer. The third year ended, and the Treasurer reported. One large gift of five hundred dollars from "a friend in earnest" had been received. It cheered our hearts. This had been set aside for the endowment of the Orphanage. Besides, we had received $2,837.25. For all this I had made personal appeal to no one. I had laid our wants before God's people through the printed page, and left the rest with them.

Three long years of patient labor! Brethren beloved, my fellow workers together with God, how often I have thought over those years of trial of our patience! They seemed hard then. But the Master was refining us, and fitting us to understand that His care of us does not preclude us altogether from the ills of life. It is even said that whom God loveth He chasteneth.

## VI

## AT LENGTH THE GLAD DAY CAME

SHALL I EVER forget that first day of October, 1875? That day, the dream of five years and the toil of three, were to meet in a waking reality.

There was another great gathering. From all about us, and from every house in Clinton, came donations for the orphans. Little children brought chickens and eggs. One brought a coffee grinder, another a sieve. The older people brought barrels of flour; a great tub of lard; a hogshead of syrup; clothing and bed quilts. I see now the beaming face of dear "Aunt Sake" (she was Aunt Sake to all of us—a very mother in Israel) as she busied herself in sorting the great pile of things and arranging them for the eye of a curious public. Blessed woman! You have passed beyond the stars, and the heavens hold you, but earth still cherishes your precious memory. You were the Deborah and Dorcas of our Israel and tears rained down when the clods covered you.

But from afar came gifts also. How cozy our bright little school-room looked, with its new furniture from the pious women of the Second Church of Charleston. There was another Charleston Church (Glebe St.) that had fitted up a room for the

first group of orphan girls. Laurens and Cross Hill had done their part. Clinton hands filled the kitchen and larder. Aveleigh spread the dining room table. It was our joy, too, to welcome Rev. James H. Thornwell on whom the mantel of his father's heart rested. My own dear father was there to give his paternal blessing.

The days and the labors of preparation prostrated me; and I could take no part in the public ceremonies. But when night fell there was a little gathering about my sick bed. Nearest sat the precious wife, whose love and wise thoughtfulness had made me what I was that was worthy; my own little band of four gave way for the time, that a half timid circle of orphans might press about her. There was smiling Ella, with her round, bright face; Fannie and Mattie, our "elder sisters," sat next. Walter stood behind. Alfred was already tall, and his face showed the honor that was in him. There, too, was Johnnie, as full of fun as the days were long; Flora, bright, impulsive, earnest, and Annie, the sweet little pet of the household—these made up the happy group that formed that first night's opening audience. Lowry, the hopeful, earnest young Christian, who presided over our High School (he is a pastor now), and Miss Emma, whom the children loved from that very night as teacher seldom is loved—these all knelt together, as I, prostrate in bed, bound them together with cords of faith.

They have all gone out from the home nest, but there is not one of the little company that has not been true to God and duty. Married people are they. Two of that group are waiting for us in heaven.

We began this work all so new, with heavy pressure on us of a debt of $2,000, which all our money receipts were pledged to satisfy; the building itself was unfinished and in the woods. But the Lord had touched our hearts and made us willing to bear and to work. Every shoulder was put to the wheel. The little ones that were with us caught at once the spirit of the enterprise. They were to be color-bearers.

One day, as I was sitting in my library, the little girls of the household came in, in a body.

"Heigh!" said I, "what is the meaning of this committee of the whole?"

Mattie was spokesman. "Mr. Jacobs, what does it cost to feed one of us a year?"

"Well, my little one, I hardly know how to gauge your ap-

petites, but I guess, all round, about sixty dollars."

"And what do you have to pay the old Mamma that cooks for us?"

"There," said I, "you get me. Let me see, sixty dollars in money, sixty dollars in what she eats, and I really do not know how much in pickings and scrapings."

She clapped her little hands in glee. "Mr. Jacobs this is what we offer: Send off the cook and take two more orphans, and let us do the cooking!"

Ah, how proudly that fair young face shone as she tried to stretch up her lithe young form an inch or two higher. Blessings on the child!

That was the way it all came about that our girls took hold of their duties. The boys were not to be behind, and when January came, a "colored brother" had to seek another position. The children were divided into companies of two and threes, each with a child-monitor in charge. What an easy time President and Matron were having! The children were running the machinery of the institution.

It was just before Christmas that the Lord sent Bro. Scott to us. Who is Brother Scott? Not to know him argues yourself unknown. Well, Bro. Scott was everything. He had even tried to teach school. He was a painter. He was a trader. He had been born in London. He was wide awake all over. He loved the Orphanage with all his heart. He was very fond of reading history. He knew just how to collect money. He didn't care a straw for worldly pelf. He didn't expect to get married.

You say, that account is very much mixed up. So was Bro-Scott. And the Lord had use for him.

I remember when he came to me once and said: "You preached last night that the Lord would take any sort of a man?" "Yes." "That He would give salvation to any that wanted it?" "You are right." "That He only asks in return an entire surrender?" "I did." "Then," he answered, "give us your hand on that—I take him at His word;" A few days after he united with the church, he came back. "You said in your sermon last night that the Lord had use for everybody." "Yes." "Then here I am. Give me His marching orders."

And so our dear faithful, willing, energetic brother threw in his lot with us as general fac-totum, supercargo, steward and right hand man.

That year passed quickly and busily by. New children came. Many friends bade us God-speed. Little improvements were added.

God's people had come to our help. $1,687.22 had been given to the support fund. A "friend in earnest," the same whose generous gift had given life to our endowment fund, now added a thousand dollars to our endowment fund, while nearly, if not fully fifteen hundred dollars worth of provisions and furniture and clothing had been sent in. It so happened that it was during that year that we needed much of this latter class of gifts, for all cash receipts were to go to meet our indebtedness to our contractors. Was it not wonderful that God, who alone knew this, should have provided for the wants of our household in a way that He has never done since, and thus enabled us to sweep away the burden of debt. Shout it to the heavens, oh men, and sing it, ye seraphs—God careth for us!

## VII

## THE CHILDREN'S FOUNDATION

When it was first proposed to found an Endowment Fund for the Orphanage, some objected. Was it not better to walk wholly by faith and not at all by sight? Would it not be better for both the Orphanage and the Lord's people that the one should depend for daily bread upon the other? It would give occasion for the continual exercise of Christian charity. George Muller decided against endowment. And, indeed, there is much to be said on that side.

But there is likewise much to be said on the other. God's care is as much needed to preserve buildings and endowments and as much shown by giving one as the other.

This thought came to me—why not have both? There are certain promises that must be made in order to have efficient work—such as the salary and support of matrons and teachers. There is also the need of frequent repairs and incidentals that do not appeal to the sympathy of God's people. We thought to raise a fund that we have fixed at a modest figure to meet these lesser bills, and to provide that, come what might, the support of a number of orphans would be assured. This would give a nucleus only, leaving great margin of percentage for the exhibition of the charities of God's people.

Now, I want to say here, once for all, with an emphasis as strong as I can make it, that our experience has shown a thousand times over, that God answers prayer. On the truth of that proposition one may dare bank his faith in God's word, and in consequence, the salvation of his soul. All men's experiences may not be alike. But this happened to me till repetition would make it a weary tale; — I have needed, say $200 for some special object, perhaps to meet a call for provisions. I have asked just that money of my God, telling Him the day and hour when I must have it. The answer came in such a way that sent the electric flash of conviction to my soul that God was caring for us. It was no distrust of Him, therefore, but what we believed to be the guidance of His providence that led to the foundation of our endowment.

And here a difficulty met us.

There was coming upon us the care of an annually increasing family that needed large gifts for their support. An appeal for endowment would cut off this support. Personal appeals I would not make. Indeed, I could not, for my pastoral work, my frequent preaching, and now my personal care of the Orphanage household, forbade any such endeavor.

Then it was remembered that the first three gifts to the Orphanage were from children. "Why cannot our children, the youth of our Sabbath schools, give us an endowment?" That settled it.

So the innumerable mites began to flow in. I look through the veil upon a picture. I see multitudes of pure, sweet hands of childhood ministering! They are piling up little pyramids of pennies, nickles and dimes. They are building up the "Children's Endowment Gift." Angels are hanging over it. It is a sweet incense before the altar of God.

Thus we began the new year with this new plan to win the sweet hearts of God's blessed children to do work for children. It was my own Sabbath school that led in the first gift in the foundation of this enterprise. Even the orphans helped to swell the gift.

We also found that this new movement did not interfere with the support of our household. Now, first, also, the plan was inaugurated by the dear old second Church of Charleston, of selecting one child to be supported by a society, church, Sunday school or individual. This is after the manner of an endowment that

brings us very near to the people of God. Their love is our endowment. The interest comes with a steady flow. In that first year, there were four churches and individuals to take up this work for God and, all four abide with us to this day.

The year was an uneventful one of steady work. God's little children paid into their gift fund, $333.10. The receipts for the support amounted to $1,458. A friend gave $100.00 to finish off the attic story of the building. A Charleston gentleman presented a $200.00 bond to our Endowment. A change had also occured in our household. Miss Thornwell had taken the place of our first teacher, Miss Witherspoon. She was rapidly winning her way to our hearts.

I love full well to tell the goodness of God to the children. But I love better still to tell these fatherless ones, as I meet them each day, of what the Lord is doing for them. To care for an orphan's body is an easy matter. Indeed, a little roughness will drive him to do that for himself. To cut and polish the bright gem of his mind till it shines with thousand-faced luster, that is labor. But there is a secret still beyond this. It is to find the child's soul and to hold it up to the eternal Sun, till a light comes down into it that innumerable storm clouds can only make to burn the brighter.

God seems to say to me every day, "Teach my children my law!" It was for this that the Thornwell Orphanage was founded, and it must save the children. There has never passed a year since the opening that some of the orphans have not pressed into the Kingdom, yet there has never been a "revival" among them. It has been so easy for them to feel that they are God's own precious children. They attend the church and Sunday School as equals with others. They mingle freely in social intercourse with Clinton people. No badge was set upon them. They were not marked and labelled as "Orphans." They were not orphans—God is their father. Therefore, they must love Him and serve Him. Of the twenty one children that began our third year with us, every single one became a member of the church.

The year was one of quiet, faithful persistent labor. The school was putting in telling work. The children daily rolled up their sleeves and went at it like little men and women in Kitchen, Laundry, Garden and Printing office. If the thoughtless grumbled, the older silenced them. "God is caring for us," they said, "we must do our part." Manual labor schools are usually a failure. The motive is absent. But here the motive is—"Be-

cause God and His Church are helping us, we will help ourselves. To the work! To the work!"

The eyes of my readers would be weary if I were to spread before them all the incidents of each passing year. The improvements of those early days were effected through great toil. I remember taking a friend to the front of the building. He noticed five bolt holes through the stone wall. "What are they for?" "They are left to bolt the frame work of the wooden piazza to the stone work, when we build one." "When you build one?—It will never be built!" But it was built and a neat little kitchen tacked on at the rear of the house. They cost only $300.00. We thought we were doing things then. And were we not? The Lord had given us twenty one precious children to train for the Kingdom, and $1,949.31, wherewith to make provision for them.

## VIII

## A THICK CLOUD

MY NEIGHBOR who has lost a little finger, tells me that he misses it every day—he feels as though a great part of him were gone.

I never dreamed when 1879 dawned upon our happy household, that the desire of my soul and the staff and stay of those many orphans should with speaking eyes, wave us a fond farewell, as she placed her frail hand in God's. Blessed Master, the misery of that hour could never have been borne, but for the other arm wherewith Thou didst bear up the sufferer. It was a time of solid darkness that encompassed him, with only the little light within the soul where Thou didst dwell, oh my God.

Pardon me, my reader, I have no right to say these things here, but that I saw the orphans orphaned again, their tears washing the face of her who had loved them so, who had given up all for them, and whose fair hand would nevermore caress them. God pity the man who loses a faithful wife. God pity the children that lost a faithful mother.

We buried her. And then all the beauty in the children's characters shone out. Our zealous teacher, Miss Thornwell, with courage worthy of her glorified father, took all the tasks of the house upon herself. The children went like clock work with a soul in it, to their duties. And when Mrs. Lee came to take

the reins in her hand, it seemed as natural a transition as for today's sun to follow yesterday's.

There was a little lad that had come to our Orphanage, who from the very first had won his way to our hearts. Little Frank loved everything. He would put his arms about the neck of "calfie" and pour his words into its senseless ears. If the pigs saw him they ran squealing after him. They knew who was their friend. He would fill his hands with fodder and hunt up "old Charlie" that he might see him happy with his crunching of the crisp blades. Every dumb thing, and things that were not dumb, loved him. Frank's story was a long one and a sad one. I need not tell it. We called him "our little Spaniard" for Frank's mother was a Castilian and his birth place Mexico, and thither he fondly dreamed he would one day carry the story of Jesus. But the Master had chosen Frank to keep company with his dear second mother in heaven. (Oh, how she loved him!) It was on the 9th of September that the wild alarm wrung a storm of tears from the eyes of our orphan household,—"Frank is dying! Surely he is dying, for we cannot wake him!" And then a few moments later, "Frank is dead!" He had passed away and none knew what ailed him.

In those days God was teaching us to say, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, shall we not likewise receive evil?" I copy this sentence from Frank's Bible. Years ago his little hands turned its pages. Today, if we could be with him, he could explain to us that soul-piercing mystery.

How quickly these children, gathered from many states and different surroundings, learn to love each other. They are not strangers. Their attachments become like bars of iron for firmness. Alone in the great world, the heart cries for partnership. They find it in this sweet home circle and are glad. Let none wonder, then, that this dear child should have been mourned with love that was true and deep.

Who would have thought that a little life like that of Frank's should have had a noble purpose to serve in the economy of God's Kingdom. Yet, it was to be even so.

A dream had come into our hearts that possibly some day God would open up a way to add a second cottage to our establishment, in which a family could be set off for themselves. We had put it aside as not to be thought of. When, however, Mrs. Burt of Philadelphia, sent us a check for $155.43 to be used as a memorial of little Frank Cripps, we saw that God's time had

come. We did not know just whence we would have a sum of which that was but a tithe nor did we wish to make special appeals for fear (how little we knew God's Church) that we would be thought too avaricious for the fatherless. And so we laid the matter before God and asked His guidance. By faith the walls of Jericho fell down and by faith can these walls be built. Faith Cottage shall it be called. "Ask and ye shall receive," our motto.

So the Board said to me, "Go forward!" and I obeyed. The boys themselves were filled with enthusiasm for the scheme. The wagon was put to its best work to haul in rock for the building. Clinton sent her teams to aid us.

The year 1880 dawned upon us and found us busy. The whole of the previous year had only placed $1,763 in our treasury. The annual income had been decreasing for two years. Times were very hard.

Often we needed to go to God for strength. We had met with newspaper persecution. Friends had grown cold. Death had done its sad work in our household. But what is faith worth if it cannot see in the dark. Lord, Thou didst mean to teach us that no stone should go into these buildings that Thou didst not place there. If this was to be God's work why should He not do it in His own way? His way might puzzle the workmen. Let them wait. They would thus best learn that it was another working, and not themselves. Were there no hindrances, there could be no faith.

Inch by inch the building progressed. On the 28th of July our church filled out the 25th year of it organic life. The afternoon of that day was selected as a suitable occasion to put the corner-stone in place. It was exceedingly unlike the former ceremony. Now, only the Church took part. She had given it birth. She now blessed it with her prayers. But around the President was gathered a happy group of four and twenty orphans, whose voices were lifted up to the blue skies in sweet thanksgiving.

Bro. Scott builded with his own hands and infused heartiness into the workmen. The methods of concrete building had to be studied and then put into practice. The work was well and faithfully done. The annual "New Year's Day," October first, brought the Board together to hear the sum of their 8th year's work.

See what God and faith hath wrought. For Faith Cottage, $1,972.34 had been received. To the endowment $447.59 had been added. While for the support fund the gifts had run up to $2,185.78. Evidently it would not be a mistake to enlarge the number of our wards.

## IX

A marble slab with simple inscription,

*FAITH COTTAGE*

1880

*Ask and ye shall receive.*

Is seen by any one who ascends the steps into the portico of that building. Lest men should be silent the stone utters its testimony to the goodness of God.

On the 21st of March, 1881, our hive swarmed, and the boys, with genial kind-hearted Gus Holmes as their elder brother, moved in bag and baggage. The little printers shouldered their type cases, their galleys and shooting sticks. The great press was mounted on a wagon and escorted over in state. The president's office was lodged in the "parlor" and the press in the "kitchen."

On that day, when all the bills were in and the workmen dismissed, we found that all accounts footed up $1,500.38 and our receipts showed just $1500.38 to meet them.

We had gathered of God's manna in our vessels of Faith and lo! there was no lack, neither was there any over.

Would you like now to walk in among the children and see them for a moment, as we leave these shifting scenes behind us. Some that we met five years ago are gone. Little Annie is now a sweet fairfaced young lady; this is Mollie, — ah, Mollie, we little thought you and Gus would play us such a trick. Married, eh? I do not think one could help loving Minnie, — "little" Minnie we called her, (Minnie has her own little household now) Here, too, is our poetess, and this one is to be our old maid; and this one makes the little boys stand around (all old married people for the years go by). You want to see the boys? They are gone to Enoree today. Up long before day. Even staid Sam is with them; Darby and Will and Tom and Ben and Allie and Ellerbe,

and the rest of them. Off for a royal fish and a plunge in the rushing waters. We can trust them, never fear, if they are orphans! Ah, boys, you are all men, long since.

"Swifter than a weaver's shuttle" (so says the blessed Word) are our lives. We felt it to be so, when, just after the doors of Faith Cottage were opened and the lads came trooping in, there came a new cry to us—"Our school-room is too strait for us. We be too many!"

We had cleared away rubbish and moved aback of the new building, the embracing fence. That night the Board met. I thought to burst a bomb-shell among them. "Brethren," I said, "our school-room is too small. Our classes tread upon each other. We need a school house; one worthy of the name Thornwell; with hall and library, museum and class rooms." The bomb-shell didn't burst. "We knew it," they said, "it is high time!" They had faith. If they could trust me, could not I trust God? I laid the matter down at Jesus' feet. I told Him what His orphans needed. And He too knew it before I did, "Then, Master, lead and let me follow!"

While I was rousing up to this new toil—this year, the 9th year of our endeavor, the 5th of our orphan-work, ended. God had given me $2,244.19 for the orphans. $500.00 for Faith Cottage and $1,644.96 for the endowment. And there had also been, while I waited, $106 sent in for the new building.

I look over those figures for the endowment and I read between them a golden thread of providence. At one end Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick is disentangling the skein, Judge Cothran aiding, and presently the knot falls apart, and a thousand golden dollars pour into the orphan's treasury. The Lord is able to help by few as well as by many. One can chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight.

For the second time the Master has sent a liberal donor to build up our endowment. And this, too, was a woman. Forget not this, it was a woman that brought into the world the Son of God!

How deep is a human heart! None can see the storms of the soul. Neither can any see its sunshine. It is easy now "to build the Orphan's Seminary" on paper. But the work of building in stone and mortar was not easy. From October to March we were busy collecting money and material. The boys were giants among the rocks. Ben was famous among the boys and

boasted with honest pride of the great loads he hauled. Mr. Scott took charge of the workmen. We were to build a great house. It was to be the largest of the buildings, with a handsome hall for gatherings, and a bell tower from which we were to see the mountains. We began the work with but little money. Why should that trouble us? We would not need to pay the workmen till Saturday. If Our Master thought best, we could stop the work whenever it pleased Him. It was His work, not ours. If it went forward, there was to be 94 weeks (we didn't know it then) at the end of every one of which His Bank must honor our drafts.

Now this is the proposition. We were to erect and furnish a house that would cost us more than Five Thousand dollars. We must receive, then, on every Saturday for 94 weeks, sixty dollars over and above the cost of caring for a household of more than forty persons. How often it happened, that on Monday morning, when the workmen assembled, there was not a dollar in the treasury. And yet, never once was a hand turned away unpaid on Saturday night, nor his pay kept back for a single hour. Even the most astonishing surprises lose their force as they become the usual current of affairs. But the demonstration loses none of its force to those who were actors here. We have just taken it now to be the most natural thing in the world to believe this true thing: There is a God on earth and He cares for us.

We laid the cornerstone of the Orphan's Seminary in the presence of a great crowd on the afternoon of our eighteenth Sunday School anniversary, May 11th, 1882. We love thus to run our memories together. Mrs. Thornwell, the venerable widow of the honored and illustrious was with us. Bell, now of the Church triumphant, laid the stone in place. The orphans sang out their joy and the multitudes added.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

On the 17th day of September, the last stone was set into the walls, the masons discharged and the carpenters called in. Six months of work condensed in six lines. From that completed wall went up this cry, "Master, I need three thousand dollars more. To Thee this is nothing. Lord, open Thy people's hearts that they may pour out the treasure." The prayer was answered.

We had received during the year $2,986.95 for the support fund; $879.58 for the endowment, and $1,879.75 for the Orphans'

Seminary. The support fund had not been hurt (there were thirty six orphans now) by our building operations.

This fall we lost services of our faithful and affectionate matron, Miss Annie Starr.

Mrs. Lucy Boyd, as full of energy as an egg of meat, took her place among the girls, and unselfish Mrs. Eliza Fuller, among the boys. Our own Laura was enrolled among our teachers. Our Orphanage had at last begun to give to the church a return for its money.

## X

## THE BORDERS ENLARGED

NO HUMAN soul can do a grander thing than to open its doors, welcoming the King of Glory in. As each year went by, we saw our children one by one, coming to know Him as their Father. We find that the records of the church contain the names of these fatherless ones on every page. It is a precious privilege to be the means in God's hands of photographing upon the sensitive plate of the orphan's heart, the image of its Redeemer. But there was a joy for which I longed that was possibly even greater than this. How often I had asked of my divine Lord that He would give His Holy Spirit in such measure to His orphan children that they should be willing to illumine with flaming torches the way of souls to the cross. When Sam Fulton came to me, and in his plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact way told me that he asked no higher honor, no greater privilege in his life than to preach the gospel, "Now," said I, "Oh, Lord, Thou art keeping covenant with thy servant." I had consecrated this Orphanage to his church, pleading most earnestly that the gift might be accepted as a means to an end, and that end, the furtherance of the Lord's work in this world. When I entered the ministry, I believed that I had received the highest office on earth. Eternity will show that to tell men of Jesus Christ is a privilege that the angels covet. I now see no higher aim for this institution than that it should lead its children to seek this post of honor, as commissioned officers to herald salvation to a perishing world.

It was in October 1886, that the same noble band of Christian workers that had founded the Orphanage, associating others with themselves, had altered the title of their High School Association by striking out the word High School and inserting College. A

charter obtained, and the Presbyterian College of South Carolina came into being. In its inception it struggled with many difficulties, against which our beloved and faithful President Lee contended manfully. The wisdom of this organization now became apparent. Mr. Fulton was enrolled among its students and began his preparatory studies. He was to be the first gift of College and Orphanage to the Christian ministry.

In the meanwhile the work on the new Orphans' Seminary went bravely on. Eighty five thousand feet of lumber, a ton and a half of nails and a thousand wagon loads of stone and sand were used in its construction. Burdette had tied himself to the lofty pinnacle of the steeple, and hanging in midair had set in its finial, calling at the same time "Yonder are the mountains!" Scott had swept his paint brush over all. Riddell looked on his completed job with a satisfied eye. (Ah! Well might he be satisfied; he had won the heart of little rosy cheeked Ella, as the job went on. These carpenters need watching!) Already in our eagerness to observe a holiday, on the 28th of July (the 28th birthday of our church), Rev. James H. Thornwell had filled our eyes with tears and brought a glow to our cheeks as his persuasive eloquence filled the chapel at its dedication. Again orphan voices rang out, and orphan prayers filled the room.

I have before me the "black ledger" in which were kept the accounts for this building. I read this cheering entry:

| | |
|---|---|
| By cash forwarded | $4,703.75 |
| By Dr. as per acc't p. | 4,700.00 |
| By cash balance | 3.75 |

And then in a brave, bold hand, these lines, unusual in commercial books, are added:

"Oh God. with grateful, humble thanks to Thee for all Thy goodness, I close this account. Thy love has set each stone of this building in its place. Consecrate the house and let its work be glorious for Jesus' sake."

On the first of October, the eleventh year of our work ended and the eighth of our household life. The people gathered that evening in crowds to the Orphans' Chapel. Even the galleries were a dense mass of humanity. The evening train had brought in our honored Governor Hugh S. Thompson. There was no one in the state that we deemed more suitable than one whose life had been spent in educating children and youth, to open formally our school in its new home. He came amid our thanks and went away with our blessings.

The morrow came and the children found themselves in new and better quarters. The old trampling of class on class was done away with. Each child knew his place. Three school rooms instead of one, were filled. In the second story a handsome collection was formed as the beginning of a Museum; and in the third, the "Nellie Scott" Library already had a thousand volumes suited for children's reading, on its shelves. Ah! how our children revel in these books.

When the year ended and we counted up the gifts of God's dear people, we found that they had given us $2,771.25 to provide for our forty two children; $225.10 for our furnishing fund; and $2,478.71 for the Seminary building. As I read over the list of those who freely gave their treasure for this cause, my heart yearns with love toward them. On page after page, year following year, I find the familiar names repeated. New ones come in and they continue on. Some drop out, and the star against them tells us that their address is changed. They are forever with the Lord. He who cared for them on earth, is caring for them in heaven.

The Seminary was now built and occupied. It had ample room for one hundred and fifty pupils. Yet our two and forty children filled our two houses even after I had moved my own little family to a cottage that I had built beyond the fence. Whoever would read the signs of God's dealings with us, could see in them this foregone conclusion, that we must lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of the tent, that others might come in and get the blessing.

Before the paint was dry upon the Seminary, the busy bees of the home of peace were buzzing about our ears, "Our kitchen, our laundry, our store-room is overcrowded." The very sides of the little rooms they used seemed bursting with the merry laughter of our little cooks and washer-women. We had to build a "Bee-Hive." A thousand flying leaves left our press, and the winds bore them North, South, East and West. And then the winds of divine love blew them back, and before October came, half the thousand dollars was laid up in store.

In August of that year, there "happened" (out upon the word!) another thing. Again God touched a Christian woman's heart and fifteen hundred dollars came with earnest promise of more to follow, wherewith to build another house, our McCormick Cottage! Never was a finger of God more evident than in this wise foundation. We also saw Him—we did see Him in His providence.

So another year was with the recording angel. A new set of workers had taken the place of the old. We had bidden farewell with great regret to Miss Thornwell (it was the same old old story of Hymen) and to our Mrs. Boyd, the very exponent of good sense and energy. Mrs. Simonton's unwearying hand at the helm of our domestic affairs; and Mrs. Liddell brought her zeal for knowledge to the help of our orphan school. There are many good women in God's world and they love to work.

Our treasurer reported $3,399.26 for the orphans; $1,247.09 for the endowment; $425 for the Bee Hive; $286.40 for the Orphans' Seminary building fund; $643.57 for the furnishing fund, and $1,500 for the McCormick Cottage. Oh, my soul! praise thou the name of the Lord thy God. He it is that said, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it."

## XI

## OUR TWIN SISTER

I WAS SITTING one evening in company with my two friends, M. S. Bailey and J. W. Copeland. We had covered, in our conversation, the past history of our Orphanage, and the sigh had escaped me, that while we had cultivated God's orphan vineyard, "my vineyard, which is mine," had I not kept. The school wherein were gathered the children of the church, was an unsightly barn, and its advantages far inferior to what they should be. Then was discussed, also at length, the value of the united strength that our twins, the orphanage and the college, might wield for God, if their influence were thrown together. It was shown that we could do nothing without a costly building, costly at least for us. Before we separated, these two gentlemen with a very little help from the third, had subscribed $1,350.00. It was conditioned that the building should be opened upon the orphanage premises; that it should be built by Clinton capital; that its administration should be in harmony with that of the orphanage; that the orphanage should have the right to six scholarships in its collegiate department, and that all candidates for the ministry should be educated free of charge. Thus was organized a movement that was to make possible our hope for the education of our orphans in the higher branches; to provide an easy highway for those desiring it, into the ministry; and along with it the elevation of the entire community through the establishment of a Christian college in its midst.

But far away to the North, matters were also focusing, Mrs. McCormick had a friend, a young architect of New York City, Mr. A. Page Brown who through her became interested in our work—a wheel within a wheel. He had already prepared plans for the McCormick cottage. In the winter of '84 he visited us, and saw our struggles and heard our hopes. Of his own free offer, we soon became possessors of his completed plans for the cottage building. In the meanwhile the subscription list had swelled to over four thousand dollars.

On the 10th of February, our Bee-Hive with its wind-mill, its furnished laundry and its bright new range, completed at a $1,000 cost, with $500.00 for furnishing, was taken possession of by our girls. One old gentleman, interested in agriculture, opened wide his mouth before the new building and asked, "What does Mr. Jacobs want of such a big bee-hive?" Another looked with awe-struck surprise at the revolving wheel of the wind-mill, the first that he had ever seen, and asked with a shade of doubt in his voice, "And can that thing raise the wind?" He knows better now.

On the 15th of February, the anniversary of the birth of Hon. C. H. McCormick, Judge J. S. Cothran, came to us through a blinding sleet, and gave an eloquent address on the occasion that should have laid the cornerstone of the McCormick Cottage. The stone was not actually put in place till our now famous festal day, May 28th, when each child put a stone and a trowel full of mortar in the building, and together we sang a hymn of praise to our own God.

It was more than a month before this (11th day of April) that the Presbytery of Enoree, in session at the Clinton church, receded one afternoon from its business. There was a solemn assembly in the Orphans' Chapel. Rev. Robert H. Nall (now departed) delivered a glowing appeal on Presbyterian education; Rev. B. G. Clifford, Moderator, then filled the box and gave it to the chairman of the building committee. The whole company adjourned to the college site, and the cornerstone of the Clinton Presbyterian College at last was laid. Blessed be God for that day!

And now rang out the sound of hammer and trowel. Our Scott was in his element. Hands were coming and going. Plans were spread out upon the stones, and the building committee puzzled themselves over the great mass of such literature that our New York friend was sending us.

How often in the history of human lives do the bitter providences of God prove to be blessings. We were placing the last trowel full of mortar on the completed walls. Twenty workmen were in and about them. Then suddenly there was a bowing of the brick pillars in the open arches of the doorways. There was a mighty crash and a great cloud of dust. When this had cleared away, our eyes dazed with the confusion, took in the crushing fact that the whole front of the building lay a mass of stone, and broken timber on the ground. Our first thought was for the workmen—thank God, not a hair of any of them was hurt. And then the second came, how shall we repair the disaster? Our Master answered it by putting into the hearts of the people to treble the amount needed for replacing. Solid stone pillars filled with historic associations, for they had once upheld the courts at Laurensville, now took the place of the brick. We thanked God for the misfortune and that it came just when it did, instead of a few weeks, months or years later.

God's work was going on, too, among the orphans. Many this year offered their hearts to Christ. Another of our boys pledged his life, through Presbytery to the gospel ministry. The life of those who alone were supporting an orphan child was increased to nineteen. The library had grown to 1,600 volumes. We had received when the annual meeting came, $4,419.96 for our orphans; Mrs. McCormick had added $1,050 to her building fund; $1,400 had been received for Bee-Hive and other purposes; $486.26 had been added to our endowment; a total of more than $7,000. Lord, Thou hast audited the accounts of that year, and thou knowest how faithfully we sought to make each dime do all that was latent in it.

## XII

## "THE REGIONS BEYOND"

IS THE READER weary with this story? How much more weary were we with all that stone and lumber? What hours of close and careful planning to make both ends meet! At length, thank God, the work was done. You, reader, reach the consummation easily—I must cross a year to do it. But as there was an upheaval of young faces clamoring for their new and cozy class rooms, we opened the college first. They placed the opening on March 15th, my birthday. Thus they told me that I was some day to be only a memory, having laid down forever this busy pen.

Why should I not be reminded by such an incident to

"Louden my cry to God, to men,
And so fulfill my trust.
I must lie, breath gone, mouth stopped
And silent in the dust!"

But there was only happiness and no fear of the future on that day. President Smith was there, filled with his native earnestness. Prof. Lee saw at last the consummation of his ten years of hope and fear—hope realized, the fear gone. Prof. Barnes seemed swimming in a halo of Greek accents and Latin roots. The ladies of the primary department added their charms to the day. We dedicated the house with praise and prayer, and turned it over to the five teachers and a hundred pupils, among whom were four of our orphan household.

I had sometimes thought that my brethren possibly were right when they said that if I were taken away, this work might stop. The Master proved to me his tender mercy during this year, that he was using me and that he could use another just as well. A friend taking time by the forelock, sent me to get health and wider views in Europe. I was away for months. I returned on that night that the earth throbbed through all our coasts and toppled dear old Charleston from her foundations. It was a joy to find no harm wrought at the orphanage, that God's care had been through all those months over our children. For the first August in twelve years the treasury was full and there was no lack of anything. To the endowment, the year had added $749. The support fund had received $4,051.09. The building fund had received $1,254.74.

It was not till the following January (1886) that the great move was made.

All through the fall we had been busy finishing Faith Cottage, painting, plastering and white-washing at the McCormick House, and altering and adorning the Home of Peace. But we had gathered up the remnants of stone and stuff, left over from our greater building and were preparing a tasty house of six rooms for our printing office. Then came the change. Our boys marched out of their old home, and took charge, with a hymn of praise of their new and handsome hall. They spread out all over it and because there was room, other orphan lads came and threw in their lot with them. Once more Kit and Bally backed their wagon to the door and carried their heavy loads of type and presses to the fair rooms where they are yet to do double work.

Then came a troop of little ones—we call them our "little delights"—and their sweet faces filled Faith Cottage, as their songs, its hall and passages.

They of the Home of Peace, dear girls, who bear the heavy burden of work, settled down to steady duty, and as I walk among them daily, I read in their bright faces lessons about the dear Lord who cares for the sparrows, who says to these orphans, yes, to the humblest among them. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

How quickly fly the years! October 1887 has passed. It left its precious fruit—a family of over 50 children, with teachers and officers, 63. It found our farm, with "Uncle Billy" as the children call him, at the head, improved with barns, fences, woodhouse, cows with luscious milk and golden grain, sweeping in soft green waves from hill to hill. A thousand dollars for buildings and the like had been sent in; $4,551.80 for the orphans, and $1,062.45 for the endowment.

I have said but little in these pages about God's work among the heathen. And yet, next to these dear orphans, and the work in my own church-fold, nothing lies so deeply down among my heart's best loves. It was a joy to see my orphans giving their little mites into the weekly offering. I was glad when our girls came to organize a Society of their own; for they wanted to share in this great gospel work. But when our dear young brother Fulton whom God had permitted us to give to his church, came with his fixed and settled purpose to bear the cross beyond the Pacific to Japan just waking up from the sleep of ages, what could I say? Hesitate? Resist? Only for one moment. Go, dear young brother. God has given us the glorious honor. The honor may like a crown bear heavily, but it is the King's gift, and we cry Hallelujah!

## XIII

## STILL ONWARD

SINCE THE preceding pages were written, more than a decade of years has passed by. The Almighty Father has not forgotten us. The Orphanage has grown in many ways—in buildings, in influence, in friends, in income, in the development of the church and college and newspaper surroundings, and in the breadth of the instruction that it gives. We were building Memorial Hall, where the little people were to gather together,

and breakfast and dine and sup, for many years to come. On the 27th of April, 1839, the last item of expenditure on this solid stone structure was paid, footing up $3,673.01. Just that much even to one cent, we had received. And then, with a glad heart; the book-keeper wrote down: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

But it took a thousand dollars more to put in all the fixtures and furnishings, counting the sweet-toned clock that night and day has been telling the hours to all Clinton people, in loving memory of little Caroline Dudley Dozier of Napa, Cal.

And that same year, beside this, $7,185.20 was our support fund. One large gift of $1,000 sent from the death bed of Mrs. Mary Baxter Gresham, was added to our endowment.

You will think when you have read this chapter that I had better have left it unwritten, but I am led to it by a force that I cannot resist. I beg you to read it, remembering that the pen that wrote it was driven by a bruised and sorrowful heart, and that the hand itself is very weary with days and nights of anxiety. It is a sad record I have to pen—it is one that has already been washed with tears, and my soul is very sorrowful while I write. Bear with me, then.

This is no romance. It is the truth. I have often read such stories as this and doubted them. My name goes to this article for all it is worth.

For nearly two months we had a sore epidemic of la grippe and pneumonia at the Thornwell Orphanage. One after another the children would be taken down with it. They were our care. Oh, how we loved these children. Do not think that because they are orphans they have no one to love them. Unwearied vigilance night and day, brave self-sacrifices week after week, has characterized matrons, teachers, older children and our beloved, good physician. So when a child would lie for weeks between life and death, there were heavy hearts and weary eyes and prayers upon prayers. For my own part (permit a personal word to make more clear the close of this story), for two weeks or more, I had been almost unceasing night and day in supplications for two dear children; whose life at this writing was hanging by a thread.

God has answered my prayers so very often, so graciously doing the very thing that I needed most, that I wondered why He seemed to refuse when I prayed for the life of my darlings. I have thought upon it until thinking becomes a burden. I have

wondered if, after all, God did not mean to teach me by these refusals that I had too little faith in an invisible world compared with what I should have—yet possibly I have more than you, reader. That night I lay long awake amid prayers and anxiety trying to persuade myself that there were greater evils than death; and that even should He take away my children, I ought to say more than ever, "Thy will be done." I ought to believe that, for them, at least, it was a grand and glorious thing. We all talk that way; it is quite another thing to act it.

But the Master has taught me the lesson at last. The next day, while busy in my study a message came, "Come at once to the Harriet home; little Ida is very sick."

Be patient, reader; I must tell you the story in my own way. When I reached Ida, the physician and matron met me with a face that could be read. The sudden congestion was doing its work terribly quick. The child was dying. But the doctor gave me the word of caution: "She is perfectly conscious. She knows and talks." And so I found it. Stooping over her, she motioned to me. She asked 'if her mother could be sent for, and if she could get here tomorrow." We conforted her as best we could, when presently her matron left her side weeping. I saw that something unusual was occurring and hastily took her vacated seat. Then this little girl, with a bright, sweet smile, from which every trace of pain was gone, said to me: "Mr. Jacobs, the angels have come into the room."

I looked astonished at the child at first, scarcely understanding what she meant. At once it occurred to me that her mind was wandering, and that this meant death. It did mean death, but the intent look I fastened upon her face was responded to with one of keen intelligence. Her mind was not wandering.

"Do you not see them?" she asked; "they are passing across to the bed; there are two of them," she explained. Then I saw heaven light up the child's face. She lay looking into the thin air with a loving, longing gaze, whispering, "They are so beautiful! Oh, so beautiful!"

I could say nothing, for when, turning again to me, she said: "They are standing just by you," it seemed a place so solemn, so near the gate of heaven, that I hardly dared to breathe. But my eyes were fixed on her; nor could I move them, for the child's face shone with a smile of such sweet expectation. Her lips moved.

She was so weak that I could not catch the sound. I put my ear close to her, and she whispered, "They have come for me."

Then she slept with the lingering smile still upon her, her calm little face stamped with the mark of her first interview with the angels. And that smile, noticed by all, she wore still in death.

Dear reader, I know that you will say that this can be explained on scientific grounds, and all that. But had you been where I was for those few weeks supping with sorrow, if you had turned with a cry to God for light upon that dreaded grave, whither so many loved ones have gone but yesterday or the day before, you would have known what this means. In nearly thirty years of pastoral experience I had helped to close many eyes, and more than once felt that something unusual was occurring, but never aught like this.

I went back from this death-bed scene, with a heart that wholly trusted, to the two children (would I find them dead?) who for ten days had dwelt in the valley of the shadow. Now I knew how to yield and give up. It would be all right, if it were God's will. But, blessed be His name, the prayers were answered, and the two lived. That very day, as if to cheer us even in the darksome time, the ebbing tide of life was turned back. The Lord had visited us as well as the angels.

Take these incidents for what it may be worth to you. You may deem it unwise in me to rehearse the story, but at least you will shed a tear over the orphan's grave, remembering also to help the living.

At last, one day, the doors of Memorial Hall swung open. The ample dining hall, with its twelve well-set tables, received a goodly number. How wonderously those tables, numbering twenty, have, with each meal, still given enough to the orphan household. God has dealt well with us. On that day, as the eyes of the invisible Savior looked about the hall, he whispered to our dear Mrs. McCormick: "There is room for more." And on that very day she wired these words from far-off Chicago to reach us on May 28th, 1889: "Chicago friends will contribute $3,000 for another cottage!"

That was the Harriet Home, sweet home of the little darlings of the Orphanage. Right manfully we set to work again,

with stone and mortar. On August first, the first work was done upon it. On May 28th, following, it was finished, dedicated, and occupied. Five hundred dollars more had been given to furnish it. The endowment had increased by $1,500; and for our support $8,110.35 had come. Oh, blessed Father, to thy goodness, we owed it all. Step by step Thou ledst us and all we did was to follow.

Indeed a new turn was now being given to the affairs of the Orphanage. Already its school had grown into a seminary. Classes were being graduated with A. B. diplomas, and our dear girls were being fitted for the arduous work of teaching. Other pupils had followed our beloved Fulton into the ministry.

One of the interesting things of our experience in the care of these orphans, was to watch and make provision for their expanding minds. Our little library, now increased to near 3000 books, was much needed and much used. But we had no right place to store the books. We wish we dared tell who built for us the Nellie Scott Library. It is built at a total cost of $1,917.29 of solid granite. Below stairs, the reading room is a cozy comfort for boys and girls, and books above. Because our dear friend is nameless, we have written his name the deeper in our hearts and prayers. And we give thanks to God in his behalf.

So ended 1891. Our family had grown to more than a hundred. For these, our own Lord sent us $10,426.26. And there had arisen a goodly company of 59 loving hearts that gave their sixty dollars or more per year, each to care for some fatherless boy or girl.

It was away back in January 1880 that a minister's widow, sent the first dollar toward that which now plays so important a part in our work—the Technical School. All through that year and next, gifts came in. Before the house was finished, more than $5,000 had been expended on it, and nigh three years passed. Sorely discouraged, anxious for that last $1,000 I had gone to my room and one day— at mid-day—shut fast the door, and told my Master of that great need, and that I knew not where to find it. Two days passed and bearing date at that very hour, a letter came, and opening it—there was just the one thousand needed. With a joyous heart, the house was finished and dedicated to him who so long worked, as these dear boys are doing, at the carpenter's bench.

We had stopped, during the process of the work, to build the Augustine Home. A nameless ruling elder reared it to the

memory of a dear child. Two thousand dollars finished it and for every year, $2,000 must be spent upon the lads to be sheltered in it.

We needed and received but $10,199 in '92 but after this new cottage was erected we needed and in 1893, $11,271.92 was sent and in 1894, $11,787.

While we were furnishing the "Tech" as the lads will call it, and it took full $3,000 to do it, a noble lady, long a loved friend of our orphans, passed up to glory. But she left $2,000 to which God's people added $1,000 more to put together the Fairchild Infirmary. Here, God's little sick ones are gathered in to the arms of loving nurses. Here health comes back to their pale cheeks and here, thrice already, Heaven has opened and received from hence a dear little girl, a young student for the gospel ministry, and a matron who had long served the Lord in caring for His orphan boys.

Oh! how I would like to tell the story of God's care over these and others. Three times, we were compelled to see our boys, just ready to enter upon the God-given work of soul saving, translated to the upper Kingdom! I would like, too, to tell and retell the story of the children's gifts—the Academy reared by Sunday School boys and girls—the noble gift of the Edith Home from the same kind friends who twice before had reared cottages for our orphans. I would like to give a whole chapter to the living faith that through the Christansburg Sabbath School has brought light and joy and happiness into our hearts. And there is Mrs. Lees (God wanted her in His presence and called her home) with her last gifts of the Lees Home, and the Lees Industrial School.

## XIV

## GOD'S GOODNESS MULTIPLIES

I HAD THOUGHT when I closed the pages of the booklet in which I had told the story of our struggles, and indicated that we were on the road to success, by God's good loving hand, that I had finished my task, but parents in these days are obedient to their children and I in my old age and many infirmities must needs do his bidding.* The past twenty years, ending with the beginning of this year of grace, 1914, have been blessed days for Clinton, its college, its orphanage and all that concerns them.

*The remainder of the story is composed of a series of articles first published in the Westminster Magazine.

The other great institution, my Church, the dear old Presbyterian Church of Clinton, whose service was my soul's delight for 47 years, planned and constructed a house of worship worthy of all they hoped it would be. We were very much longer in the planning than we were in the building. For fifteen years, at least, all minor improvements on the older buildings were set aside to make way for the greater building we hoped to raise to the glory of God and possibly of our own also; on the 38th anniversary of my pastorate here, they laid the cornerstone. Four years we were in building. It was agreed that from the last stone of the foundation to the capstone of the three square towers that received the first rays of the rising sun, all should be granite. And so upon stone the good work went on until at last on the 28th day of May, 1904, the doors of the goodly temple of God were opened and the noble building was thenceforth fitted for divine services. One fourth of the new space was set aside for the orphans, while the dearly loved people kept only one fourth for themselves. It was my pleasure to preach in this beautiful "Home of the Soul" for only seven years. I am still claimed by them as pastor emeritus, but this name is for those who are clerically dead. I have another charge or part of the same, just as one would choose to call it, the story which must come later.

More than once in this story, the name of that noble servant of God and His little ones, Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick, has been mentioned. Her life-work is well written in the story of the Orphanage. She had first of all built for us the handsome McCormick Home, in memory of her husband, who through his harvester has made the world richer and has filled their tables with the finest of the wheat. Our own fair land, East, North, South and West, have all laid their tribute of thanks upon the grave of Cyrus H. McCormick, who has made a thousand heads of wheat grow where one grew before. Perhaps no more beneficent invention has ever been given to mankind.

Not satisfied with this provision, in 1890, we opened the Harriet Home, her gift in the honor of the first bride that any of her sons brought into the family, Cyrus H. McCormick's. Thirty five hundred dollars paid the bill for a sixteen-room structure, built of granite and well finished throughout. It is to us a wonder that this small sum built such a house. God was teaching us how to go very carefully in our work for Him. Twice that sum would scarcely build it now.

Then came the Edith Home, named for a second bride, the wife of Harold McCormick, the daughter of the great and Chris-

tian man, John D. Rockefeller, whose gifts to Chicago University has placed education itself in debt to him. For this Edith Home, its furnishings and solid structure of beautiful granite, the gift was $5,500. It would be hard to find a lovelier building on our grounds.

Not satisfied even yet, with her deeds of love, at the same time and by the same check she erected two new buildings on our campus, the Virginia Home for Boys and the Anita Home for Girls, commemorating two of her daughters. They stand side by side in the woods; our country homes, we call them. How good God is to have given us such a friend as this. Those two homes called for the expenditure of $9,000 and added nearly 50 to our family group. Even while I was busy with the church for which Clinton was to pay $25,000 our orphan school called for extension. We already had a seminary building for our four college classes; the Children's Gift Academy, erected entirely by the gifts of our Southern Sunday School children rang to the voices of seven or eight classes of little people. They were too many for their desks and their teachers. Then came our noble patron and benefactress to our rescue and in memory of the first martyr to the Thornwell Orphanage, she built the class-rooms which are now known as the Mary Jacobs' School, the High School of the institution. For all these buildings and for another, the Gordon Cottage for little girls, she gave in all no less than $26,000. We do not mention this to sing praise at the altar of wealth. Far from it. It is wealth consecrated that is glorified. And surely was not this wealth consecrated, of which it could be said: "Whom not having seen, she loved?" This is true faith, the faith that blesses the giver and blesses the receiver.

Year after year went on. Year after year, the builders kept at their work. The pick and hammer rang against the stone. The carpenter pushed his plane to the music of the trowel. Each new day was building a home for the living God where he should bless his little ones. Beloved, let us pray, let us give thanks.

## XV

## THE CHURCH RECEIVES

THE LAST DECADE of the 19th Century was a blessed and a busy one, and because it brought the whole grand plan into connection with the Church of God, and so led the way for a more splendid work for the fatherless than the church had ever planned.

Until 1891, there had been a feeling after a stretching out of the hands by the Clinton workers for a nearer alliance with the church of God. It is a little strange and wonderful, too, when you think of it carefully, that the Church of God had to be taught to believe that the care of the children of its dead laborers and of its dead workmen of the rank and file was any concern of theirs. For the pages of Our Monthly, through the columns of those noble weekly papers, THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER, THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN, THE NORTH CAROLINA, THE SOUTHWESTERN, THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN, I had written column after column, pressing the claims of the orphans until it had become second nature to me and those editorial gentlemen who stood at the head of these great church papers, came to look upon the writer as a clerical crank to be tolerated, or a hobby-rider that would ride his hobby into all sorts of inaccessible places. And all this brought fruit.

At length the time seemed ripe to give the Thornwell Orphanage to its proper owners The Church of the Living God. In the fall of 1891 and 1892, just twenty years after the first inception of the enterprise, I appeared before the three synods of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida and asked them to become the owners of the institution. The property was worth some $50,000. The debts amounted to the whole sum of $0. There were 17 officers of various sorts and 105 orphans of all ages between 6 and 21. The support fund that year reached $10,199.22. The endowment had increased to $16,000 and $5,000 had gone that summer into building. The three synods accepted the trust, and the victory was greater than they knew; they had pledged the Southern Presbyterian Church to the support of orphans; henceforth it was to be, not the plea of a poor individual, but the joy of a great church that was to stand back of the fatherless. And now, through God, how rapidly the leaven worked! Seven years before Thornwell Orphanage was even thought of, Alabama had founded a home for soldier's orphans. Patriotism had won, as was thought by many, a victory over religious principle. That pioneer in our Southern Orphanages took on new life with the success of Thornwell, and almost dying at Tuskegee, came into the vigor of new and beautiful life at Talladega. A good woman gave Monroe Harding to the Synod of Tennessee. Brother Maxwell's heart burned within him until the Presbyterian Home at Lynchburg became an accomplished fact. Thornwell's running mate, at Barium Springs, chained to itself the love and provoked to good words, the Synod of North Carolina; Mississippi had her Palmer Orphanage founded by one of the Jacobs boys who was

raised at Thornwell; Kentucky, not content with one raised two children to the cause, Anchorage and Grundy; and Texas, noble old Texas, great and powerful, has built upon Thornwell's basis a splendid home, for Texas and Arkansas children at Files, a home that will some day be rich as it is now well favored. The Southern Presbyterian Church has become the Church of the Fatherless. Not only through their synodical homes but through her schools at Fredricksburg, and by her orphanages in the Indian country, and in China, Japan and on the Congo, she has put her hand to the plow and she cannot be turned back.

Moreover, in nearly all these institutions, the principle that was dearest to the heart of the writer was adopted; the utter rejection of the legal tie, binding the orphans to the home. I always did and still hold, after 40 years of experience, that the child's love for his home and his advantage gained by it was enough of a tie to hold the orphan to his home; that the tendency to give away orphan children by an irresponsible board ought to be marked "anathema"; and that none but a father had a right to own and control the body and soul of a little boy or girl. Other denominations who have copied our views in the work of Thornwell have failed to grasp this idea, but the churches of our Southern Zion have gotten it well in hand, and now the future of these schools is assured, the future that will put them in the same class with the academies, high schools and colleges of the church and not with the prisons, the almhouses, the reformatories, the houses of refuge, run by the state. High heaven is proclaiming the right of the fatherless to the heart love of His people through the voice of the Church of the King of Glory.

The Thornwell Orphanage, having stirred up the whole church to our plan of work, claims the privilege of being the child of the whole church. By special agreement of the three controling synods, one trustee in its controling board is appointed by or from every synod in our Zion. These trustees are not weaned away from the institution of their own synod, but are simply our bond of loving union with all the brethren. The Thornwell Orphanage belongs to every member and every pastor and every child in this whole beloved church of ours.

## XVI

I STILL THINK that it was no mistake, that when led on by an enthusiasm beyond my strength after weeks of prayer and at a time of sore affliction both physical and spiritual, I resolved to connect with the Thornwell Orphanage a mission train-

ing class for young women, the object being to fit and secure suitable workers for work in the orphanages of our up-country (especially in Thornwell) and for work in foreign fields. I began this work in 1894 and I confess here that for nights before the first class was organized I spent the whole night in prayer to God to make me worthy of the great thing I was undertaking and to make it count for Him. For ten years, this class was continued and it was surrendered simply and only because I failed to secure help in the work. My own health was giving way and for a while I was laid up from any active service, and so the class ended its career. But some forty or fifty young women passed through the school in these ten years, and I find that nearly half of these served our orphans in some most worthy capacity as matrons and teachers, ten entered into the foreign field; and fifteen or twenty the home field and not one failed to make good use of the instruction that they received. The dear Lord saw that the purpose was worthy, that had it been possible to continue it, it would have bettered the spiritual life of the Home. At that time the church had no mission training class. After the end came to our work here in several places, notably in Nashville, the effort was renewed. The General Assembly itself approved our Clinton work; and even now it is planning for the founding, on a more liberal basis, of a Training School which may probably be brought before the public at its next session. However, the feeble effort at the Thornwell Orphanage was the first, and from first to last, it never had a single dollar to sustain it.

God in His great goodness and His far seeing judgment may have seen that the time was not ripe, and some day when the right leader is found, and money is more easily had through the consecration of the rich man's dollars, this pet plan of the workers at Thornwell may revive and with a school established that will bring untold blessing to these fatherless children. The growth of the Presbyterian College; the founding of the Lesh Infirmary, and the splendid opportunities furnished Clinton at its mills and mission schools for inner mission work opens a way to better methods yet to come.

To this school the Orphanage is indebted for some splendid workers, Miss Atkinson, now of Japan (God bless her patient loving soul), Miss Addie Sloan, of Soochow, China, long a matron of the McCormick Home; Miss Ruth Simpson for some years principal of our seminary; Miss Ella Bell for 15 years our patient, devoted and most wonderfully successful principal of the Children's Gift Academy, and a score of others with whose names and virtues I would gladly fill these pages, left their lasting impression upon the lives of hundreds of orphan children.

But as has been intimated, ten years later in 1904, this school was closed. Even yet, young women write for its circulars; our own girls who used to remain to take this course of Bible study (for it was a seminary for young women) instead now turn their attention to the work of nursing and scores of them enter hospitals in neighboring cities for training.

May it some day have a resurrection. The way has been pointed for some more vigorous man to enter with delight and success and with the heartiest cooperation of his brethren.

## XVII

## THE CRY OF FIRE IN THE NIGHT

DAY BY DAY, year following year, the hand of the loving, ever present Jehovah had shown itself in the affairs of the Thornwell Orphanage. It had become so great an institution that the infant faces and the stories of orphans' lives now seem to be merging into the records rather of the institution than of the personalities of the matrons (its teachers, its foremen and its monitors). Still there was one place where all met in common, that was in the dining hall. It had been first set apart to its work in 1888, and thrice a day the children gathered in force with their teachers to take their "daily" or rather "thrice daily" bread. The building was of granite and most solidly built. Its tower held the clock that ruled our proceedings and the town's as well; and the basement contained the storerooms and the newly furnished kitchen. Then came the cry at midnight; the cry that shocks and alarms and shows how helpless is feeble man: "Fire! Fire!" Our beautiful memorial hall was on fire. As for water, the town had none; the Orphanage had only a few little pumps; of friends it had a mighty multitude. How they worked, these young fellows. Our own boys were equal to the best. Only twenty feet away were three other large buildings that had cost us $25,000 not counting time and tears and trials. It seemed hardly possible to save them, but, thank God, and these dear young men, the Home of Peace and its addition, the Lees Industrial School, the Edith Home, and Faith College—all were saved, even though our spacious dining hall was gone. The roof fell in at last. And there stood 150 children with neither tables nor plates nor stove nor pantry. All had gone down in one dreadful furnace destruction! There was no insurance. It seemed as if the catastrophe were overwhelming. How often the old Confederate soldier who for years grieved over the destruction of his nation and his nation's hopes, has thanked God for the outcome

of these fifty years of retrospection. A united nation, a banished curse, a national prosperity for the great South.

That night was a night of great distress for us. We felt our ruin. The first great calamity had come. And the thought rose, "Has the Lord forgotten to be gracious!" But no, the Lord had taken the planning out of the builders' hands and was building for them. As for the structure that had been destroyed, while yet the flames were roaring, sums of money to the amount of $500.00 were thrust into the hands of the President by friends who looked on helplessly. Within three days we had in hand the sum needed to restore the building! In three days what had cost 20 months of prayers and patience. Fortunately, too, the walls were there, needing but little repair to make them usable.

As for the breakfast of these little homeless orphans, all Clinton rushed to their rescue and merry parties of boys and girls were taking their breakfast and their dinner that day of the fire with loving house-mothers all over Clinton. It looked like the quartering of synod. That day decided for us a very great and a very grave question. It was a question of expediency. We had built that great refectory by chance as it were. From the very inception of the work, the dining hall was being continually enlarged; partitions were torn down, one after another, in the Home of Peace to make way for it. And so the dining hall became a necessity. But now it was gone, what next? It came to me then how the little fellows had tramped through the snow and ice to their meals; how epidemics of pneumonia and croup and grippe had swept in upon us and had taken from us in a single season three beautiful young lives that had already been dedicated to God and duty. And the question would not down, were not these two related?

Our response to the question, where shall we take our supper? answered the question of relationship. That day we were busy. We had only the blacksmith shop to turn into a kitchen and we had study-rooms to turn into dining rooms and there must needs be hundreds of plates and knives and forks. A good woman in Atlanta sent these latter good, silver-plated knives and forks. Iron ones had been good enough before. So comfortable was the new arrangement and so quickly came Mrs. McCormick's fine check of $2,500 toward rebuilding that in a day everything was settled. There should be a central kitchen built with Mrs. McCormick's gift to be known as the Fowler Home; the houses should retain their private dining rooms, and the Assembly Hall should become an assembly hall for morning worship, with the

industrial school in the basement. The work was pushed on with remarkable promptness and dispatch. The Fowler Home within three months had given shelter to the little cooks and comfort to the whole household. The Assembly Hall was dedicated with prayer and every day since then, unless some heavy rain forbids, each morning all of our households gather there to thank God for His mercies and to pray His blessing upon our noble friends.

But our God was not through with us. Another blow was to follow.

If there was on the Orphanage grounds one building dearer than all others, it was our Orphans' Seminary. In it was the beautiful chapel dedicated to religion by Dr. Jimmie Thornwell and to education by Gov. Thompson. We had just fitted it with a furnace, and the workmen were testing it, when in the dusk of Thanksgiving evening in that same year of 1904 smoke was seen coming out of the tower of our loved Seminary, some fifty feet above the ground. The town again came to our help; our own boys and girls gathered dangerously near the building, while sobs and tears told of their overwhelming distress. The work to save it was all in vain. With a crash, tower, roof and walls fell in. Our Orphan College building was in ruin. Our chapel with its sweet-toned organ was gone! Alas! Ninety four weeks had it been in building. In two short hours it was leveled to the ground. But in this also the Lord had a purpose. The wires brought to us the message "Build better than ever." Dollars came pouring in by the thousands. In fourteen days $20,000 nearly three times the amount of the loss, were in hand. Then began our toil. The blasting at the quarry, the hammer and the pick, the shovel and the trowel, the creaking of the pulleys and the busy hand of the mason and the carpenter, all combined to rear the spacious Thornwell Memorial, not of concrete as before but of granite, bright blue granite of Elberton, Ga. Mr. Long gave every stone in the building except the stones of the burned house that we used for filling; the historic cornerstone was saved and is a part of the base of the tower, while the new cornerstone went in place on the anniversary of the old and was set with unusual honors. In 20 months the beautiful building was completed. The first building of the Presbyterian College, which had been erected on Orphanage ground was sold to us for $5,000, the bequest of Col. R. R. McColl of Bennettsville. It was repaired, refurnished and made into a superb home for the Thornwell College for Orphans. So was our work completed and in far better shape than ever. Church and School were separated in their housing and quarters for far larger numbers provided. The Lord had caused us to

pass through the fires. But he had likewise taught us our dependence upon Him and made us realize how true it is that with the same hand that He smites, He also helps. Let His name be blessed.

The next morning came to us the news of the death of our dear friend, Governor Thompson. It was noted in the daily papers that his death occurred exactly 21 years after he had dedicated the building and on the night of its destruction!

## XVIII

MY FRIENDS of the Presbyterian church of which I was the pastor had noted often that my physical health was giving way, my eyes were losing their brightness and my ears were growing deaf. Sickness often prostrated me and I had been compelled again and again to lie down and rest until the physician was through with me.

They urged that I should have a helper. I needed one, I knew, and when my son, Thornwell came to my relief, I was glad. But I know now that the Lord had never meant him for this work, but had prepared for him something greater than to be second in any enterprise. He has found his sphere of action and with the same success that he had in the endowment of Agnes Scott, and the starting of that great scheme for the Presbyterian unity of Atlanta and afterward for the quadrilateral Assembly in the same city, an event that made the whole nation look on and wonder, he is now latest of all, doing a man's part in resurrecting and refounding Oglethorpe University. But even in the short while that he stayed with us at Clinton and while he felt that his duty called him elsewhere, he canvassed Georgia for the money wherewith to build the Georgia cottage for boys. Scarcely were we through the building work after the fire when the foundation stone was laid for this new home at a cost of $7,000 as witness to his diligence. It has sheltered our young men who are students at the Presbyterian College, and their little brothers who share their happy home with them.

Close by and quickly following it, is the Florida cottage, our latest one of all the cottage homes, which his successor, Rev. J. B. Branch, succeeded in raising from friends in Florida. Mr. Branch is still my right-hand man and in the college classes where he teaches God's work and in the press rooms, where he edits the Thornwell Messenger, and in my office where he deals in business matters, he has shown that the good Lord is amply able to raise

up workers for this vineyard. On the other side of the Georgia home, a building on the same plan with the Florida, is the gift of a noble woman, now in the presence of her Master. Mrs. Hollingsworth, the mother-in-law of Gov. Ansel, the best loved governor South Carolina has ever had, himself a member of our board of trustees and often serving as its chairman, placed down the money for the building, one little aged woman doing just what had been done by the great state of Florida! An evidence here of the power that lies hidden somewhere to do great things when our money is consecrated. In these three homes sixty-six orphan boys find their lodging. At last, in this year of grace, 300 children look to God and the church for their daily bread, and last year $31,982.11 was needed for their daily supplies. What has God wrought? The handful has become a thousand. And onward and upward and unafraid, man goes on with his task. Why should he be afraid when the arms of God are around about him? Why should he grow weary while these same arms uphold? He has seen God walking in the groves of the Thornwell Orphanage campus and he has heard Him saying to him, "Fear not, I am with thee. Be not afraid, I am thy God, I will sustain thee. I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness." He made the promise and He has kept it.

## XIX

FOR AT LEAST 20 years prior to the consummation of the plan, I had seen the inevitable.

I had been doing my best to compass the work of two, three, four men and often, oh, how poorly!

But, thank God, mind you, I did not fail.

The church which was once such a poor little handful, had grown so great that it no longer needed me and the orphanage needed me very much. I had often heard it said in the early days that I was the Clinton church; that it was held together through love of me, and that were I to leave it, it would go to pieces. I did not believe that the life of any man, not even a Calvin, or a Knox, or a Thornwell, much less such a little man as I was, was necessary to the existence of the church of God. For when one man fails another appears; and I used then to say to my friends, when I heard such remarks, "Have you noticed what happens when you put your finger into a glass of water and then take it

out?" Just nothing. Look for the hole in the water. There is none.

Now much more I feared, that some day the orphans would outgrow the church in numbers and would perhaps even drive the dear people of Clinton out of their own church and Sunday school and prayer-meeting. I planned, therefore, that the time must come when I must give up the pastoral care of my dear people whom I will love unto death, to some brother who would give them every moment of his time, and that the Thornwell teachers and pupils should have a church and Sabbath school of their own.

The time came at last. The end comes to those who wait. For seven years I preached in their beautiful, new church building, for 47 years and eight months I had served them as their pastor. Presbytery had sent its commission to organize the Thornwell Memorial Church with 147 orphan boys and girls and teachers in it. They called me to be their pastor. Tears filled both heart and eyes but duty also called. I laid down my life-long work and gave myself to the strange little church made up of orphans, whose bread at that moment apparently depended upon my faithfulness and whose lives were under my rule. Hard as was the trial, my Clinton people yielded to what was evidently the inevitable, for they had marked my failing powers, my frequent sickness, and because my comfort had been provided for they gave their consent.

For all the years of my care of the orphanage up to that date, I had received no remuneration for my services. Again and again the trustees had voted a salary and just as often it had been refused. But now that my time must all be given to them, it seemed but right that some provision be made for my care. It was then that dear Mrs. McCormick and our good friend, Mr. John Eagan, came to our rescue. The one gave $20,000 to the fund for an annuity for me and the other $5,000 to be passed over to the orphanage when I needed it no longer. So God made provision. Every obstacle was taken out of the way. The synodical trustees had again asked that I give my whole time to the orphanage, and now that the way was provided without detriment to the institution, but to its ultimate advantage there was no reason why the consummation should not be acceptable to all parties.

The little Thornwell Memorial church grew apace. Very quickly it reached a membership of 250. Out of a few adults several were found to act as elders and several others as deacons.

The church assumed all the functions of older and more regular churches. Four times a year our children gather about the communion table. Every Sabbath, a noble Sabbath school, the largest in the town, meets for its Bible study. Twice on the holy Sabbath day and every Thursday night, the Word is preached to them. Every morning in the year they assemble for their service of prayer and song. Two collections are taken up each Sabbath; the boys have their prayer meeting and the girls their societies. And often the lads and lasses meet the session and later on are welcomed into church fellowship.

Here perhaps is the most singular church in all our synod. All the other churches adopt it as their own and pray for it, and as for ourselves we pray that the good spirit of God would touch the hearts of boys and girls and fill them with a zeal for missions and for the Gospel, choosing some to go out among the struggling masses of humanity to tell them the story of the cross.

Their first work was to undertake the forming of a regular plan for raising a fund for missions, yearly. Their next was the subscribing of $400 to the endowment of our state collegiate institutions, when the grand canvass was on foot for Chicora, Clinton and Columbia. Their third was the putting down of a carpet in their own church and the purchase of a pulpit, desk and tables at a cost of $300. The figures are given as evidence that this little orphan church is not a weakling. Remember, oh, Christian believer, that these little wards of yours may all "at some sweet time by and by," enter into brave service in the kingdom of grace and glory.

## XX

## ANNI MIRABILES

TWICE IN THE history of the past twenty years we have been amazed at the goodness of God. When we were planning for the year in 1904, the sum total of our endowment fund was $27,780, of which $1,213.84 had been received that year. For our building fund we had received $2,414, and for the support of the Home $16,514.84. The total receipts for all purposes reached scarcely $30,000. Now mark this, for the wonderful year to follow.

A dear friend, hitherto unknown to us, Mr. Henry K. McHarg, of Stanford, Conn., began the giving for the endowment fund with bonds to the value of $25,174, quickly followed with

$500 from another friend, $608 from the Christiansburg Sunday school, $100 each from four separate donors, a legacy of $2,050; yet another of $450 with $1,000 in notes which were afterwards collected and paid over to us; a total of $30,000 more than doubling our little fund that it had taken 30 years to get together. For construction there came the noble gift of $1,781.26, and for the support fund $18,686. In all, $50,000. What a noble year this compared with those weak days of our earlier struggles, when a dime was a bonanza and a dollar was a blessing from on high. The Lord is right. He will do greater things than this.

The years jogged on apace. There were no other such years as those of 1910, 1911 and 1912, every one of which was a most wonderful one, each adding $30,000 to our support fund and combined placing $33,000 to our endowment and all of them from $5,000 to $15,000 for our building work.

I cannot help but think that the dear Lord has found us worthy to be trusted and even that the poor weak eyes of the aged president may yet see this longing wish gratified to have a fund so great that all of the charges that are fixed and must be regularly paid, salaries, improvements, repairs, insurance, provided for, and only the care of God's precious children left upon the great heart of the church.

But I have said enough of money in this chapter. It is not money but what we do with it that makes it worth while. That it has been a blessing here, none who know the work will dispute. Without money it could not be carried on, but without the presence of the Holy Spirit of God and the protection of little children, it would not be worth carrying on.

We are counting up our gains here; the buildings, now more than 30, that have made the campus beautiful, the schools, the clanking of machinery; the training for usefulness in this little world of ours, of yours, are all successes. These are things that do appear. But, dear God, still more do we count as worthy, the treasurers that are laid up in Heaven. Into that Heaven have already gone many, many precious ones, while others for whom our hearts are tender, are almost there. Among the multitude is the bright-faced, happy-hearted young preacher, Dawson Henery, and those three others, the Jennings boys, Will and Cornwell and Clark, all good men and brave preachers of the Word, and the Patton brothers and sisters, and many another. More than three score have gone from the church militant to the church triumphant.

## XXI

## THE RIPPLING TIDE OF ENOREE

I WISH I had the pen of our happy-hearted boys, to tell you the story of it. I try to enter into the sports of my children as into their work. My old and tired body will not let me race with them or pitch with them on the diamond, or even venture on headlong plunges from the big rock into the foaming river. But they know and they could tell you. Enoree was one of the things that they found out first and one of their greatest pleasures in the good old summer time was a trip to the river. It came on a day at the very opening of the century, that the "Doctor," as they call me, appeared among the boys and told them that our own Mr. Scott had gotten together through years of service the sum of $300, and he had brought it, all of his savings, and given it to the Orphanage, and that with $250 of this we had bought a little farm of 90 acres on Enoree river; there was a shout that could have been heard a mile, but this is not all. Away out in Louisiana a friend now in the presence of his Master, Dr. Allison, of Lake Charles, had added $500 to the gift and with this goodly sum, a little home would be built there to make the summers pass pleasantly for the boys and girls alike. Great news was that. It spread like wild-fire. In order to make these dollars go farther, it was proposed that the boys under their shop foreman should go out and build this house. There was not a dissenting voice. When the question was asked, who would like to go, the answer does not need to be recorded; it was just one chorus of I, I, I.

The house was built. For four weeks the boys slept under the open sky and cooked their meals where the sun shone down, but when the frame was up and the roof on, the pile of planks made beds safer from frogs and lizards and other reptiles. The house was built and in the summer of 1901, the first parties came to the enjoyment of it. O, the merry days at Riverside! They were full of the sweetest dreams of summer melodies. Every day the little wagon goes out to the river. It carries passengers and provisions back and forth; but sometimes the lads cannot tarry on the slow-lagging of it and they lighten the heavily-laden steed by getting on their bare feet, with no care for the mud along the way and they rather enjoy the wading through Duncan's creek. So good was the one cottage that it was given wholly to the girls, and the older boys. The alumni of the home, remembering their own joys, came to the rescue, threw in their dollars and built a $700 cottage for the boys. But they all meet in the same dining hall and many the quips and jokes while the lads will help

set the tables and wash the dishes afterwards. It would take a great book to tell of Riverside alone. All who love the Orphanage have heard of it, and many the visitors who have taken home with them a little of the children's joys. It is growing prettier, steadily and new improvements are added every year. Perhaps the trolley line will some day bring it closer to "Home," and then Riverside may look for a longer season than two short months of summer. Every week, in the summer, the "Doctor" goes out to spend some days with them and his heart is made young and happy in the pleasures of his dear little ones.

## XXII

BUT I AM warned by my good editor son, that I may make this story a little bit too long. How can I, in the compass of a few pages tell the story of 40 years. In these forty years there have been many days whose history could not be told in any little book like this. There are so many things that I would like to tell.

I would like to tell of our loving helper, the Presbyterian College, which has now grown into a splendid work for God and under Brother Douglas is making mark for itself and the church. It is here that our orphan boys are educated when ready for college classes, and many a fatherless boy with a crown of glory on his brow, the laurel leaves of honor well won and well worn, goes out to take his place in God's world. It is a great college now, and will be greater yet. The synod counts it one of its most precious assets and will not stunt its provision for its perfect success.

I would like to tell of my many helpers, of many boys and of the home who were at one time teachers in the schools; of my dear good Brother Scott, who stood by me in every enterprise; of Brother Branch, my coadjutor, Bible teacher in the college department, superintendent of the Sunday school, editor of the Thornwell Messenger and director of the boys in their behavior and duties.

I would like to tell of our children, who have gone out from us and now are doctors of divinity, missionaries in foreign fields, and nurses by the bedside of the sick; of lawyers and doctors, druggists, dentists, engineers and bankers, bookkeepers, and merchants and editors and printers and teachers almost by the hundreds: and loving mothers and tender fathers, of lads who supported their mothers, and girls who carried their church work in their hearts. Oh, the zeal of them! It is written in heaven. My

pen is fairly egging to give their names, and tell the story of their fame and to boast, boast with the heart full of thanksgiving to God, of the great things these boys and girls have done.

There is such a mighty multitude of things that seem great to me that I would like to tell; but others might think them trifles. Yet I cannot think it a trifle that from the little fragment of a thousand dollars that crowned our first year, we are now, because of God, spending $40,000 a year. And the children grow in numbers, while other numbers stand in a long string at the gate waiting their turn to enter. Our God, uphold these orphan! Let this work grow as the years go by. Most of all, let it grow near to thy heart. Keep it well. Give it good men and women to manage it. Let its pride be in Thee and Thy precious word, and the cross whereon the Saviour shed his precious blood. And, above all things, let its great joy be in the stone which may some day be set up by some one at its front entry way, a great solid block of rough granite on which is chiseled "The Child."

Is this all? No, it is not all. The sun is in mid-heaven. And the rays of its splendor are shining full on the tile-covered roof of the Lesh Infirmary; the great new building in which the sick shall be provided for far better than ever. It is the true maison de dieu—"The Home of Jesus," for it is there we find him oftenest. At this very season last year Mrs. Mary Lesh, while herself going to an infirmary for treatment, and not knowing the outcome, from her generous heart poured out $10,000 to build this great and beautiful structure. We are soon to dedicate it. It will be united for usefulness with the Fairchild Infirmary in which will dwell our nurses and a great uplift for suffering children will be the result. Blessed Jesus, fill the soul of the donor with that sweet thought, I do this for the sake of my Lord Jesus, but answer thou back, O Lord, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto me."

# Poems

*The following poems were published in various issues of the FARM AND GARDEN and of OUR MONTHLY during the first years of Dr. Jacobs' residence in Clinton.*

## THE NEW YEAR

Fraught with joyful plans and hopes,
The New-Year pleasantly comes in,
'Mid frost and ice and Winter's din,
And cheerful fireside's crackling glow—
Good things within, but sleet, and snow
For victory battling hard without—
And wild winds hurrying about—

While freedman round the hearthstone mopes.
But seed-time quickly comes. Prepare
Your sod for furrowing, and bear
Yourself right bravely, for the day
Is very near at hand, when grey,
Cold, Winter's storm shall be all o'er,
And Spring-time opens with its gorgeous store.

## THE PLOW

Some call it base, but once a year,
An Emperor, whom millions fear,
Doth hold it as a sceptre. Great
Nations have arisen, but never yet,
Have any fallen loaded by its weight.

Fierce wounds it makes, scars wide and deep;
But none for them did ever weep.
Its blade is sharp and keen; war dire
Relentless it doth, in its ire,
Wage without mercy, but no land
Ere yet has suffered thro' its triumphs grand.

## ADVICE

Plow well! Plow deep,
If you would reap
Rich harvest's gain
Of golden grain,
And weigh your garners down with food
To feed stern Winter's hungry brood.

Feed well your soil,
That for your toil
The cotton field
Its wealth may yield
To pay your debts; and at no store
May leave against your name a score.

## THE FLOWERS

Oh, the flowers, the beautiful flowers!
Spring hath scattered them everywhere.
They woo young lovers to cosy bowers;
They fill young life with rosy hours;
And perfume the dreamy air.

Oh, the flowers, these rubies of the earth!
Matching the blush on the maiden's face;
Garlands make of them for halls of mirth—
These gay heralds of Springtime's birth,
The types of a better race.

## ENCOURAGEMENT

Heaven helps the brave.
Be strong then, brother, in the war of life
'Een to the grave,
If thou wouldst conquer in its boist'rous strife.
Dost thou despair?
Go then to him from whom all courage flows,
In lowly prayer:—
Gain strength to deal 'gainst sin thy
Fiercest blows.

Not by thy might,
Canst thou e'er be victorious in this war,
But God and Right
Thy only sure and trusty weapons are.

## MORNING

He that would see
In bright array
The earth's most gorgeous dress.
In slanting light
Of morning bright,

She showeth all her grace.
Then every flower
Is dew-drop's bower,
Where crystal nymphs do dwell,
And diamonds rare,
In beauteous glare,
Each leaflet's volume swell.
Each bird on high
Doth breast the sky,
Bathing her wings in light.
Sky, air, and earth
All join their mirth.
In laughter, silvery bright.
He thriveth best,
That loveth least.
The sluggard's folded arms,
He worketh best
That hath not lost
His love for sun-rise charms.

## HOW MUCH I MADE

My balance sheet I lately drew,
Twixt what I'd bought this year all thro'
And what I'd made.
Ah! Lackaday! 'Twas sad to see
How far behind the cash would be
If debts were paid.

First, I had spent each day this year
For just one dram and such like cheer—
One cotton bale;
Three more in food, tobacco, clothes,
In fiddler's bills, and shooting crows,
Went like a gale.

I made, let's see, one load of shucks—
My wheat was slayed by geese and ducks
—(Of oats a load,)
Of corn, enough to feed Old Gray,
(But out of that my "freeds" to pay)—
No barley sowed.

My cotton sir, it paid me prime!
—If we'd not had so dry a time;
Ten bales or more,

I think my one horse would have made,
But when 'twas ginned and toll was paid
We got but four!

Three hands to feed, two hands to pay
—I've "nary red" to give away
To church or state.
I wonder why the ends don't meet!
(Well—Here's the liquor, I stand treat).
It's just my fate.

## THOU FRIEND

*From the German of Paul Julius Immergrun.*

When my heaven is all shadowed
In clouds of night,
And no more sheds my love star
It's sweet smiling light!

When the rose that blooms for me
Is withered away,
And the heart is all broken,
That makes my night, day!

When fortune hath driven me
Far from her hearth,
And I wander alone
On the lonesome earth;

Thou friend, I ask of thee
This only request—
To find for my weeping
A place on thy breast.

## AD IMUM

I heard a voice say—Hope!
Hope!
Thou art not for me.
There's fixed twixt thee and me
A door that none can ope.

I bade farewell to Hope.
Hope—
Cruel, mocking word.

I've sundered with my Lord
In darkness now I grope.

Henceforth, I have despair—
Despair—
For evermore!
O sea that hath no shore
Thine only port, despair!

My soul sits in despair
Despair!
No light—no day—
No life—O dreadful way—
Each guide—board marked—Despair.

## A REVERIE

I see no light!
I hear
Only the splash of the dripping rain,
Only the whirl of my aching brain,
While I moan
All alone,
As the wild wind moaneth, sad and drear
Through the livelong night.

Oh! Glowing sun!
I see
Its flashing beauties gild all my room
Dispel the night—the clouds and the gloom,
And a voice
Saith "Rejoice!"
Oh, blessed Presence, thou dwellest with me
And my night is gone.

## INTO LIGHT

My hands stretch out into the cold, dark night,
My eyes look for it, but can find no light.
My feet in vain seek for a well-worn way.
When will the gloom end? When will come the day?

"Oh, Lord!" I cry, "I stretch my hands in vain!"
Lead thou my feet, travail now with pain,

Take thou my hand, e'en as a poor tired child,
Lead me, dear Lord, out of this darksome wild."

I felt his hand touch mine. My dragging feet,
Grew stronger, and the coming light did greet
With gladdening ray, my fainting, trembling sight.
I walked in pastures green, by streamlets bright.

Then on my soul, sweet words of his did break,
"They that do trust in me, I ne'er forsake,
They shall not faint, that ever walk my ways,
And for the darkest night shall give glad praise."

Jesus, my Lord! To thee I'll ever cling,
My ways to thy approval gladly bring;
Oh, make me thine, Lord; loving, trustful, meek
That not my own, but thy will I may seek.

## HYMN OF DEDICATION

"The Scriptures were then read and after a solemn prayer of dedication, the sweet voices of the children of the Orphanage (who were occupying the seats in front of the pulpit) were led in the following hymn of dedication by Miss Pattie Thornwell, youngest daughter of Dr. Thornwell:"

Lord, who in every place
Hath those who seek thy face,
Now hear our prayer.
This house, Thy hands have made
We only watched and prayed.
Each stone, Thou Lord, hast laid,
Proof of thy care.

When fell our earthly prop,
Lord, Thou, didst take us up,
Called us Thy lambs,
Led us to this dear home,
Lest we in sin should roam,
Bade us to Thee to come,
Bore in Thine arms.

Here let thine orphans dwell,
Who now, Thy praises tell,
Lord evermore.

We whom Thy hands have fed,
Thro' devious pathways led,
Worship our glorious Head,
Praise and adore.

Long let our chapel ring,
Glad songs of praise we sing
From day to day.
Here let our prayer ascend,
On Thee, our hopes depend,
Us from all harm defend,
Hear when we pray.

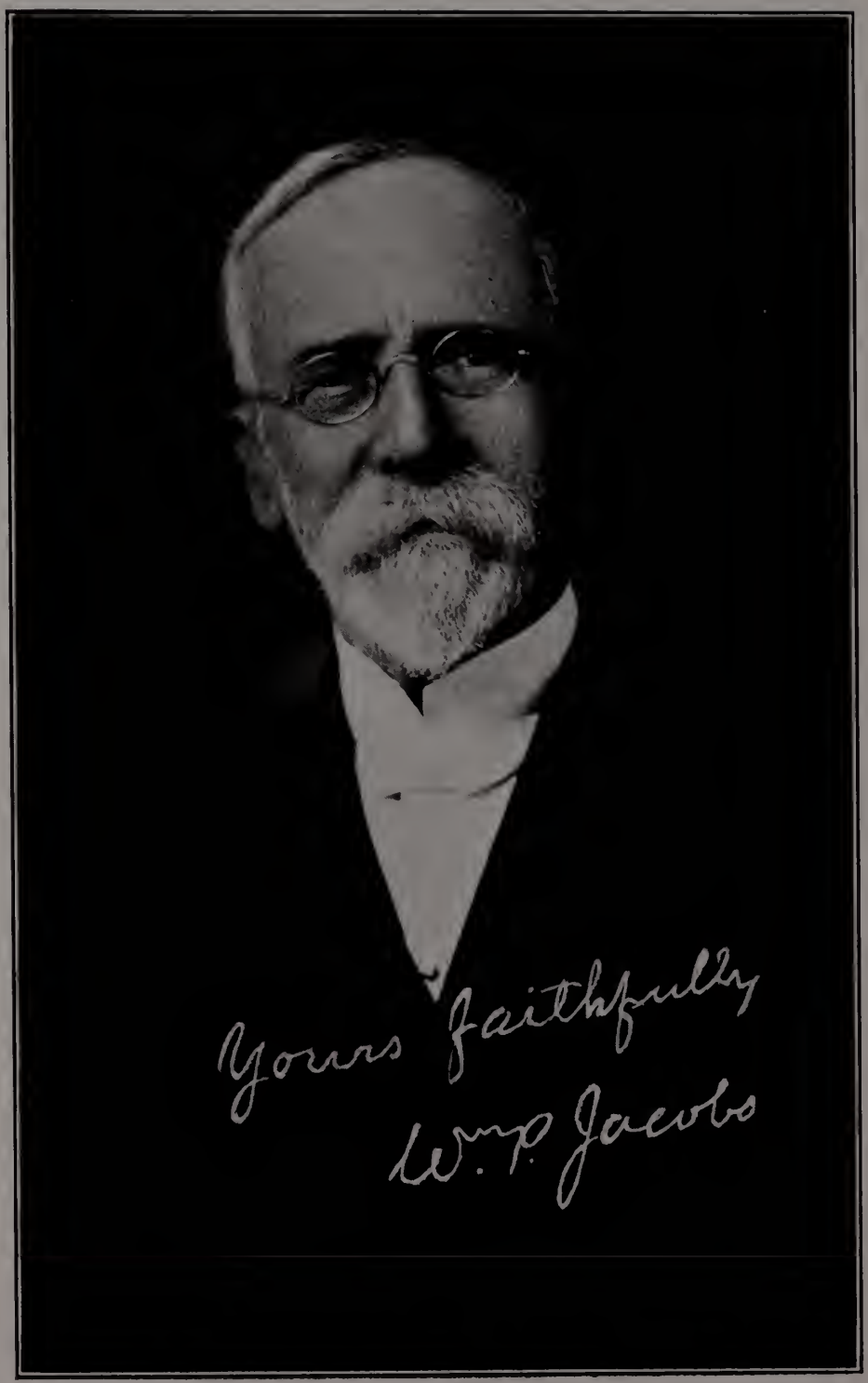
Thee, Lord, we praise and bless,
Help Thou with gentle grace,
And loving hand.
Take Thou the praise we sing,
Oh, God, our Father-King,
We, now, this tribute bring,
Thine orphan band.

*The following pages contain excerpts from "Our Monthly" published over a period of forty years. They are mostly editorials but some are historical and a few were published in other papers before being published in "Our Monthly". They cover a multitude of subjects and are selected on the basis of their general interest, not only, but also because of their association with the life and work of the author. A few were specially chosen because of the revelations which they furnish of the types of life and thought of the period. It should be added that they were written hurriedly, under pressure from the composing room, as were almost all of his other literary work, with no opportunity or time for careful revision.* [*Editor*].

# Editorials

Arranged Chronologically

1870-1917


Yours faithfully
W. P. Jacobs

## THE ORPHANS

## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

THE AMELIORATION of the condition of children, and their instruction is one of the great questions of the day. The church has made the discovery that it is through the children, that the world is to be brought to Jesus, and therefore she has provided liberally for their instruction by her multiplied sabbath schools. These are generally filled with the well-dressed, well-fed little ones of our Christian families. There are multitudes of whose young lives are one hard fight against wrong and infamy. children who have no privileges of day school or sabbath school, Deprived of one or both parents, or, what is worse, with cruel and unnatural parents, they have a sad lot in life, one that well might make the mothers and fathers who read this, press their bosoms. In our scattered rural districts, there are many such chidren, but they are few indeed compared with numbers of very babies struggling for bread, that swarm the streets of our cities. In Charleston there are two noble institutions, the City Orphan Asylum, and the Confederate Home that are laboring to rescue these suffering children from want, and to train them up to lives of usefulness and honor. Rev. Mr. Oliver of the Methodist Church, and Rev. Mr. Gains of the Baptist Church, are each appealing and we trust successfully to the generosity of the Christian public in behalf of newly projected institutions of the same sort. But what are these among so many? There is room for numbers of such institutions, all through our land. God multiply and speed them. We hesitate not, therefore, to come out with a somewhat similar suggestion, to our Presbyterian brethren, as they alone of our leading denominations have taken no part in this matter, up to this time.

Our proposition is this; that the Presbyterians, with such assistance as they can obtain from other Christians, (for in such a case as this, who would refuse to help?) contribute a sufficient amount of money to purchase a small farm of fifty to one hundred acres near to some village and some Presbyterian church and that on this little farm a convenient dwelling be erected to contain a family of from thirty to forty inmates, that, for the present the number of inmates be thus restricted, to insure a more thorough organizing, as well as on the score of economy, that by means of the farm, and other employments, the institution be made to contribute to the defraying of its own expenses. No distinction as to denomination should be made in regard to the persons admitted.

These suggestions are earnestly commended to the notice and study of Christian brethren. To ourselves, personally, the matter is one of exceeding interest. If such an institution were located near us, no greater pleasure could be given us than the task of organizing it, and of seeing that it was under efficient and economical superintendance.

In this portion of the country a healthy and well lying farm of the proper size could be purchased for from $1,000 to $2,000, and suitable brick buildings erected for the accommodation of thirty or forty persons for about five or ten thousand dollars; wooden buildings could be put up for less, but this in the long run would be poor economy. For the present, such buildings as might be purchased with the farm might be made to answer. Is $2,000 too much to ask of our brethren, as a first installment in such a noble charity?

## THE THORNWELL ORPHANAGE

WE HAVE for some time suggested through these columns the propriety of establishing a home for God's little orphans under the auspices of the Presbyterians. We did it with the hope that some one would heed and undertake. THE CAUSE IS MOVING. On the night of the 21st of October, a company of Christian gentlemen and ladies, all members of the Clinton Presbyterian Church, assembled in a private parlor in the little village of Clinton, and determined there and then, unanimously, after long and earnest discussion, to adopt the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas we believe there is no more sacred and pleasing duty than that of taking care of God's orphan children, and that this cause commends itself to the sympathy of every Christian denomination, and whereas other denominations have already taken action in this direction, and that our own may not be behind all others, therefore, it is determined to establish a home for fatherless little ones, on the following plan:

1. That this home shall be located in the village of Clinton.
2. That this home shall be under the auspices of the Presbyterians of South Carolina.
3. That its doors shall be opened to all orphans without respect to the religious opinions of their parents.
4. That the titles to all its property shall be, for the present, vested in the Trustees of the Clinton Presbyterian Church,

until such time as the Synod of South Carolina may see fit to appoint other trustees.

5. That an immediate effort be made to raise the sum of $5000 for the purpose of erecting suitable buildings, and as soon as possible thereafter, an endowment fund of $10,000 for the support of the teachers.
6. That the number of inmates in this institution shall be limited to forty, half male and half female.
7. That children received, may not be discharged until they are sixteen years of age, unless deemed advisable by the Board of visitors, and may be retained until they are eighteen if needed as assistants in the institution.
8. That this institution be conducted on the principle of the family—a part of every working day shall be spent in study, and a part in labor.
9. That the constant effort of the trustees shall be to make the institution self-supporting. For this purpose a farm and workshops shall be attached to it. Every child in the institu- shall be taught some trade or occupation.
10. That every cent received shall be devoted to the permanent fund, and shall be deposited in the Savings Bank at Laurensville, drawing interest until the trustees shall be ready to invest.
11. That this institution shall be known as "The Thornwell Orphanage," erected to the memory of that beloved servant of God, James Henly Thornwell, D. D.
12. That the control of this institution shall be in the hands of a President, Treasurer, and Board of ten Directors.
13. In order that this institution may be preserved as a Presbyterian Institution, the appointment of the above officers shall be placed in the hands of the Synod of South Carolina, or if declined by them, then in the hand of the Presbytery of South Carolina, and if declined by them, then in the hands of the Clinton Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs was then appointed temporarily Superintendent of the work, Mr. Wm. B. Bell, Treasurer, R. S. Phinney, General Agent. and Messrs. Bell, Phinney, McClintock, Boozer, West, E. T. Copeland, Green, R. N. S. Young, G. C. Young, Bailey, R. R. Blakely, G. P. Copeland, Craig and Franklin, Executive Committee. Messrs. Jacobs, Boozer and West were then appointed Corresponding secretaries to bring the matter properly before the public.

And now, brethren of the Synod of South Carolina, we come to you to ask you to help. Our project commends itself to every

heart. As a monument to him whose name it bears, it claims especially our sympathy and assistance. The men who are at the head of this movement are thoughtful, practical business men, and they are determined it SHALL NOT FAIL. Arrangements have already been entered upon to secure a suitable tract of land, and we desire to set the Orphanage in operation before the close of another year.

As in the location proposed we say of Clinton that it possesses three prime advantages, first, it is retired, secondly, it is healthy —not one person has died in this village from disease for much over two years; and thirdly, the originators of this proposition are here, and THEY HAVE A MIND TO WORK.

We could say much more on this subject but will hold until next month.

Send all contributions to Wm. B. Bell, Clinton, S. C. Write for information to Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs, Clinton, S. C.

## THE TRIALS

DURING THE PAST month our community has been TRIED in more ways than one. Five of our citizens were arraigned be- the U. S. circuit court on the charge of Conspiracy. These five represented one or two hundred others, under similar indictment, so the entire community was DE FACTO, before the courts. The evidence on the part of the defense was clear and conclusive to all reasonable people that the charges are totally false. Judge Bond left the impression upon all who heard his charge to the jury, that he was himself clearly of this opinion. The jury, however, could not agree upon a verdict and a mistrial was the result.

By these trials, our community has been sadly disturbed, its peace has been broken up, its wealth is being wasted and its citizens are becoming discouraged. That a riot took place in 1870, and that murders were committed, all admit and all good citizens regret, but it does seem hard that men who took no part in that affair and who have always censured it, should be worried and harrased by the government because of it.

Surely, the time has come for peace. Why cannot our people, instead of devouring each other, go to work to build up our common country. There is much to be forgiven on both sides. Each party can do vast injury to the other. Bitter prejudices have existed. Animosities have at last brought about their own pe-

culiar fruit. We counsel, therefore, all parties to follow Christ's injunction—"I say unto you, love your enemies." It is very hard to do, but it pays best in the end.

It would fill us with more pleasure, and with deeper gratitude to God than we can express, to be able to say that the strife of the past two years in this country was ended. Perhaps, however, God sees that we need to be chastened more and more. If so, his will be done.

## THE FUTURE OF CLINTON

Written August, 1875

WE HAVE BEEN requested to write out our ideas on this subject—What is to be the future of Clinton. We prefer to put it—What can be the future of Clinton. Our town can become what its people resolutely determine that it shall be. Just now it is a little village of 400 inhabitants. It has nine stores, three steam mills, a wagon shop, a printing office, two churches, two schools, a dozen societies, etc. It will shortly have a railroad. It will soon have a charitable institution of more than local importance, opened.

As to business, there is room for much extension here. The road will bring in its train, banking, telegraphic and express facilities. These will open the field for cotton buyers. Cotton will flood our streets. We are very sure that the cotton trade will open more stores, and that the number will be doubled in a year, and better sustained than now. The production of cotton will also be increased, and the grain and fertilizer trade will grow to be very considerable.

As to religious facilities, there never yet was a town, but that its churches, if they were wide awake, kept pace with its business.

But our town should aim to extend its manufacturing facilities. This is what builds up a town. The trade of the town has a limit and that is: the wants of the buyers tributary to Clinton. And so trade may be overdone. But it is impossible to overdo the manufacturing field. If any of our people have money to invest, we advise them to put it to work—make brooms, hats, shoes, leather, tinware, handles, plows, wagons, chairs, jars, cloth, thread, anything in the world from a shoe-peg to a locomotive, so it is something to sell. If the manufacturing interest is worked up, there is no limit to our growth. We might then become an actual city, a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants. But as a mere trading point, we can never be more than a village.

Educationally, we may do much. What is to prevent us from having a thorough school system, from infant school up to a College? Nothing is necessary but to determine that we will have it.

We might also say much of our possibilities for developing the nursery and seed raising business. But we have recently expressed our views on that point.

All this MAY be the future of Clinton. It WILL not be unless we determine that it SHALL be.

## NAMES OF CHILDREN IN THE ORPHANAGE SCHOOL SINCE OCTOBER 1st, 1875.

Mattie Clark, Spartanburg County, S. C.

Flora Pitts, Newberry County

James Boozer, Newberry County (Dead)

Daniel Boozer, Newberry County

Walter Entrekin, Laurens County (Dismissed)

Ella Entreken, Laurens County

Alfred Agnew, Abbeville County

Jno. E. Agnew, Abbeville County

Fannie E. Agnew, Abbeville County

Anna Agnew, Abbeville County

Lethe McCants, York County

Lula Darnall, Laurens County

Courtney R. Wilson, Abbeville County

Julia M. Fripp, Barnwell County

Nora E. Fripp, Barnwell County

Mary Smith, Albany, Georgia

Cleora Patton (Day School only)

Florence L. Jacobs
Ferdinand Jacobs
W. States Jacobs

} Children of the President and supported by him in the Institution.

## RECEIPTS ON AND SINCE OCTOBER 1, 1875.

| | |
|---|---|
| In donations of Provisions | $ 305 |
| In donations of Clothing | 354 |
| In donations of Furniture & Fixtures | 800 |
| By Cash paid by the President | 200 |
| From "Our Monthly" office | 100 |
| Gifts received through Wm. P. Jacobs | 245 |
| Interest of Endowment July 26 | 53 |
| Through Clinton Dramatic Club in provisions | 128 |
| Received through W. B. Bell | 80 |
| Credit Account | 2,265 |

## BALANCE

| | |
|---|---|
| In purchases and donations of Stock and Furniture October 1st, and since | 1,000 |
| Donated provisions | 513 |
| Clothing donated etc. | 354 |
| Provisions purchased | 298 |
| Carpenter work | 43 |
| Our teacher's salary | 57 |
| | 2,565 |
| Received of the above in cash | 598 |
| Estimated in donations | 1,667 |
| | 2,265 |

Wm. P. Jacobs, President

First Annual Report*

of the

BOARD OF VISITORS

of the

THORNWELL ORPHANAGE

to the

CHRISTIAN PUBLIC

THE THORNWELL ORPHANAGE was opened October 1st, 1875, after three years of earnest effort in collecting funds. A farm of 130 acres has been purchased, and on this a stone building forty by fifty feet, and two and a half stories high, has been erected. This building was furnished by liberal and generous-hearted friends of the institution. Several out buildings have been put up and some fencing done. The land, buildings and furniture cost about $7,500, but since the railroad has been built, the value of the property has increased considerably. The village of Clinton, in which the Orphanage is situated, is healthful and the surroundings attractive. It is 70 miles west of Columbia, on the Laurens R. R.

## PRESBYTERIAN, BUT NOT SECTARIAN

The Thornwell Orphanage is a Presbyterian Institution. Every member of the Board of Visitors must always be of that denomination. It is recognized by the Synod of South Carolina. The Catechisms of the Church are included in its curriculum. At the same time it is not sectarian. Children of all denominations are admitted to its benefits on an equal footing. No wrong means are used to train the mind of the child. Nor are the children allowed to speak disrespectfully of ANY Christian sect, among themselves.

## NOT LOCAL

Neither is it a local institution. It so happens that only one child is from another state than South Carolina. Our children are for the most part from other counties than that in which the Orphanage is situated. We desire the help and sympathy of all Christians in this noble work, and we most earnestly desire that all Presbyterians should feel that they have an interest in it even as they have a heritage in the noble name it bears.

*Printed in the Thornwell Orphanage, 1876.

The DESIGN OF THE ORPHANAGE is to GIVE a home, domestic training and an education to orphan children. It is not an Asylum or Reformatory. The children are not bound to the institution nor are they apprenticed out by it. Vicious children are not received for we propose to help the virtuous poor and not the vicious. The Orphanage is an educational institution. Its main object is to teach and train.

We are perfectly convinced that orphans have rights, as well as those who are not orphans. They have a right to HOME and domestic feelings. And this we are determined to give them. Their home is made happy as possible. The individuality of the child is not repressed. In order to preserve the home-feeling, the family is restricted to thirty. But as soon as Providence points the way, other families will be set up, on the same grounds, the children meeting in chapel and school-room. Even now, we are prepared to locate a family of twelve boys, as soon as some benevolent individual can be found to furnish the means for the erection of a farm-house.

## THE PAST YEAR

During the past year a good deal has been effected. In the School-room, Miss Emma Witherspoon, of Columbia, S. C. was employed as teacher. And she discharged her duty with great fidelity and acceptance. Her pupils progressed rapidly, and at the final examination, on August the 18th, their prompt replies and evident interest showed that her drill has been thorough, and that the character of each pupil has been understood. The hours arranged for school were: 6 to 7 p. m., for study; 8 to 8:30, religious exercises conducted by the President assisted by the matron; 11:30 to 12:30, school for the younger children; 2 to 5 p. m., school for the older children. This arrangement was adopted as most suitable for the domestic duties of the house.

In the Matron's department, every effort has been made to give the children a good domestic training, and to keep down expenses. Eight of the girls were assigned to duty in the kitchen. This number was divided into four companies for two each and one week in each month assigned to each company, so that was not onerous. All of the cooking, house cleaning, washing, ironing, mending and latterly, all the sewing has been done by the children, without any hired help since the 1st of January. The children have discharged all of these duties with a cheerful goodwill. Their hearty obedience, their truthfulness, and general deportment, has been a source of great comfort to the officers of the institution.

While to the girls have been assigned the multifarious duties, the four boys (part of the time, there were six) have not been idle. They were diligently employed for four hours daily, from 8 to 12. Two of them were engaged in the out-door work and with occasional assistance of the others, cleared up an acre for orchard, and set out 150 fruit trees, another for a garden, and did nearly all the work needed to fence it in, with a strong paling fence. They have also cultivated about 2½ acres in garden and patches, thus adding much to the comfort of the home.

The other boys have been constantly employed in the printing office, and have done all the mechanical work necessary in getting out OUR MONTHLY, regularly, besides doing quite an amount of job-work. The printing office is the private property of the President of the orphanage. An arrangement has been entered into with him, which is quite advantageous to the institution. The subscription list should be pushed forward so as to make it a chief means of support. It assists greatly, as it is.

The same arrangement will be continued for another year, except that Miss Thornwell, daughter of the distinguished divine, whose name the institution bears, will fill the place of teacher.

## GIFTS

We cannot say too much by way of grateful thanks to the hundreds of kind friends who have assisted us during the past year. The gifts have been many and varied, too numerous for the narrow limits of this report. From time to time they have been published in the columns of the SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN and of OUR MONTHLY.

To the library have been donated 280 books, making quite a nucleus of a future collection. Mattie Clark, one of the older pupils, has acted as Librarian, and her record shows that 119 volumes have been read by the children of the Orphanage.

The FURNISHING of the house has not been neglected. About $1000 in furniture, bedding and stock has either been purchased or donated. This is for the most part permanent, and will not need replacing for years.

Our ENDOWMENT includes a fund of $1,500, donated by one lady who is indeed "a friend in earnest." We have also determined to put our farm in thoroughly good condition. Since the Orphanage was opened, about $250 has been invested in fenc-

ing. About $125 for the same purpose is needed, which will then put our farm in a condition in which it can be used to advantage.

The wants of our school room have been supplied largely by donations and partly by purchase, about 150 school books being on hand. From the nature of the school, these can be successfully used by different pupils.

Almost our entire wants in the matter of clothing has been supplied by liberal gifts of cloth and secondhand clothing, and of shoes and hats from many different parties. Very few have been our purchases in this direction. May God bless the generous donors, and raise up many to help them in this good work. We have estimated the value of these gifts in money about three hundred and fifty dollars.

In provisions we have received about five hundred dollars worth, as nearly as it can be estimated, but many loving hearts have sent in little things, on which it was almost impossible to set a pecuniary value. The names of every donor is on our books and also the name of the article donated. Their gifts have been a very great help to the institution.

## EXPENSES

The President of the Board, and his family have resided at the Orphanage the past year. He and his wife have given their unremitting care and attention to the institution. His wife as the matron was to receive her board and $150 for her services, but in consideration of the boarding of the President and family of four children, this account has been cancelled and in addition, the President has paid over the sum of two hundred dollars to the treasury of the Orphanage. The actual expense for the board of one person at the Orphanage table is less than $50 a year. The total expense for food, including donations at a reasonable value, for the family, averaging twenty persons the entire year has been within a fraction of $900. This has been accomplished by the utmost economy in management. The children have been fed on well prepared, wholesome food and enough of it, but no waste has been allowed.

Our teacher received her board and $150 for her services. From the small amount of our endowment, we feel able to pay only $100 and board, the ensuing year. Thus it will appear that our expenses for government and instruction have been very small, and will be still less the year ensuing.

We have had but sixteen orphan children under our care the past year, and one in attendance on the day school simply. The expense of each child for clothing, board and their share of tuition is about $86.00, including donations. In actual cash it has been about $35! This omits donations of clothing, provisions and proceeds of the work of the children. And it shows how much such donations help! Of course such donations are just so much money, and have amounted to from 6 to 8 hundred dollars.

## OUR PRESSING NEEDS ARE:

1. The erection of a brick or stone building for kitchen purposes. This will give us the use of a room for a work room and general sitting room, now much needed. It will cost $300.

2. The completion of the attic story for two dormitories for boys and a general store room for winter clothing and bedding. This could be done, and thus add one fourth to the usable area of the house. About $400 would do this.

3. The addition of a piazza to the front of the building, which greatly add to the comfort of the inmates of the house. About $200 would do this.

4. The condition of fencing on the farm and the erection of several wardrobes which would cost about $100.

Thus ONE THOUSAND dollars judiciously expended would enable us immediately to increase our orphan family to its full number, and would besides greatly increase the comfort and convenience of the building.

We also need twelve hundred dollars for the instruction, clothing, and board of our family of fourteen orphans, for next year the entire annual expense for each child being a little less than $100. We trust that this amount will be given in money, clothing and provisions. In this connection we would state that in our view, one of the best ways to support the Orphanage is to enable it to practice self help. Twenty-five hundred subscribers to OUR MONTHLY at $1.00 each, would entirely support our orphan family at its present size. Let the friends of the Institution bestir themselves. It would be a difficult matter to raise this number of subscribers. Let all help in one way or another, whether by subscribing to our paper or giving money, clothing, or provisions.

## AS OTHERS SEE US

### (1877)

SOME MAN HAS been to Laurens. He came no doubt from an overgrown village like New York, Charleston, or Newberry. And here is what he thought when he reached Clinton and so writes to the Charleston News:

"Clinton is the distributing depot of the Laurens Branch of the Greenville Road. Clinton is a place of magnificent distances, and if not positively improving is yet holding its own. It has railroad connection with Newberry every other day, twenty one miles distant, and it is a most comfortable and delightful place for the weary traveller. There are some naturally cozy places where comfort makes her home and sits as easily by you as if you were an old friend. There is such a place at Clinton and those who are fortunate enough to find it out will not take the road for Laurens or any where else without some pleasant recollection of the antiquated, scattered, sombre looking village."

Now we have not a word to say against the above except to tell the writer, that, all APPEARANCES to the contrary, "ye citie of Clinton is positively improving." And then to call the attention of our people to that last sockdologer. He calls our town "antiquated, scattered, and sombre-looking." Scattered we are, and a town of magnificient distances too, but we are trying to fill up as rapidly as possible. "Antiquated and sombre looking!" That comes of not using white wash and paint freely. You, good reader, can help by painting up, to make the next newspaper man who comes along, take a different view of the situation.

## THE PROPOSED FACTORY

IN A CONVERSATION with one of our prominent citizens a few days ago, he urged that it was both feasible and eminently desirable that steps should at once be taken looking to the establishment of a Cotton Factory in Clinton. It is evident that it is out of the question for Clinton to grow by increase of its commercial interests alone. Trade is limited by the ability of the customers of a place, and the ability a matter of slow growth. Push, energy and advertising might pull down neighboring villages and build up ours, but even that source of growth is limited.

Manufacturers, however, have the world for customers. Splendid works of any kind could be made to pay here or any-

where, if there are facilities for advertising and distribution. If a Cotton Factory would pay elsewhere, it would pay here. It is here the cotton is raised, and labor abundant. Moreover, it is vastly better to ship manufactured goods than the raw material. Because our Southern people have not done so, they are today impoverished. They make the cotton; they do go into the manufacturing so far as to gin it. Now let them go farther, make it into yarns and ship it in that shape.

We hope this project will not be allowed to fall through. By all means should the parties specially interested call a public meeting and state their plans. It may be the beginning of our prosperous growth as a manufacturing village.

## BIG VERSUS LITTLE COLLEGES

THE NEW YORK SUN has an article against the four hundred Male Colleges in the United States that are struggling for the patronage of the educating public. The Sun thinks there are entirely too many of them and argues that one magnificent college is worth dozens of little ones. We dispute the proposition. Big things are not always the best things, especially if they are colleges. It is well to have a few first class institutions like Harvard, Yale, Lafayette, and Princeton, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether they do as much good as smaller colleges. A hundred young men are about as many as ought to be gathered into one institution of learning, in order to promote moral and intellectual culture. Princeton has as many students as Davidson, Erskine and Stewart Colleges combined, but the three, we are sure are more efficient in promoting moral and religious culture than the one, although it could buy out ten colleges like Davidson or twenty like Erskine. Big colleges are also very expensive affairs. It takes $250 to educate a boy for a year at Davidson or Erskine and $1,200 at Yale or Harvard. Then the college influence is a very desirable thing. South Carolina has six colleges and about 350 students. If it had no colleges and concentrated all its efforts in conjunction with all North Carolina, on the border college, Davidson, there might be a big college at Davidson, but scarce a hundred young men from South Carolina, instead of its present three hundred and fifty would be there. The more colleges as a rule, the more education, and *the cheaper education.* Competition is hard on the college but best for the people.

## CITIZENS OF CLINTON CONSIDER

IN 1872, when the people of our little village were being dogged after and dragged about by a so-called State Government, that had power only because it was upheld by the Federal Authorities, two movements were set on foot in our town that have resulted in comparative success.

One of these was the Thornwell Orphanage, and verily visionary as the scheme was then considered, and much as it was opposed and ridiculed, it has been established and every year by God's grace grows and strengthens.

The other was the organization of the High School Association, and through it the Clinton High School. This too has grown and strengthened until under Mr. Lee's efficient management it bids fair to be a permanent Institution, numbering now nearly 70 pupils. But its efficiency is greatly hindered by the condition of the property at present occupied by it.

Remembering that these two noble Institutions, which are the life of our little town, were inaugurated under a State government, of which T. J. Moses was chief, in the midst of a bitter persecution leveled against our best citizens and with trials impending, in an hour of financial disasters, and the complete destruction of our railroad, does it not seem as though now, with reviving prospects for our country with Hampton at the helm, peace supreme and reconstructed road, that NOW is as good a time as any to set on foot plans and to begin to erect a *real good brick High School building*.

## LAURENSVILLE

NOT WITHSTANDING the depression from want of R. R. facilities, our neighbor is improving rapidly. A handsome fence has been put around the public square, adding much to its beauty. A fine row of stores has been completed. Several handsome dwellings are now being built.

But the glory of Laurens is its people. We do not know a more cultivated society than can be found among its polished gentlemen and genial ladies. All it needs is a progressive public spirit. Laurens might well pray for some one determined, energetic man to move in and turn things upside down. What

progress would be made! Perhaps there are such men now in Laurens. If so, they have a glorious opportunity of coming to the front.

## CHARLESTON

A TWELVE YEARS residence in this noble old city has unfitted us for passing an unbiased judgment upon its people, and the experience of the past four years has made us more thoroughly partisan.

We can't help sometimes ejaculating, "May God bless Charleston!" Its Christian people have a large share in our Orphanage. The very first contribution by mail to its aid was from a gentleman of that city. When the ground was purchased and the house built (in both of these transactions Charleston had a hand) the two best rooms in our building were handsomely furnished by the ladies of two of the city churches. Ever since the Orphanage was opened, the ladies of the Second Church have been supporting one of our children. We have recently announced that Glebe Street Church is now doing the same. And now from the old First Church, Dr. Forrest's, comes a gift of $65.00 from the Sunday Missionary Society for our Children's Fund. Many have been the gifts from private sources, too.

Dear old city. May God lead you out of all your troubles and bring you into a broad place.

## GREENWOOD

THIS IS A pretty name for a handsome little town on the G&C R.R. If all the brethren enjoyed their visit to Presbytery as much as we did, it won't be long before the body goes back there again.

Greenwood is a tastily built place. Much public spirit is evident, and the buildings erected since the war would do credit to a much larger place.

The new Presbyterian Church building is a model of neatness. It was erected at a cost of $3,200 and is nearly paid for. It is a frame building, handsomely painted, plastered, seated, and carpeted.

There are two other churches—the Methodist and Baptist, both of them possessing good congregations and neat church edifices.

## A CAT'S CURIOSITY ABOUT BEES

CHARLES Kaiser who has the only hive of bees in town, says that when he first got his swarm his old cat's curiosity was much excited in regard to the doings of the little insects, the like of which she had never before seen. At first she watched their comings and goings at a distance. She then flattened herself upon the ground and crept along toward the hive, with tail horizontal and quivering. It was clearly evident that she thought the bees some kind of new game. Finally she took her position at the entrance to the hive, and when a bee came in or started out, made a dab at it with her paws. This went on for a time without attracting the special attention of the inhabitants of the hive. Presently, however, "Old Tabby" struck and crushed a bee on the edge of the open entrance to the hive. The smell of the crushed bee alarmed and enraged the whole swarm. Bees by the score poured forth and darted into the fur of the astonished cat. Tabby rolled herself on the grass, spitting, sputtering, biting, clawing, and squalling as cat never squalled before.. She appeared a mere ball of fur and bees as she rolled and tumbled about. She was at length hauled away from the hive with a garden rake, at the cost of several severe stings to her rescuer. Even after she had been taken to a distant part of the ground, the bees stuck in Tabby's fur and about once in two minutes she would utter an unearthly "yowl" and bounce a full yard in the air. On coming down she would try to scratch an ear, when a sting on the back would cause her to turn a succession of back somersetts and give vent to a running fire of squalls. Like the parrot that was left alone with the monkey, old Tabby had a dreadful time.

Two or three days after this adventure, Tabby was caught by her owner who took her by the neck and threw her down near the beehive. No sooner did she strike the ground than she gave a fearful squall, and at a single bound reached the top of a fence full six feet in height. There she clung for a moment with tail as big as a rolling pin, when with another bound and squall she was out of sight and did not again put in an appearance for over a week.

## MARTINS DEPOT

WE PAID A short visit to this, our neighbor city, and twenty-five minutes by rail from us, a few weeks since. Met several friends. The time was Saturday evening. Quite a lively crowd on hand.

## "PLEASE NOTICE"—WE WILL RSVP

THIS EDITORIAL is written on the back of a handsomely printed invitation to attend a Lotttery drawing. We care not if the splendid testimonials are all true, if it is endorsed by bankers and judges, if it is recommended by a score of newspapers, if it is presided over by two exconfederate Generals, if it is devoted to educational purposes. we pronounce it and all other lotteries, to be infamous swindles and humbugs, debauching the moral sense of the nation, ruinous to religion, corrupting and deadly in its tendencies, and if persisted in, the very destruction of national prosperity. Some few will get prizes, and for every fortunate man, some few thousand even more fortunate, if they learn a lesson from it will be swindled out of a ten or fifty dollar bill. Alas we fear, these thousands of losers, will only try their luck again, and soon try it at the expense of others. We do not mention the name of this lottery, for the concern would rather have this sort of notice than none at all, but we wish for them, as our best wish, that the last one of its managers, and its two distinguished commissioners, may both be landed where they deserve, inside of their respective state penitentiaries.

## THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

IT MAY SURPRISE our Clinton readers to know how much our village has improved since the war. In 1864, there were but two brick buildings, and only two or three good dwellings in the place. Since then, the following changes have taken place.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS. The Depot and warehouses have been built. The Presbyterian Church and the High School building greatly improved. The Thornwell Orphanage has been erected.

BUSINESS PLACES BUILT. M. S. Bailey's block. J. H. Phinney's, R. R. Blakely's, R. Z. Wright's, Copeland's shops,

Bailey's steam-mills. Young and Bell's store in process of erection.

ENTIRELY REMODELED. C. E. Franklin's, E. C. Briggs, C. M. Ferguson's two shops, Rose's shop and dwelling.

DWELLINGS ERECTED. M. S. Bailey's;—House occupied by Dr. Wofford.—G. B. McCrary's, Dr. J. J. Boozer's, R. R. Blakely's, W. P. Jacobs', Dr. W. C. Irby's, Dr. Cain's, Mrs. Harris' entirely remodelled. Two houses owned by C. E. Franklin, one owned by Mr. Bell, Mr. Davidson's, Mr. Watts, J. W. Copeland's and N. S. Young's greatly improved. E. H. Bourne's and quite a number of cabins and barns of one sort and another.

And in addition, nearly every house in the place has been to some extent improved. Hence it will be seen that Clinton has certainly made no little advancement since the war, and with some push and energy on the part of its business men, in other channels than that of mere trade, it might become a very interesting little city.

Encouragement should be given to good workmen in the smaller industries, to make our village their home. We ought to have a good cotton factory too, and prevent the great and annual loss that occurs to our people, from having their mills so far away from them. The North is doing all our work for us. It only remains for some enterprising Yankee to make arrangements to do our washing and ironing, weekly in New York. Already much of our preparation of food is done there. Well, push and pluck will accomplish wonders. Wanted,—a little of that article in Clinton.

## SUGGESTION TO CLINTON

At the present time, Clinton is almost entirely a commercial village, but we warn our people that no village can be successfully built up, that depends solely on its trade. The town possesses a very satisfactory share of the business of the county. For that let us be thankful. But the stability of our values in property, and the stability of our most desirable population will depend on the literary, educational and religious advantages of the town. Are we as a community spending enough money on our schools. If so, why are they such unattractive edifices? One thousand spent by this village upon its High school building, would do more good to the real value of the property of this town than any other thousand it could invest.

Again. We ought to have a Public Library and reading room open to all alike. It looks almost like nonsense to talk this way to our people, but we have a hearty and abiding conviction that a good public Library, in a neat, cozy, well warmed and lighted room of its own, would be a very handsome and paying investment to our village and a great boon to our young people of both sexes.

Our Cemetery shall have a word. May it fill up slowly—Amen. Viewed, not as burial ground, but as a pleasant park, set out in shrubbery, and with its monuments, foliage and walks well cared for, it would add a quota of attraction to our village. It is soon to be fenced in, and enlarged. But it needs much more than that. It needs beautiful shade trees, flowers, grading, grass plots. In connection with the grounds in front of it, our people might if they would have an afternoon resort of great beauty for our children and young folks.

## ANDERSON AND THE FENCE LAW

Riding the other day, along the G and C R. R., we suddenly came upon field after field, without ever so much as a rail between the growing crops of corn and cotton, and the big road. It was a real fresh sensation, and for the time being almost took away one's breath, to see old and established orders of things ruthlessly set aside. Yet on reflection it seems to be the very thing. We recollected that the last act before leaving home was to have a half dozen cows driven out of a valuable piece of corn, which later lay all trampled and destroyed. Oh! if we only had a fence law in Lauens County! The Anderson people with whom we conversed on the subject thought that the change was already beginning to tell materially on the county, putting it into a more prosperous condition and reducing greatly a multitude of farm expenses.

We are not in favor of forcing any change down the throats even of a large minority of our people, but we hope that they will carefully examine the subject with a view to deciding on this point, which pays best to fence up the stock or to fence up the crops.

Scuffletown township has adopted the fence law.

## IS IT WRONG TO DANCE?

All Atlanta has been discussing the question—"Is it wrong to dance?" It was brought about by the suspension of Deacon

Block, of the Second Presbyterian Church for that offence.

Mr. Scott started out on a month's trip along the line of the Greenville and Columbia R. R. about the 1st of January.

At Greenwood he met with much kindness and received $8 in money and a box of provisions.

Abbeville C. H. was next visited. There he met with many warm friends of the Orphanage. The Ladies of the Presbyterian Aid Society have undertaken the support of a child, and have already forwarded $30.

At Pendleton, Seneca City and Walhalla, the aid given amounted to $30 besides several sums for our endowment.

At Williamston, Mr. Lander very kindly entreated our agent. Although of another denomination, he showed himself to be of generous views as one might expect of the head of so flourishing an Institution as the Williamston Female College. There and at Grove Station and Piedmont, Mr. Scott found warm friends of the Orphanage ready to welcome and help him.

Greenville City was next visited and a little aid received. Greenville has done much in the past and when its Church is free from debt, we hope to hear that the good people of Washington Street will come zealously to our rescue. No place in the State has done more for us than this very same Greenville.

At Due West Mr. Scott was overwhelmed with kindness. He has sent us a list of subscribers from that Athens of the upcountry, that we are proud of because of its size and quality. Dr. Bonner aided him with kind words and good money. Erskine College gave him what he liked better than college honors—hard cash. And the young men have come to the front with a barrel of flour.

Ninety-six was also visited and some assistance obtained.

From Anderson, where he spent only a day or two, we have since received $21. Five of it was from the little ladies of the Juvenile Missionary.

Mr. Scott's *entire* expense upon this trip, which lasted over a month, was *one dollar and seventy-five cents.*

## IN MEMORIAM — 1879

KIND READER, may I not draw nigh to you today as to a sympathetic friend? It is thus of you that I have felt for the years we have journeyed together. Since last you received this paper, ties that made life very sweet and homes very happy have been sundered. Things that I thought could not happen have

come upon me—and that too with such a woeful suddenness (so to me it seemed), as leaves me like one coming back to sense from a stunning blow. Pardon, me, then, dear friend, and indulge me a little. What fills all my sky it seems to me should reach at least to your horizon.

MRS. MARY J. JACOBS, wife of Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs, fell gently asleep in Jesus on the 16th day of January, at half-past eleven in the morning. Although for some months in declining health, yet as she seemed even then to be recovering from a severe attack, and as she had been sitting up for six hours, or more, on Tuesday the 14th, to her husband at least, the stroke seemed to fall with surprising suddenness, and indeed to most of her friends it was altogether unexpected. Her whole illness had been without pain, and her dying hours were absolutely free from it. At four o'clock on Wednesday she roused a little from the effects of an opiate, told us that she was breathing easier, and then saying, "In God, my Savior, is my only trust at this hour," sank back again to sleep. In this state she remained until within an hour of her departure. Then, though past the power of speech, she again became fully conscious—recognized and gave the last farewell to husband, brothers, sisters, children and friends, who in goodly company had gathered around her dying couch—and with her eyes resting upon them in love, she gently, and Oh, so calmly, with two or three long breaths, let go her hold on the frail bark of life that she might cling the closer to her Savior's side.

Mrs. Jacobs was born October 7, 1843, in Laurens county, S. C. She was the youngest daughter of Dr. James H. Dillard, who during his life was a physician of note, and a ruling elder of the Rocky Spring Presbyterian Church. At the early age of thirteen she united with the same church herself, and for twenty-two years sought by her faith and zeal to show that her love for the Lord was a real love. For several years she pursued her studies in the Johnson University, of Anderson, and afterwards graduated with a high stand in the Laurensville Female College, then under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Buist. There also she remained for some time after graduation, pursuing an advanced course.

On the 20th of April, 1865, she became a partner for the rest of her brief and useful life to the Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs. Right ably did she aid him in his pastoral work. As long as her health was spared she not only looked well to the ways of her house, caring for her own children, but was a constant teacher in the

Sabbath school, and from the 1st of October, 1875, as matron of the Thornwell Orphanage, entered upon a more extended field of usefulness. That she could win the hearts of the fatherless and motherless committed to her care, so that they mourn for her as for a mother, was both natural and expected. But, she did more than that. The sixteen children of this family, who partly through her prayerful sympathy were won to a public profession of attachment to the Lord, are evidence of the manner of work she did. Upon them all, her zealous, active, unselfish ways have made their impress with an effect that eternity alone shall reveal. Oh, God, thou knowest her self sacrifices, her patience, her utter self-abnegation — and that for her is enough.

Our little village is so small that in the afflictions of one all are afflicted. But this affliction seemed to be that of all, and not of one. She was borne to the grave by the young men of the village, a distance of nearly half a mile, received there by the elders and taken into the church, where the whole community had gathered—every store and business place in the town being closed, in testimony of the esteem in which she was held—and there Rev. A. P. Nicholson of Laurensville, held the funeral service. Thus ended the earthly part of a sweet and noble life.

He that pens these lines will not intrude his own sorrows on those that could not feel as he does—and her memory is too dear to be tarnished with what to others might seem only the "fulsome flattery of an obituary," but this simple record and unfilled outline of a precious life will, he is assured, be a gratifying possession to her many friends.

## RESOLUTIONS

## ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF VISITORS OF THE THORNWELL ORPHANAGE

WHEREAS WE are called upon in the unscrutable ways of Providence to lament the death of our beloved and useful matron, Mrs. Mary J. Jacobs, it is met for us to pause and reflect on her virtues. She came to us a young and blushing bride in the year 1865, and at once set to work in assisting her devoted husband, Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs, who had but recently been called to the pastorate of the Clinton Presbyterian Church, to building it up and extending the influence. She, as might have been expected, by her self-sacrifice and deeds of charity, soon engrafted herself into the affections and confidences of the entire com-

munity. She was ever foremost in all enterprises for the amelioration of mankind, or the community in which she lived, and for the advancement of piety and religion. She was active in organizing the Ladies' Benevolent Society, and was prompt in the discharge of duty therein. In the work of the Sabbath school she was eminently useful and zealous, both in leading in music and teaching, having impressed upon those placed under her charge, by her peculiar fitness, the importance of the great truths she taught and believed, so as to lead her entire classes to the cross—so that they are nearly, if not all, consistent Christians. When the temperance cause was set on foot by the institution of a lodge of Good Templars in our town, one of the very first to volunteer in their influence was Mrs. Mary Jacobs, and while she was unable of late years to meet with them—on account of increased responsibilities and infirmities—yet she was ever willing, by her counsel and admonition, to aid those that had this matter in charge. In fact, every movement that was pure, virtuous and good, met with a cordial God-speed from her. But her true character was more vividly brought out in her life as matron of the Thornwell Orphanage; with what anxiety and solicitude we regarded it; but Mrs. Mary J. Jacobs, with the characteristic of the true Christian, freely offered her services —giving up her pleasant home of ease and comfort, depriving herself of the luxuries of a quiet, social life, for one of so much responsibility. What a sacrifice! Yet she undertook the task, and who could doubt the success of the enterprise. She discharged the duties of this office nobly—faithfully and cheerfully. In deed and truth her life was noble, impressing on all with whom she came in contact, the beauty and excellence of the religion she professed—so much so that every orphan that has arrived at a suitable age is now a consistent member of the church. What a career of usefulness! In her domestic relations she could but be happy. One so self-sacrificing, and living such a pure, spotless life, could not but make all happy around her. As a wife, she was devoted; a mother, loving; a sister, affectionate, and as a friend, kind. How inscrutable are Thy ways, Oh Lord, in removing from our midst one that was so eminently useful. Yet we bow in humble submission to Thy will, recognizing thy hand, for we feel assured that all things work together for good to them that love God.

Resolved: 1. That in the death of Mrs. Mary J. Jacobs, the Thornwell Orphanage has lost an active, faithful and self-sacrificing matron, the Clinton Presbyterian Church a zealous,

consistent member, and the community an obliging and useful citizen.

2. That we tender to her bereaved family and relatives our sympathies, and pray that God in whom she trusted will sustain them and the orphans in this sad affliction.

3. That a blank page on our minute book be dedicated to her memory.

4. That these resolutions be read before the congregation of our church, published in the Southern Presbyterian, Laurensville Herald, OUR MONTHLY, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

## A RAILROAD TO GREENVILLE
## (1880)

THE SUBJECT IS being agitated in some of the Greenville papers, and it certainly ought to be a matter of study to the Counties of Laurens and Greenville.

Among the various rail roads proposed through Laurens County, this is the only one that meets favor in this section. Our merchants and business men generally would heartily favor the extension of the Laurens Railroad to Greenville, and the making of this the main route from Greenville to Charleston.

Whether the road will be built is another matter. We are afraid that it never will be, unless outside parties take hold of it.

## THE CLINTON COTTON FACTORY
## (1880)

THE CHARLESTON News has been interviewing the Cotton Factories. Its reporter has visited all the establishments of that class in South Carolina, and finds that they are all paying from 18 to 50 percent,—the highest percentage being that of the Clement Attachment factory at Westminster. The judgment seems to be that for men of small means and wishing to do good business on a small scale, nothing pays better than the Clement Attachment. Owing to the difficulty of procuring and storing seed cotton, there is a limit to the business which this attachment very soon reaches. On the other hand, while the factory to manufacture ginned cotton, does not pay so large a profit, it certainly may do a far larger business, and on a perfectly safe basis.

The capital necessary to do business on the proper scale is about a hundred thousand dollars, though several times that would not be too much. Several factories, however, were found

by the reporter that were doing a paying business on from eight to thirty thousand dollars.

Can we not have a factory established here? A first-class establishment run by steam power, would pay well, and would do more for us than another railroad. Being in the hands of our people, it could be run to pay and would pay.

## FAREWELL BAR-ROOMS
(1880)

THE EVENT OF the past month, in the history of this village, one that well marks the 25th anniversary of its incorporation, was the passing of an act to prohibit the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors within three miles of the depot. The law was passed at the almost unanimous request of the town. A few thought it a doubtful experiment, but they have gracefully accepted the situation, and we believe we can truly say that there is little if any dissatisfaction.

One thing is certain as the result of this Act. The people will soon grow to be a unit against the liquor traffic. This dangerous question is also thus eliminated from our local politics. Another result is that we all have a better opinion of our town and our people, although, we must say, we thought ourselves to be a very clever set before.

Clinton was once notorious throughout the country for its muscular un-Christianity. The change has been wonderful and complete, for we now have as a people, progressive ideals in all moral matters, and are striving to be at the top, instead of the bottom.

We confidently expect a considerable growth in the population of this place, and that of the very best class of people. We also expect a greater amount of thrift and energy. We expect a still further advance along the line in every good work.

In fact, we have come to the conclusion that our little town has just begun her work.

## WHIPPING CHILDREN

WHILE ON THE subject of abusing children we would again state our views in regard to the whipping of children. Parents have the moral right to whip their children. But much as they love these orphans, the officers in charge of them are not their parents and cannot have all a parent's love for them. It

would be sure to end, if one allowed, in reckless abuse of power. Hence our Board has wisely forbidden its employees to use the rod, or to box or cuff the children, or to deprive them of meals, or to use any severe bodily chastisement. Each child has a right to receive a fair trial before a Committee of Inspection appointed by the Board, consisting of three gentlemen, before any whipping shall be administered. Hence, in point of fact, no orphan in the Orphanage has ever received a blow from any of the officers in charge. It is true that the principles of love and honor and religion by which we seek to govern them are sometimes strained to the utmost and put to severe tests, but five years of experience finds us unwilling to change the plan. We use a system of demerits and rewards and punishments connected with it that thus far has been sufficient. But the punishment being that of extra labor is left *wholly optional with the child*. It is true that this plan requires unremitting care and prayer for these children, on the art of those in charge of them, but that is the only way to do anything effectually in the world.

## CHARLESTON
## (1883)

Charleston is the mainstay of our Orphanage. Not only are the three leading churches in that city supporting children in the institution, but kind friends in that city are continually showering favors upon us. Robertson, Taylor & Co., Edmonds T. Brown & Co., F. W. Wagener & Co., Wm. M. Bird & Co., E. W. Percival, Toale Manufacturing Co., Wm. Shepherd & Co., all send us Christmas presents, and dozens of private individuals in the city remember our institution. God bless the dear old city. The very dust of her streets is precious to the heart of the writer. If there is one thing that rouses our wrath more than another, it is to see a few of our up county papers (we are glad to say, very few) pitching into Charleston. If there is one thing as a patriot and a Carolinean that we long to see, it is the growth and prosperity of the city that gave to the writer, his religion, his education and his purpose in life.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH
## BETHANY CHURCH

IT HAS BEEN assigned to me to prepare a historical discourse in recognition of the fact that the church with whom we meet completes this year its fiftieth anniversary.

Permit me to extend the breadth of my discourse and to make this memorial sermon cover the entire period of the history

of our County, and also its entire limits, as one when giving the records of the life of a great man may give also an account of his parents.

Bethany is herself the daughter of old Duncan's Creek, and Rocky Spring, two of the oldest churches in our county. And as all of the churches in this county are of the same family stock, one may righty speak of them all.

As far back as 1760, two streams of Scotch-Irish emigration poured up into Laurens County, one settling along the fertile banks of Duncan's Creek, and the other on both sides of Little River. These old-world people with their Scotch-Irish blood brought in their Presbyterian faith, and while Indians and bears and wild-cats yet filled the woods, they set up the two oldest churches in Laurens County, both still known by the names they gave them.

Duncan's Creek was founded in 1763-4, and Little River, the self same year. From Little River the stream flowing northward organized Liberty Springs in 1790, (and Friendship in 1820.) The Old Duncan's Creek Settlement was much more prolific. By the year 1780, Rocky Spring had been reached and founded and the northward current spent itself when mingling with emigrants from Nazareth and Fair Forest; it organized Fairview in 1787.

These five churches constituted the original emigration. added but little to, from the old country as the years passed on For years, too, the progress and growth of Presbyterianism in this county seems to have been a dead thing. From 1790 to 1820, no new church was organized. The county was filling up with peoples from all parts of the world. The Methodists and Baptists were busy, and even much of the good old Presbyterian stock drifted away into these other folds. There was dissension too among Presbyterians. In Duncan's Creek and Rocky Spring, Psalmody was the trouble. At Liberty Spring, the quarrels between Whig and Tory stirred up bad blood. And the same at Little River. And so from 1758 to 1831, a period of nearly 75 years, only five Presbyterian churches were organized in Laurens County, while many Baptist and Methodist churches were then established. About 1820, there were not 300 members in the County, not so many in 1830 and the same in 1840; for 75 years, Presbyterianism was at a stand still.

In 1831, the Presbyterian church in Laurens County began to stir itself. A gentleman past the meridan of life, Major Sam-

uel B. Lewers, whose aged widow still lives, over ninety years of age, was destined under God to bring in a new era in our church. Previous to that date, Rev. John McCosh, Robert McClintock, John B. Kennedy and others of less note had labored long and faithfully. Rev. Mr. Kennedy especially had held up the banner of what seemed a lost cause, in this part of the County. His flocks scattered, died, moved away. His salary was reduced to almost nothing. In 1831, Major Lewers was licensed to preach, and in 1832 was ordained to the ministry. Among his first acts was the organization of a church at Laurens Court House in the old Seceder building, with only seven members. The next year, under God, he was privileged to gather together out of portions of Duncan's Creek and Rocky Springs a small nucleus, at a school house near the spot where Bethany church now stands. In February 1833, he preached two sermons a day for five consecutive days. He also held special meetings for professing Christians, for parents, for inquirers, urging the former to live nearer to God, and the latter to hate sin and come to the Savior. This was a breaking loose from the old stereotyped ways of the past; for Major Lewers had come into the ministry through a different method of training than those who had preceded him. Those inquiry meetings were crowded with hearers, as many as fifty being present at one time.

Two weeks after this he returned and preached again four days. And again in April when twenty-six were added to the church. Old Squire Thomas Craig, grandfather of one of the Pastors of the County, says that after this he preached twice a month regularly, sometimes in the school house, and some times in the open air. In June the Communion of the Lord's Supper was administered for the first time. Rev. Messrs. Humphreys and Boggs assisting. This meeting also lasted four days, and this new Apostle of Presbyterianism rejoiced to welcome thirty-one additional converts. So full of zeal had this young Mission Station now become, and such encouragement was there to arise and build, that a Committee was appointed and a house shortly erected to the service of God. It was large, but unpainted and with bare rafters. It stood for more than thirty years, and was the first Presbyterian Church building in which the present speaker ever tried to preach.

In October 1833, the new church was organized, by the election of Samuel Farrow, and James Templeton, Elders. William Mills and George Byrd were added to the Session in 1835. The church was received under the care of Presbytery, October 3rd, 1833, at Rocky River Church, and reported 72 members at this

very first meeting. It numbers only half that at this present time. But in extenuation of this circumstance, it must be remembered that some of these 72 were colored and also that the population of this section of Laurens County is not what it once was by at least half. I have been told years ago, by old Mrs. Joshua Saxon, that she remembered when the house as a regular thing could not hold the congregation, and the road on meeting days was filled with vehicles. Of the members who were on the roll at the organization, one at least Rev. Clark B. Stewart, still lives and has long been actively engaged in the service of the ministry.

As an evidence of the leaning of Presbyterians, even in that early day, I would mention that in 1836 a temperance Society was organized at the church. In those days men began to see that whiskey and brandy were doing the devil's work, and there was need for Christians to bestir themselves against the highly respectable and almost universal habit of dram drinking.

Major Lewers, as he was always called, was for twenty years a bright and shining light in Laurens County, until he left to move west in 1851. We find the record of his labors in every Presbyterian church in it. To Bethany he faithfully ministered as an evangelist for seventeen long years and always without accepting a salary. In this he erred. It was the cause of his final removal from the County, and of the subsequent decay of this church which was for a while crippled by failing to remember that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel.

From 1833 to 1851, this church was under his Pastoral care. Dr. Howe informs us that the deacons were first chosen in 1841, C. A. Smith and John Stewart being then elected. Several exceedingly interesting meetings were held at this period, for this church, born as it was in a protracted meeting, always believed in others. In 1846, twenty were added to the church, and in 1849, twenty-eight.

In 1851, a very serious blow befell this church. The County of Laurens has always been a mother of churches, but her children go far away from it. There is not a church in this county that has not contributed largely to churches in Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia and Texas. Such was the misfortune that befell Bethany in 1851. At the opening of the year it numbered 134 members and was the largest church in Laurens County. At its close it had given letters of dismission to more than half its membership and had lost by the same stroke, its beloved and useful pastor.

From that blow, Bethany never fully recovered. This whole section of Laurens County lost heavily then and the drain has continued ever since. Laurens County has but little larger white population today than it had in 1840.

The writer became acquainted with Bethany church in 1862, it being ministered to by Rev. F. Jacobs. In the intervening years, the College at Laurensville had been erected, and the churches of New Harmony, Clinton and Shady Grove had been organized. Rev. Dr. Buist, Rev. John McKittrick and that faithful Evangelist Rev. Z. L. Holmes, having all found fields of labor in this county and all having ministered at this church.

In the subsequent years, the main item of business has been the erection some fourteen years ago of this neat and commodious church edifice, with its session room adjoining. The writer served the church for three years during the past decade. It has been since served by Revs. Price, Holmes, McKittrick, and now by Rev. D. A. Todd.

It is now perhaps wise to review rapidly the general current of Presbyterianism in the County, in which the organization of the Bethany church has been so important a factor, that we may be in a position to understand the helps and hindrances to Presbyterianism in this County.

It has been shown that the organization of the Laurens and Bethany Churches form the beginning of a new era in our history. In 1830, there were hardly 300 Presbyterians in the County, and just fifty years ago, the status of population and Presbyterianism was as follows:

The white population of Laurens County—9,800.

The Church membership was:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Duncan's Creek | 27 | organized | 1763 |
| 2. Little River | 26 | organized | 1764 |
| 3. Rocky Spring | 57 | organized | 1780 |
| 4. Liberty Spring | 60 | organized | 1790 |
| 5. Friendship | 54 | organized | 1820 |
| | 234 | | |

These five churches then with a membership of 234 constituted the Presbyterian element of this County.

Let us now notice how they have progressed.

In 1880, there was a white population of 11,750 persons

in the County, about one fifth more than there were 50 years before.

(1) In the mean while. The Old Duncan's Creek Church has become the mother of five daughters.

| | Organized: | Members: |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Bethany | 1833 | 36 |
| 2. Clinton | 1856 | 170 |
| 3. (Rockbridge) | | |
| 4. Shady Grove | 1859 | 28 |
| 5. (Goldville) | | |
| and Duncan's Creek | | 17 |
| | | 246 |

more than the entire County had in 1820.

| | |
|---|---|
| (2) The Little River Church | 14 |
| And the Liberty Spring Church | 116 |
| | 128 |

members in the Southwest portion of the county have together been the helping hand to the organization of Friendship Church and partly of Laurens Court House. With Friendship these three have now a membership of 187 members.

(3) Rocky Spring Church has been instrumental in the organization by drift and otherwise, and in conjunction in lesser degree with other churches of

| | Members: | Organized: |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Old Fields | 9 | 1830 |
| 2. Laurens | 55 | 1831 |
| 3. (Libson) | 51 | 1871 |
| 4. New Harmony | 83 | 1844 |
| And Rocky Spring | 182 | |
| | 380 | |

Thus there is now a membership of 820 in the County. The church membership has trebled, while the population has gained only one-fifth. Brethren let us thank God and take courage.

How then was this done?

1. By off-shoots from the main-stem. It helps; it does not hurt to take care of the out-posts.

This is what Duncan's Creek and Rocky Springs have done.

Had no church been organized at Bethany, Clinton and Shady Grove, Duncan's Creek would have been twice dead, swallowed up in the incoming tide of other denominations. Rocky Spring is stronger today than when she sent out her out posts. The lesson of this is that which has built Friendship and New Harmony is that which they need. They must put out their out posts or they will die. The time is ripe for it and it will not do to delay longer.

2. The great revival of Presbyterianism in this County, has been brought about by the labors of men like Mr. Lewers, Mr. Holmes and others. We need the evangelists not one for all Enoree Presbytery, but one for Laurens County, one who shall go up and down the land and do just what was done at Bethany, at Clinton, at New Harmony,—He should hold his weeks of service in some old school house and work and work till fruit appear.

To you, dear people of Bethany, let me say, do not be discouraged. The field is not closed to your labors. You have all Laurens County between Duncan's Creek and Enoree as your territory. Stand by your church. Have a Sunday School and a Prayer meeting. Open a good day school here, if it be possible and hold up the hands of your faithful preacher. You shall yet have this house full and fifty years hence your children's children will rejoice over your faith and courage in the cause of Christ.

## A NEW RAILROAD THROUGH CLINTON

### (1885)

THERE IS A prospect that a Railroad will be built from Elberton, Georgia, via Greenwood and Chester to Monroe, N. C. Steps have been taken to secure a charter and several meetings in the interest of the proposed route line for this new road have already been held. The natural route line for this new road would run several miles below Clinton, but a determined effort on the part of our people could readily secure a depot and a crossing at this important point. The advantages to Clinton cannot be over estimated. It would be the making of the place. The proposed line is to be part of a great Trunk road from Atlanta to Norfolk, and if built would make Clinton a most accessible point, and able to hold its own against any town in the up-country. Of course, our people must move. Sitting still will not build the road. Not only must there be public meetings, but

something more substantial. Let our people awake to a sense of the importance of this opportunity. It is a golden one.

## MEMORIAL OF REV. ZELOTES LEE HOLMES

REV. ZELOTES LEE Holmes was born on the third of Janurary, 1815. He was the son of Alanson Holmes and Oliva Lee Holmes, who were at that time residing at Sheridan, Chatauqua County, New York. They were pious, consistent, earnest Christians who sought to rear their children within the covenant. At the early age of three years he was left without a father's care, and when only a lad of twelve he lost his mother, and was thus early thrown upon his own resources. Of these early struggles, Mr. Holmes, himself gives us a picture in a foot-note to certain valuable genealogical accounts of the Simpson family, which were found among his papers. He says: "The author, without patrimony, from three years of age, fatherless, and twelve, motherless, and fostered by the unpaid exertions of an elder brother, felt in duty bound to assume the risk of self-support, and at the age of 17, this and the purpose of an education was fixed too, with a veil of impenetrable darkness, hanging over the future." To secure some little outfit, a service of two or three weeks as chain carrier to a party of surveyors was rendered. He then went to Buffalo, where a distant relative provided him with board and incidentals in lieu of services in the care of a medical officer. He now attended a classical academy, taking each day a three mile walk. This was during the winter of 1831-32. Next an educational society loaned $75 a year to be paid when able, and this was supplemented with garden work at five cents an hour, thus preparation for college was completed. In the town of Meadville, Pa., where the college was situated, the commissioners had suspended upon the Court House a large bell. To secure uniformity of time a subscription of $75 was secured among the citizens and a room was given by the commissioners, for the duty of ringing the bell, three times daily. this position he secured. His provisions were obtained from a lady near by, was kept in a kind of camp chest and dispatched cold. Thus two years of College life were spent, when it became necessary for him to seek a warmer climate, in consequence of threatening health. A year was now passed in an abortive effort at mechanical labor, to procure funds for a southern journey. At length, selling books and private property, he first visited friends in Illinois. He applied for work at a carriage factory, but was refused. As he was leaving, a pocket testament slipping from his pocket attracted attention, and he received

remunerative employment at once. He here constructed a skiff, intending to use it in propelling himself down to the head of navigation. He then sold it and took deck passage on a steamer to Saint Louis, partly working his own way. One day while undecided as to his future, he was walking along the river front, he saw a steamer with the sign out "for the Ohio." Without a moment's consideration, and on the spur of the moment, he got aboard the already moving boat, and was off. Thus as by an accident his future was settled for the South. In a few days he found himself happily situated on that singular hill, overlooking the city of Knoxville, where stands the University of East Tennessee. Just at this juncture, a reorganization of one of the city Sunday-schools demanding a new superintendent, he was selected for the position, and was thus introduced to a large circle of friends, his association with them extending over a period of two and a half years till his graduation. In 1839, he reached the Theological Seminary in the city of Columbia. Here he was aided by an Educational Society and was enabled by a situation which he obtained in a Young Ladies Seminary as Professor of Mathematics, to cancel debts contracted in his previous efforts to obtain an education.

Mr. Holmes was graduated from the Seminary in the class of 1842, along with Rev. Drs. David E. Frierson and Abner A. Porter, for whom he always had a tender recollection, often speaking with sincerest affections of the companions of his early years. In that same year he was licensed and preached his first sermon in Nazareth Church, Spartanburg County, of which church, he was ordained Pastor, June 28, 1844. During the winter of 1842, Mr. Holmes, while yet a licentiate, began preaching in the city of Spartanburg, then a small country village. Mainly as the result of these labors, a church was organized on the 5th sabbath of April, 1843, and on the records of the newly organized church appears the statement that "it was also understood that Rev. Mr. Holmes, a licentiate who had been preaching once a month in the village of Spartanburg, through the winter, be continued." This arrangement continued till Mr. Holmes removed to Laurens County in 1849.

That important event in life which so often changes its whole current came to Mr. Holmes, December 4, 1844, when he was most happily married to Miss Kate N. Nickels, a daughter of Dr. John Nickels, of Laurens County. This marriage was a truly blessed thing for Mr. Holmes, giving him a helpmate who in his many trials held up his hands, who looked well to the ways of his house, and in a multitude of directions made light for him

the burdens of his ministry. They were the parents of twelve children, five of whom were early translated, and seven survive, all of them filling useful and honored positions in society, thus evidencing the truth of God's promises to those who seek to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

In 1849, Mr. Holmes resigned his pastoral charge and moved to Laurens County, with which he became in a short while, thoroughly identified and remained so to the day of his death. He was at once at work in various ways in the county. In 1855 at the resignation of Rev. Mr. Stewart, he took charge of Rocky Springs Church, supplying also, as opportunity offered, other churches in the neighborhood, specially the ancient church of Duncan's Creek. In 1855, his ministry was blessed by the reception of 40 members at one time at Rocky Springs, and again the same number in 1860 and still again in 1871. About this time he began preaching at a stand in the corporate limits of the little village of Clinton. After about three years work, on the 28th of July 1855, he was privileged to organize a church, beginning with thirty members and which has since grown to be one of the largest churches of the Presbytery. Still later, 1859, he was partly instrumental in the organization of Shady Grove Church. Both of these churches he supplied for many years.

In 1859, Mr. Holmes was elected one of the Professors in Laurensville Female College, which had been recently established under the care of the Presbytery of South Carolina, and in the establishment of which he had most heartily entered. For years he served it faithfully, devoting to its advancement his untiring energies. For his chosen department, that of Natural Sciences, he was peculiarly fitted by his early training, and by the peculiar bent of his own tastes. He was exceedingly fond of studies in Astronomy, Geology, and Physics, and kept abreast of the scientific discoveries of the age. Mr. Holmes remained in this position which was not one of emolument, until 1871, when his failing health admonished him to husband his strength.

He now devoted himself to more active work, laboring as a missionary throughout Laurens County. Partly as a result of these labors, Lisbon Church was organized in 1871, and a vast amount of poorly requited work was done in many of the feeble and destitute churches of the county.

Mr. Holmes had a great fondness for the young, and at one time began a school on a most excellent plan, for boys in his own dwelling, but his health compelled its relinquishment. Still

later in 1880 he was elected Professor of Natural Sciences, in Clinton College, a young Presbyterian Institute, and served for one year, when for the same cause, he was compelled to retire. In recognition of his many valuable services to the cause of education in the county, he was elected in 1882 by a handsome vote, to the position of School Commissioner of Laurens County.

But disease had already begun to make inroads upon his constitution. He was prepared to die, but death found him busy. He was, even while often in great pain, laboring faithfully at Goldville and Dorroh for the establishment of churches, and as usual, with but little hope of fee or reward. At the same time he was supplying the pulpits of Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek churches, to which he had been preaching for many years. At length on the 17th of January, after a brief illness, he fell asleep. In his last moments on earth while afflicted friends and relatives stood about his bed, he said in a calm, earnest voice, "Death is utterly unterrifying to me. The grace of the Lord has been enough for me always. It is more than sufficient for me now." And then this good soldier finished his course and took his rest. His funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. Y. Fair. He was buried in the Wright Cemetery among loved ones who had crossed the river before him. He had just filled out his three score and ten brave years of warfare in the Master's service.

This record of a useful life, which is but a brief outline, simple as it is, makes a eulogy of our departed father in Christ unnecessary. It needs but to add a few points to fill up the picture.

As a member of Presbytery and Synod, he was most faithful. Seldom indeed, was a meeting of either body held, in which he was not present. When present he was attentive to the business before him and spoke, not often, but earnestly and to the point. He was a moving spirit in the organization of Enoree Presbytery, and was uniformly present at its meetings. He several times represented his Presbytery in the General Assembly.

As a preacher, Mr. Holmes was characterized by great exactness, earnestness, and fidelity to the truth. Not only were many churches organized, but although not a revivalist many souls were converted under his preaching. He was never dull. He never smeared the walls of Zion with untempered mortar.

But it was as a friend that Mr. Holmes was the warmest place in the hearts of hundreds. He was true, kind and sympathetic, generous wherever it lay in his power, exceedingly cor-

dial and attentive to those who came to his home, and was himself a welcome visitor throughout the country. Few men were so sincerely lamented as he. His death has made a vacancy in many a household.

It is a delightful task to lay this wreath of affectionate remembrance upon his tomb, by those who knew and appreciated his worth.

Wm. P. Jacobs :
J. Y. Fair : Committee
Wms. Wright :

## GREENWOOD

(1885)

WE ENJOYED several weeks ago, the delightful privilege of a visit to the city of Greenwood. Since we last were there, Greenwood has become a Railway center and hopes to become the "Atlanta of South Carolina." A Female College has recently been erected and opened with sixty pupils. A large hotel has been built with thirty rooms. A number of new streets have been opened and many handsome stores and dwellings erected. The town was full of interest in the projected railroad. While in the town, we enjoyed the whole-souled hospitality of Mr. Cad. Waller, whose cheerful household we shall long remember.

## CLINTON IS TO HAVE A BANK

(1885)

WE ARE VERY much pleased to be able to announce that Mr. M. S. Bailey of this place has at last fully decided to establish a Loan and Deposit Bank, at this place. He anticipated for a while opening out this business at Laurensville and it was so announced, but reasons of sufficient importance have led him to reconsider and to resolve on this point as the location of this banking business. He has already nearly completed the erection of a handsome bank building built of brick. It is a flat, two-story house and is located on Pitts street, facing the depot. The latest and most approved Bank furniture will be put in. The bank will start out with a capital of $75,000. We are sure that our citizens will be much gratified at this evidence of the growing importance of our town commercially. This new and very

important addition to our business facilities will open the eyes of all to the fact that ours is a live town and has some live business men in it. It is expected that the Bank will be ready for business by the 1st of January.

## THE EUKOSMIAN SOCIETY

THIS IS THE name of a literary association of young men, students of Clinton College, who organized in the early part of this year for the better education of themselves in the arts of extemporary address, debate, and Parliamentary practice. And it is a very important addition, indeed, to their education. At present, by permission, they are occupying a room in the orphans' Seminary. But this temporary arrangement will come to an end as soon as the new College building can be completed.

In the mean time the Society proposes to begin the collection of a fund of $150.00 for the purpose of furnishing their Society hall. They hope to raise this in various ways but mainly by appealing to the friends of the College for assistance. We hope that their appeals will meet with a liberal response from all the friends of education in our town. And friends of the students abroad will, we hope, come to this assistance.

## OLD SAYINGS

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail,
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale,
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat,
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox,
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox,
As fair as a lily,
As empty as the air,

As rich as a Croesus,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin,
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin,
As dead as a door nail,
As white as a sheet,
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat,
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat,
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick,
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall,
As hard as a mill-stone
As bitter as gall,
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell,
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather,
As hard as a rock,
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock,
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee—
And now let me stop
Lest you weary of me.

## (1887)

WHEN PRINCETON COLLEGE began its existence, about the middle of the last century, it was on a very small scale. For many years it was called the log college on account of the

material of which its principal and only building was constructed. For thirty years it had only one or two professors. Compared with that, the progress of Clinton College has been marvelous and ought to satisfy the most skeptical that, in the years to come, the long desired Presbyterian College for South Carolina is going to be. Three or four previous efforts have been made in this state to bring about so desirable a result. We are not deterred by these failures. Having studied the rocks on which these brave ships have floundered, the men at the lead in this new institution, are forearmed as well as fore-warned. We have developed plans that preclude the possibility of debt and consequent disaster. Our Board of Trustees cannot place a debt on the buildings if they wish,—the salaries of professors are conditioned on tuition fees, the distinctive features of the College are grafted into its very ground work. We appeal, therefore, with the utmost confidence to the Presbyterians and general public for their gifts and patronage. Our skies are bright for success. Our teachers are armed with enthusiasm and a good cause. They worked for God and the church and they look for the support of those who sympathize in this great undertaking.

## WM. STATES LEE

## (1890)

IT IS WITH sincerest sorrow that we record the death of Prof. Wm. States Lee, on the evening of January 6th, in the 63rd year of his age.

Prof. Lee had suffered for ten years past with a neuralgic affection, which is supposed to have caused his death.

He was well enough to attend a meeting of the College faculty, two days before his death. Going home, he complained of feeling ill, lay down, and in ten minutes was unconscious.

He was unusually beloved in this community, having served the church as elder for 13 years, and for fourteen years he was Principal of the High School, afterwards President of the College until through failing health, he resigned that position into younger hands. At the time of his death, he had just accepted the position of Professor of Biblical Science and Evidences of Christianity.

Mr. Lee was a son of Rev. Wm. States Lee, who for more than half a century was Pastor of the Edisto Island Church, and

whose memory is a fragrant odor in the churches. He leaves behind a widow, two sons and one daughter.

The body of our faithful friend, counsellor and officer, was laid away in the silent Cemetery, till the trumpet sounds.

## FROM THE LOCAL NEWS GATHERER

### (1891)

Mr. Thornwell Jacobs has laid on our office desk a ripe orange raised by himself in Clinton. Who will say that Clinton is not the place after all. The orange, the lemon, the banana, and the Chinese tea plant are all to be seen at the Orphanage.

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### (1892)

FRIEND, are you a member of the church? No! Then may we ask of you a favor to *yourself?* It is this, take a quiet hour, alone, and study the question carefully why you are not one, since Jesus asks it of you and conditions your salvation on a confession before men. Then take a sheet of paper and write down your reasons, briefly, in cold ink. Now, get down on your knees, spread these reasons out before you and read them to God, thinking of them one by one, as you read,—and scratching out any that in such light do not seem satisfactory. When you are through, send your paper with such reasons as remain and appear satisfactory, to your Pastor, asking him to give you light thereon. If you have no pastor, then send them to the editor of this paper who is himself a Pastor, and he will give you such reply, as after prayer, may seem to him appropriate and best. Is it not worth the trouble?

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The State of Georgia has appropriated $20,000 to buy machinery for the new Technical Institute building, at Atlanta, replacing that recently destroyed by fire. The Southern Presbyterians have built at the Thornwell Orphanage, a Technical School for orphans,—the only one in the South, but destined to be a pioneer of many another. About $2,000 is needed to furnish the machinery. This is about one-tenth of the Georgia appropriation. Our church will furnish it.

(1893)

Here was the President's job between 7:30 and 8:30 this morning: Prayers in the chapel; a visit to three school-rooms, to inspect work done on yesterday; to the Technical to lay out hints and suggestions for days work; to the office for mail; to the College to examine the work done there yesterday by the painter; to the Harriet Home well, where the pump was being taken up for repairs; through the paths on the campus to give suggestions to the path-makers; to the laundry, where he found the girls as busy as bees; to the kitchen to inspect a damage to the stove; to the printing office to read some copy; to the engine room and machine shop where all was working smoothly; now at last to his *quiet* office for four hours of work at the desk. Say what you please; the bicycle is a great invention.

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(1893)

It seems very singular to many friends that this orphan work goes on so successfully from day to day, caring for its great household, and that neither matron nor orphan is ever harrassed by being told there is no money to pay the monthly salary or to provide the daily bread. And yet it is very seldom, for at least a half of the year, that we have a week's supply of money in the treasury. But there is nothing singular about it,—nothing whatever. Our heavenly father knows about the treasury,—in fact full as much as our treasurer does, and he lets things run low to teach us all, that it is only of His mercy that we are kept alive.

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(1893)

Dr. W. A. Shands who retires from the mayoralty of the town of Clinton deserves the well-done of his fellow citizens. Under his administration our city streets have been kept in first class order; and many new streets opened; shade-trees have been set out through the town, the whole sewerage system revised and perfected; health visibly improved; the town rechartered; all our streets lighted to an extent unusual in so small a town, and order maintained. In addition, it was during his administration and almost solely due to his efforts that the Columbia, Newberry and Laurens Railroad was built to this point; and he was one of the main movers in the securing of the Georgia, Carolina and Northern. The town owes him a debt of gratitude. His successor in office is Captain W. J. Leak, a good man. He will have a heavy task on hand to eclipse the preceeding administration.

(1893)

It was with a sad heart that we read the distressing tidings of the calamity at Erskine, when all the interior of their beautiful new College building came down with a crash. It is a very great calamity, hindering the speedy opening of the College in the new home, discouraging the hard working people engaged in it, and giving occasion for croakers and grumblers to put in their work. We felt the same on a smaller scale some years ago, when all the front of our College building came down with a crash. But it may chance, (God grant it may) that it shall happen to them as it did to us, that the calamity will make more friends and that these will do yet greater things for the dear old College.

The brethren have our warmest sympathy in this misfortune. We rejoice, in the midst of the trial that no lives were lost. May this calamity turn out to be a blessing in disguise.

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(1893)

Mr. Thornwell Jacobs has been doing some good work in the fifth and sixth grades of our orphan school, having filled the position of teacher for several weeks during the past month.

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(1893)

We have got a little in the Orphanage at Clinton and it brings in good dividends all the time. That is the most wonderful institution on this continent—an orphanage that started less than twenty years ago with a half a dollar, and now has one hundred and twenty pupils and four large stone cottages, a memorial hall, a seminary building, a printing house, library, farmers' lodge, laundry, and is erecting a technological building and all these are of stone with metal roofs. Everything is solid and enduring. There is a farm of one hundred acres attached and here are taught farming, carpentering, blacksmithing, shoemaking, printing, painting, bookbinding, electrotyping, telegraphy, and photography, besides giving each pupil the essential elements of a good education. And all this goes on from month to month without a dollar that is certain or in sight. It is as near a work of faith as can be established in this world. The monthly magazine that is edited by Dr. Jacobs and printed by the boys gives the name of every contributor for every month and just as the number of pupils increase the donations increase; the work goes on and the plant enlarges every year. Five dollars

a month will feed and clothe an orphan and it is a real comfort to a church or a Sunday School or an individual to have a little stock over there. There is no subscription list, no obligation, no nothing but to send five dollars a month if you can spare it. I see that Cyrus McCormick, of Chicago, keeps on helping about the buildings.

The orphanage is a big thing for Clinton. It is the pet of the town. Every month sees wagon loads of supplies going out from the stores and they are given, not sold. Giving to the orphanage is as much a habit in Clinton as giving to the church. and it has made her people broader and better. I wish we had one at Cartersville—just a little one to wake us all up. I have a peculiar sympathy for orphans. My sweetest memories are the little stories that my mother told me in my childhood about her life in an orphanage in Savannah. How her parents and kindred were taken away by the pestilence and she was left a little friendless waif and was found by the Sisters of Charity who cared for and loved and protected her all her young life. I never had a grandmother, which was mighty hard on me, but it would have been harder still if I had never had a mother, wouldn't it? It troubled me when I was a little boy to think what would have become of me if the pestilence had have taken her away when it took her parents.

Now Christmas is near at hand. Let us all do something for somebody, especially for the poor and friendless, and may all such good men as Mr. Kiser and Mr. Inman and Col. Scott and Dr. Jacobs live long and prosper. May others follow where they lead and may we all be good enough to meet with them on the other side of the river and shake hands and rejoice is my hope and prayer.—BILL ARP.

P.S. Don't forget the orphans at Clinton. Address Dr. Wm. P. Jacobs, Thornwell Orphanage, Clinton, S. C.

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## QUESTIONS ANSWERED ABOUT THE THORNWELL ORPHANAGE

### (1893)

What is it?

It would be hard for you to tell just what it is at your first glance. Here is a little village—a LITTLE village, not a large one, — with very many children and their matrons and teachers, making a population of about one hundred and thirty.

You would call it a neat, well built, attractive settlement, with the school building showing first of all, the stone cottages close by and a large dining hall, where all the families gather three times, daily.

But if you are like the most of us who dwell in this village, your thought would be about the children, busy, happy, merry, bright-eyed children — that you see on every doorstep; whose voices you hear from hall and lawn, and work-rooms.

Who are they?

They are God's orphan children, gathered here by his tender love, under these sheltering roofs. God loves them and that ought to make us love them too. Fatherless, motherless, they look up to Him and say "Our Father."

They once had fathers, who deserved well of the church. This little maiden with sunny brown eyes, is the child of a "good physician." Her father lived for his fellowmen, and dying left his babes to God. That little lad with honest face and sturdy limbs and a little of the broad Scotch brogue was the child of a preacher of the Word. Here close by are two little maids that win you at first, whose father was that work of God's hand, an honest lawyer. He died poor. But why tell all their history. Yon lad's father ran an engine. This little girl is the child of a teacher, and this one of a merchant, and these came from amid the ten thousand wheels of a factory and this little lad was once a news-boy. And so on and so on, — but they are all orphans. Not one can claim a father's love now, save that of the great All-Father.

What do they need?

Here to be fed and clothed and cared for;—here to be made well and strong after their hard fight with poverty;—here to get rid of unnatural smartness, product of a driven childhood, and to become boys and girls again;—here to be taught fully all that you want your child to know; and more than that;—some trade, some business by which they can be of use to themselves and the world in their after life.

They learn to work for they are poor children. No dowry awaits them. They must shortly be caring for themseves, and so in cook-room and laundry, in farm, in printing office, in the mechanic shop, they must be diligent and studious; and then awaits them. They must shortly be caring for themselves, and

they have the chance to learn all they will. And best of all, they are taught to love God, to study his word, to obey his commandments. Without this all the rest would be a failure.

How came they here?

Once they lived in distant homes. This little lad was born in Michigan. These two little sisters in sunny Florida, these young girls away off in Texas; and this bright-eyed, cheery lad first saw the light where Scotland's heather blooms. Here is a little drove from Virginia; these brown-eyed maidens from Kentucky. And this is Georgia's troop; and this from Mississippi; and these from our own Carolina. They or their friends for them, heard of God's homes for orphans here, and asked, and came. Oh, that there was room for many more! Perhaps some good man with some thousands to be well-used for God, will yet add another to the number of our cottages.

How are they kept?

Ask Elijah at the brook Cherith! The Lord sends by whom he will send. Men read little things like this that you are reading, and their hearts are touched. They think of all these darlings, drawn in from the whirling flood and saved. They could not bear to think even that it were possible to drive them out again to the world's tender mercies. Like doves to their windows come messages of love and gifts; some send dimes, some dollars, some hundreds, and some even thousands, but all send, only because they wish to do it, and love the work and claim it as their own.

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We have answered your questions,—now will you answer ours: How much owest thou unto my Lord? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.

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(1894)

About twenty-five years ago the writer of these lines was sitting on a dry goods box in front of the only brick store at that time existent in Clinton. The population of the place was about three hundred. Two gentlemen, of whom the writer was one, were engaged in building the first two dwellings erected in Clinton for ten years. There was a rail-way track just in front of us, but its old engine, its only one, was keeled over in the mud somewhere in the neighborhood of Jalapa, and it had

been there a month or two; while the darkeys all along the track were using the stringers and crossties for fire wood. Some of our fellow citizens were whittling away at our primitive seat, and had a pretty good slice of it made into splinters, the amusement of the crowd being to ridicule the idea that Clinton would be in existence in twenty-five years time. One brother went so far as to say that the town was dead beyond redemption and that in five years there would not be enough of it for a decent "chaw." That brought the editor of OUR MONTHLY to his feet, with the statement that in twenty-five years Clinton would have a thousand population and that twenty trains a day would be passing through it. The crowd broke up with a laugh and a yawn, and sauntered away to find something else with which to kill time. The quarter century is ended. The town has a population of nearly fifteen hundred. Twenty trains daily, of one sort or another, pass through it. Its central point is not a barroom, but institutions of higher learning; the one brick store has grown into many handsome business houses: and there are in this little town, more granite built houses, than in any town (outside of the cities) in South Carolina.

(1894)

While the Editor-President-Pastor is in the midst of a mass of work, the matron of one of the cottages sends two little boys to his office to report on themselves that they have been fighting; they do it very penitently, for they have not the least idea of what is going to happen next. One of them is red headed; you can tell by his looks that grace and grit have a hard time getting the upper hand in his city of man-soul. The other also has a head, round, large, with the bump of self-assertion, i.e., independence, splendidly developed. It was just a case of an irresistible body meeting an impenetrable body. So the three-headed cerebrus, (*vide* above) reasoned it out this way; that these two frightened pugilists should sit down at the window where they could catch a glimpse of a hurrah game of base-ball, with the last half of the twelfth chapter of Romans lying in their laps and orders to know it perfectly before they could venture to play together again.

(1894)

Prof. Jacobs* believes in the use of the bicycle. With its aid he was able between Friday and Monday, to ride 96 miles,

*James Ferdinand Jacobs, his oldest son, of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

preach twice, deliver two addresses, conduct a baptism service, organize a Ladies' Aid Society, assist in organizing a children's mission band and visit ten families, scattered over two counties. With good roads and a good wheel, the preacher's efficiency in country-visiting would be more than doubled.

## SHALL THE LORD'S FATHERLESS HAVE BREAD?*

### (1894)

Dear friend, you know all about the one hundred and thirty precious immortals who compose the household of the Thornwell Orphanage.

THEY ARE YOUR OWN LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS—the orphans of your dead brethren in Christ.

We know you will not let them suffer.

Yes, there is danger of it, unless something be done quickly.

WE NEED IMMEDIATE SUPPLIES FOR THEIR NECESSITY.

Send money if you have it, or flour, or meal, or molasses, or sugar, or bacon, or rice, or cloth, or clothing.

HELP IS NEEDED AT ONCE, FOR OUR STORE HOUSE IS EMPTY.

The Lord is very good. He has PROMISED you ETERNAL LIFE. He, for your sakes spared not his own son. And the same Lord says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Up to this date, since December 1st., we have had to purchase neither flour nor rice nor sugar, nor molasses. How easy it would be for God's people to supply us entirely with such necessary articles.

But "money answereth all things." Send what you can spare, by check or money order to the undersigned. Send gifts

*A sample of multitudes of circulars sent out as appeals for aid.

of provisions simply to THORNWELL ORPHANAGE.

Yours in Christian bonds,

Wm. P. Jacobs

Clinton, S. C.

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(1894)

We happened once to be in the city of Heidelberg, Germany, the seat of the great Heidelberg University. The occasion was the semi-millenial celebration of the founding of the institution. The Crown-prince (Frederick William) afterwards Emperor, of Germany was present. The whole city was in a ferment and the whole nation seemed to have poured into it. Of course we must see the *buildings* of the University. We regret to say that in the rather small and ugly edifice, we were no little disappointed. Nevertheless, the Heidelberg University is one of the foremost in the world! Like comfort wake we in the thought, that the College at Clinton is modestly housed, and as yet even unadorned with the glories of a hoary age, but it is doing a great work. Its professors are a body of intelligent, active and zealous young men, full of zeal and wide awake. Its student body is worthy of the highest commendation. Its curriculum is ample, and although it has not yet reached its quarter centennial, it has won its way to the confidence of a multitude of people. That it is needed is evidenced by the fact that it is really the climax of a hundred years of effort to erect a Presbyterian College for South Carolina.

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## OUR MORNING SERVICE

1894

Used by the orphans of the Thornwell Orphanage

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T. And God spake all these words saying, I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the Land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

P. 1. Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heavens above, or that is in

the earth beneath or that is in the waters under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generations of them that hate me and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates, for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

T. Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into Hell; the third day He arose again from the dead; ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty from whence he come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

MONDAY

T.

Come ye children, hearken unto me and I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

S.

Through the precepts I get understanding; therefore I hate every false way.

T.

Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice in trembling.

S.

We will serve the Lord for He is our God.

T.

Ye are witnesses against yourselves, that ye have chosen the Lord to serve him.

S.

We are witnesses.

T.

Now therefore incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel.

S.

The Lord our God will we serve and His voice will we obey.

SUNDAY

T.

This is the day that the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad therein.

S.

I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the Congregation.

T.

Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy day of the Lord.

S.

Its foundation is in the holy mountain.

T.

The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Judah.

S.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God.

T.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

S.

A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

T.

Hallelujah!

S.

Amen.

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TUESDAY

T.

Now, therefore hearken unto me O ye children; for blessed are they that keep my ways.

S.

He is in the way of life that keepeth instruction, but he that refuseth reproof erreth.

T.

The way of the Lord is strength to the upright, but destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity.

S.

Jesus said: I am the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the father, but by me.

T.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter.

S.

Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man, for God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

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WEDNESDAY

T.

Oh give thanks unto the Lord. Sing unto him: sing praises unto him; take ye of all his wondrous works.

S.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live. I will sing praise to my God, while I have my being.

T.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

S.

I will sing of mercy and judgment. Unto thee, oh Lord will I sing.

T.

O sing unto the Lord a new song, sing unto the Lord all the earth.

S.

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever.

T.

Praise ye the Lord.

S.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. HALLELUJAH!

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THURSDAY

T.

Jesus said: "I am the good Shepherd: The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

S.

The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou annointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

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FRIDAY

T.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

S.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

T.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of weather, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

S.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

T.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

S.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

SATURDAY

T.

And seeing the multitudes he went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

S.

And he opened his mouth, and taught them saying.

T.

Blessed are the poor in spirit:

S.

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

T.

Blessed are they that mourn:

S.

For they shall be comforted.

T.

Blessed are the meek:

S.

For they shall inherit the earth.

T.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:

S.

For they shall be filled.

T.

Blessed are the merciful:

S.

For they shall obtain mercy.

T.

Blessed are the pure in heart.

S.

For they shall see God.

T.

Blessed are the peacemakers:

S.

For they shall be called the children of God.

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PSALM 100

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations.

PSALM 117

O Praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great toward us; and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer my foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

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## BENEDICTIONS

T. This is the way, walk ye in it.

P. Let all bitterness and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evilspeaking, be put away from you with all malice, and be ye kind one to another, tender hearted forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

T. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

P. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

T. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

## PRAYER

T. After this manner pray ye.

P. Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our sins, as we forgive those that sin against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine in the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

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## THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER

Our dear and holy Father, we have Thee to trust in. Thou lovest and hast cared for us all these days. When father and

mother forsook us then, Lord, thou didst take us up. We trust in thee for our daily bread and for our daily grace. We have ever felt how true and tender are thy mercies. Thou hast been about us and kept us amid dangers, seen and unseen. O! our Father, keep us to the end. Go before us and show us the way. Lead each step, for thy hand, Oh Lord, is a sure, safe guide.

Lord, forget not our dear playmates and companions who once formed part of our household, but who are now busy fighting life's battles. Encourage and strengthen them. Make them brave and true, and help them and us to show our gratitude to thee by doing our best for thy glorious name's sake. Father, bless with tender love our mothers, our sisters, our brothers, the dear loved ones from whom we are separated, but whom we love still.

And now, our Father, we entreat thee, remember all who love us,—our teachers and matrons who so tenderly care for and constantly watch over us,—Our benefactors, whose generous gifts have provided our homes and our daily bread,—thy glorious Church for which our precious Savior gave His own life. Oh, that thy loving power might graciously be with us, ever and that each new day might find us nearer to thee and duty. This is our prayer. Hear it, in Jesus' name. Amen.

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## 1895

One of the most delightful experiences of the few days spent in Atlanta, was the privilege of attending the services of Mr. D. L. Moody. The Christians of Atlanta have put up, at a cost of $2,500, an immense structure 100 by 200 feet, large enough in fact to seat 6000 people, for the 30 days meeting Mr. Moody is to hold. The great building was well filled on a rainy night that we entered it. Although at our first attendance a bright, beautiful evening, there were not over 4000 present. At this first occasion, "Sam Jones" was accidentally present. We saw him introduced to Mr. Moody on the platform where we had a seat, by invitation of our friend, Dr. Holderby.

The meeting was preluded with forty-five minutes of song-service, during which efforts were made, and successfully, to organize a great voluntary choir of several hundred voices. Mr. Jones was invited to make a speech, by way of introduction, which he did in his characteristic style. Mr. Moody followed

with simple, straight-forward manly presentation of Gospel truth. His style is earnest, clear, forcible, and eloquent, but oratorical. He puts things in a very clear and vivid light, and attracts to the truth and not to himself. This we are convinced is the secret of his power.

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Mr. Moody will continue his services the greater part of the exposition. There is great prospect of accomplishing much good. One feels, it is difficult, however, to repress the thought, that this also, is a part of the great exposition, and the danger is, that multitudes will carry the sight-seeing propensity into this tabernacle of God. Yet, from the common every day look of great multitudes of the congregation, it is evident that they are not the moneyed sight-seers but hard working men, who have been in the foundries and machine shops all the day.

The meeting will accomplish much in creating a spirit of inquiry into the condition of the masses in Atlanta.

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## 1896

A little iron bell, perched upon a pole, has for the past fifteen years stood out in the orphan's yard and rung welcome, three times daily, to the table. Its little rusty throat had latterly grown somewhat hoarse. It hung askew upon its bolt, and looked ready to drop for very weariness. The good and loving household at the Infirmary had raised their cry, "We cannot hear it." The Augustine Home boys must needs stand a sentinel out to listen for it, for it would be a dreadful thing for twenty-four little boys not to hear the dinner bell. The tardy ones at breakfast, coming in rubbing their sheepish eyes, always had an excuse "we did not hear the bell." And so tenderly the little thing was lifted from its moorings, its castings breaking with a spasm as it came down. Just at the same moment that the first stone of the Edith Home foundation was laid in place, a new and large bell (thanks to the advertising columns of OUR MONTHLY) was lifted in place, opened its wide throat and remarked "Come to dinner!" Even the neighbors looked on to see what had happened,—this new voiced interloper. Ah! he will be old after a while, and never a silent day will he pass, for many a long day to come.

The political newspapers seem to be doing their best to prove that we are all passing through a period of great financial distress and that some remedy has to be provided. Mr. Bryan's remedy is "free silver" and Mr. McKinley's is "a high tariff." If the times are any harder than usual, these remedies will reach the sore spot about as effectually as a porous plaster on the sides of Table mountain would cure an earthquake. Nothing in this world but straight-forward honesty, considerate interest of both employed and employers in each other, lots of elbow-grease and sensible economy will ever cure hard times. Silver plenty may be a good thing, but a man may have hard times, and a nation, too, with all the mints pouring out dollars. Don't fool yourselves, good people. If you live beyond your income, you'll have hard times. If you live within your income, you'll have easy times. It is debt that kills. In good times, people get careless, run ahead of their receipts, buy on credit—go to smash, and then come hard times. We are not meddling with politics. We have studied this gold and silver question and have our own opinions, but don't propose to force them on other people, but what we want to say is that debt, drink, speculation, selfishness, avarice and such like will bring hard times to every man that indulges in it; and frugality, economy, industry, temperance, punctuality, honesty, courage and common-sense will provide good times, whether the standard be gold or silver, or the tariff be high or low.

We do not mean to say that the actions of the government have nothing to do with the prosperity of the people. Armenia's sad story as told elsewhere in these columns fully show that misgovernment and mismanagement will ruin any people. The same laws that bind the individual must actuate the commonwealth. We American people have need, in governmental affairs, to practice frugality, economy, honesty, as well as to do the same in private. Our debts should be paid; our expenses should be cut down. We give away too much public money. It takes one thousand million dollars to run our National government. It takes one thousand million more to pay our drink bill; and five times that twice told to pay our state, city, county and municipal debts. There is where your hard times come in.

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But with it all we are among the most prosperous people on the face of the globe. There is not a square mile in the United States where a man need starve if only he will let his wants be known. All people who want work can get it, if trade unions and the like will let them take the ways offered. Some people

have no ability to work—either for lack of training or lack of physical ability. They need not starve for all that. As for the nine-tenths of our people who can or will work—who are not criminal but all honest, straight-forward people, we say this—that it is a crime against God for them to say so much about hard times. We are not grateful enough for the mercies we are receiving. It is one constant whine about hard times—hard times. A poor filthy fellow fell dead at a Poor House in New Jersey. Afterwards $17,000 were discovered sewed up in his clothes! Died of poverty and hard times! It *is* hard times in Armenia. But every beggar and tramp in this broad Union can get a good square meal today if he wants it, with maybe a piece of pie thrown in if he strikes it right. It is a wonder to us how all these splendid improvements are going on—these great stores rolling out their treasures—this mighty rush of railway travel, to and fro, if the times are so hard. Lord, pity these people for their ingratitude.

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It is a glorious privilege to work for God. The enthusiasm that fills noble souls carries the mind away with the thought of it. The elevation of spirit at the prospect of sacrificing self to His glory, crowns the brow with a corona of splendor. The work is begun. It is hard. It tries the patience. It is filled with briars, mosquitoes, sand in the teeth. The foes to be met are numerous, insignificant, aggravating. One's sense of the fitness of things is attacked at every point. Nervous sensibilities are tried to the utmost. One gets nauseated and disgusted. The work is altogether different from what was expected and the sacrifice of a different sort entirely. The foes to be met are oftener within than without. The successes are invisible. Patience is worried out. Hope is deferred. Motives are misconstrued. And when the supreme moment comes for all these petty trials to culminate in one grand sacrifice for God, the victim is found wanting. After all, sentimentalism is not consecration.

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## 1897

## A LITTLE JUST NOW*

We are not in the least discouraged.

How can we be, with God's dear people ready to do great things for us!

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* Another of the hundreds of circulars sent out to friends of the Orphanage.

But this is the way the case stands.

There are at the Thornwell Orphanage, eight large families of teachers and pupils.—Over ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY souls.

All our orphan children, more than seven-score of them, are dependent upon the loving care of the sons and daughters of the living God for their daily bread. Twelve new children, hailing from West Virginia, Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina, Florida and Texas have just been admitted. Every other Southern State is represented.

These children need you. Your love is all that keeps them from the miseries of dire necessity.

We want at once, gifts of flour, corn, bacon, rice, sugar, molasses, cloth and shoes.

One dollar will feed a child for a week. Five dollars is enough for a month. Sixty dollars will board and clothe a child for a year. Many generous souls have already undertaken a work like that. If you cannot do it alone, how about your church, your society.

But just now—the question is, what about today!

For we have expended our last dollar; and we must go in debt or starve, we don't know which is worse. No, indeed, YOU will do your part toward putting a stop to both, by sending a little just now and more later, for the orphans, to

Your fellow worker,
(Rev.) Wm. P. Jacobs,
Clinton, S. C.

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I walked into the chapel this morning at 7 A.M. All of the orphans together with their teachers and the members of the mission class were already in their seats, after their frugal meal. It was the hour for our regular morning service. On the platform, Miss Carrie Hipp, one of our own former pupils, but now a teacher, sat at the organ. A half dozen boys and girls were seated about her. I took my place at the desk, with God's word, between the children and me, lying there upon the table. There was silence and all looked up for their daily portion. All of the body of the house was filled with pupils. What trust and confi-

dence they were displaying in me, perhaps, even more than in God or His dear people. Perhaps not one of all that assembly had a doubt but that their table would be spread at dinner and supper. With sweet and perfect faith they sang, they read, they prayed. And yet I knew, all this while, that the treasury was wholly empty and the storeroom, almost empty, and that unless the Lord sent "manna from heaven," a very few days would see this family scattered, and all this work come to naught. God is very good. His people are like their Father in deeds of benevolence. The faith of these little ones is well founded—they are to receive their dinner and their supper for many days to come. The Lord will send by whom he will send.

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1898

## A SHORT HISTORY OF THORNWELL ORPHANAGE

A BRIEF HISTORY of the Thornwell Orphanage would fairly "bristle" with mercies. There has not been a step taken, from the day the young pastor of the Clinton Presbyterian Church, then in his 30th year, began to scheme for the erection of an "Orphan's Home" to this moment a quarter century thereafter, that has not apparently been ordered of the Lord and sure. This Orphanage would have to begin its story in a little upper-room, with curtains drawn tightly and on the desk under clasped hands a book full of gracious promises, while the cry went up from bended knee "Da lucem, domine, da lucem, et dirage vias." The story would pass thence to a couch, on which lay the sick man, about him six earnest minded elders; and on a holy sabbath eve, after fervent prayer the die was cast and it was resolved, without a fear, to trust in the Infinite arm and go forward.

Yet later, far away from home, the same village pastor, one-fourth his time given to a country charge, had the first half dollar laid in his palm by an orphan lad—his own little daughter, a day after, covering it with another like it and that her all. So began the work. *One dollar* had been received, which like one grain of wheat, duly tended, was to build a great institution.

No rich benefactor presided over the destiny of this child of the future. But provoking smiles of incredulity were many, and heartless gibes at those who saw not how the "nest was to be feathered." Friends were few, but they came; first like

one drop of the rain, splashing full of mercy on the parched field and then hurrying others by the score and the hundred. But, at first, the promoters were very lonely, hardly daring to tell their hopes. And none said a cheering word.

So they toiled for fourteen long months before even the ample building site could be purchased, and two more years before a little group of orphans found a shelter at last.

The first real sunshine was that gift of $500, afterwards increased by a $1,000, from a "friend in earnest," that seemed for the time, like a special providence, urging us forward. But, for all the mercies, the first five years were years of severest trial. Oft-times there was no bread, no wood, no meal, no money, the house was unfinished and a rail fence kept the cows from walking through it. Death came too, for the gentle wife was borne hence on angels' wings. One little orphan had already gone to await his second mother's coming, at the pearly gates. Often, some treasured piece of property had to be sold to raise money for the orphans' dinner.

But thank God, help was coming. One earnest minded young man, whose name all our readers know, had already come with his heart full of self-sacrifice, to stand in the breach between want and the orphans. The unfinished house was finished at last, but it took five long years to reach the second. How Faith Cottage was to be built seemed a mystery. But it was built—built well, and the boys swarmed all through it.

Then came after two years more of waiting, the Orphan's Seminary—scene of mirth and sorrow, of daylight prayers, and lamplight songs of praise—of sad funerals, and joyous marriage, of school and sport and happiness. There is no place on all the grounds like our Orphans' Chapel. Ninety weeks were we in building. Every week was a repetition of the story of the manna. We began each Monday with no dollars. We knocked off work each Saturday with no debts—and at the end of 90 weeks there had been paid $5,000! The ravens brought it.

Then grew the little "Bee-Hive," where the whole week's wash goes in soiled and comes out clean! Nor is it all hard work! Is it, dear mother Simonton? You and your girls have many a joyous time there together.

So came 1884! And with it "The McCormick Cottage." McCormick! Name that we love and cherish. It is built of rugged rock, gathered from high-way and by-way. But art has joined them into one handsome wall. Type, this, of the work

done within. Stern is duty and true and strong, the character of the dutiful. God bless the lads that live there and give them like our Fultons, our Jennings and our Brannens to speak for Christ and like many others, nameless here, to live for him.

Still grew the household, outgrew the old time room for the clatter of plates and knives and forks. "Where shall I sit? Which is my plate?" became an insoluble problem; and again the cry came—arise and build! Never has the Lord so commanded—"Speak, that they go forward," but the money came. It was 1888—Memorial year for our dear old Presbyterian Zion. It was our opportunity. So the stones were quarried. The teams gathered them in. And before the year was out, the solid walls were built for two hundred orphans, if God send so many, to sit down to the full tables and eat their frugal meals—meals that never yet have failed them for the Master ordered the money to be sent for each day's bill of fare.

We were busy one day with the dedication services of this same Memorial Hall, when a telegram was handed the presiding officer. It was simple but to the point—$3,000 to build a Cottage for another orphan family. We had the hall, why should we not have the children. So the Harriet Home was built and 26 dear little girls were sent for to be no longer homeless. On its cornerstone, the figures, 1890. Then came the Library. We do not know who "Nellie Scott" is. But we do know that money was never better spent than that which founded, from "a Virginia" friend—God bless him—this little "lodge" for scholars. Here are sheltered 6000 volumes. Here the children go to learn of the ancients—and to trace the story of "the living present."

In 1892 came our "Tech." While I write, the engine with its steady musical propulsion is sending life throughout the building. The presses softly lay the printed sheets in piles—The "wish" of the cut off saw and the "cling" of the pump tells of labor saved for our boys—the planer, and the jigger, the lathes and the surfacers are busy. Here boys too are made into men. It is a grand little work-shop—the vigorous right arm of our orphan village. That same year an "unknown" Charleston friend set apart $2,000 to build the Augustine Home. How much better this Memorial to a dear loved lad, than a polished shaft in Magnolia, notwithstanding that the four and twenty little lads that dwell there make the walls ring again with their merriment. Happy hearts! Sorrow and joy are very near each other.

Then 1894 and the Fairchild Infirmary. One steps in where sweet litttle ones are nursed back to life! It is a holy place—a sacred home of tender, gentle women, where the heart shows first, and every thought is sympathy and love. Dear little hearts, here thank God for the soft hands and pitying touch that robs pain of more than half its anguish.

Hard by is our Children's Gift Academy, (1895) each stone in it, a gift from a little child. Here the pennies of innumerable Sunday school children have left their mark and within, you would be glad to spend an hour there and to see the bright-eyed lads and lasses who have found the right royal way to learning of study, faithful study.

As we draw nearer to this hour, for 1896 has come—the story seems no longer like "Ancient history." Indeed, as we look up at the splendid granite arch that spans the portal of the Edith Home, or look across to the old home stead, now in all the brand new finish of the current year and read its new name "The S. P. Lees Home for Orphans," we rejoice at what we see as the fruit of woman's tender love for children. McCormick and Lees—there they stand side by side the memorials of our latest benefactors.

So the history is coming to a close. It is a history of mercies. Every step has been beside another step; and that other, the eternal Lord's. Day by day, he spreads the table. Answers to prayers grow upon the very trees. Mercies are carved in stone. Each granite block speaks of his goodness. And these many score of dear orphan children, sunny eyed and glossy-haired tell by their happiness of the good God who loves and pities.

What of the future! Only this. The story is not ended. The Church has drawn this orphanage to her bosom. Gray hairs have come to those who first planned, so telling of the sure approach of the fixed day, when the hand that now steers the ship shall be on the wheel no longer. But the work is not done. Indeed, it is but beginning. The people of God are at last aware that the work is *theirs*. And when the great heart of the Church of God awakes, as it is awaking, this Orphanage and its daughters, will have a future that will make orphan hearts by the thousands, glad to all eternity.

## 1898

CLINTON HAS JUST enjoyed a most delightful occasion, the welcome to our hearts and homes of the noble band of young people, "whose hearts the Lord has touched" connected with the Christian Endeavor Societies of South Carolina. There are only thirty of these Societies, the most of them being represented. They came in on April 1st and were given a reception by the local Christian Endeavor Society. To this reception the Hall and parlors and piazzas of the S. P. Lees Home of Peace, Thornwell Orphanage, were thrown open, and filled to overflowing with a delightful assembly. Many strayed about the grounds from cottage to cottage talking to the boys and girls, lavishing loving praises on all they saw. A collation was furnished in the dining hall of the institution by the Clinton Society, and a merry time and a very babel of voices filled the hall.

One of the most interesting features of the occasion was the presence through the entire meeting of Dr. F. E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor movement. All hearts were captivated by him. At least three times daily he spoke at length and always with the profoundest attention. His intense earnestness, his simple, whole hearted faith, absolutely free, notwithstanding his honors, of every suspicion of self, his perfect conception of the necessities of the young and of the method of conducting and purpose in devising these societies, so thoroughly led away the audience, that he won more than the respect, he won the love of all. We wish truly, that every minister in our Southern Church could have heard him, as we did; it would be seen that every occasion of suspicion with reference to this movement was out of place. Of course, there will arise irregularities in Societies, things will be done that ministers could not approve, but they arise in churches as well. Very recently a Mormon preached in a Presbyterian church in this State! There is no danger of other churches holding this up as a sample of the dangers of Presbyterianism!

The discussions of the several days were varied and delightful. The exercises were interesting throughout, and under perfect control from first to last. Mr. Allen Nicholson, the faithful and beloved Secretary had worked up things very handsomely, and won the affactionate regard of all.

Each morning a "Quiet hour" was spent from 7 to 8 in the chapel of the Thornwell Orphanage. All our children were present and joined fervently in the devotions. Indeed, the Or-

phanage seemed to have won the brethren. They seemed not to be able to say too much about it.

The Sabbath was a high day. The Presbyterian Church was filled to overflowing, morning, noon, and night. Mr. Frank Whilden has been elected President of the Convention. His blackboard and Dr. Clark's sermons and talks made the day "a delight, the holy of the Lord." The consecration services on Sabbath night were thoughtful, serious, free from every appearance of mere excitement, intensely devotional, and absolutely without an occasion of fault-finding by the most fastidious. And yet, it was not an ordinary service. It was that new thing under the sun—a Christian Endeavor consecration meeting.

Reports of speeches and essays, unless given in full and with the earnestness of the speaker, are very unsatisfactory affairs, trying to the reader and trying to the speaker. Hence we omit notice of these. But all hearts are warmed, instructed and strengthened. The next meeting will be held in Union.

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One statement made by Dr. Clark during this meeting deserves the consideration of all. It was iterated and reiterated, namely that the Society was conceived in the spirit of intense loyalty to the church and denomination to which the members belonged. It was not a union society, but an organization within the church. The purpose was to uphold the church, aid the Pastor, and to train the young in active church work. Some one put this question in the question box, "What part should a young lady take in the meeting, when her church objects to her speaking or praying in the meeting?" The Doctor answered the question, "Do as your church and your pastor bid you do, there is no other rule."

Along the same line Dr. Clark pleads for a wide sympathy between young Christians of all denominations; that the object was to make the Young People's Society hold exactly the same relation to the church that the Sabbath-school did. He urged that Luther, Westminster and Epworth Leaguers should add the words of "Christian Endeavor" to their titles, in acknowledgement of the broadest sympathy governing them, and that it was altogether right for these societies to unite in C. E. conventions in every case that the local church did not forbid union with others in C. E., or S. S., conferences. It is, of course, well known that the various Leagues and Unions of Young People are

only variations of the C. E. movement and originated from it. And they are all one in purpose, in methods, in the pledge and in the Lord.

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THE DEATH OF George Muller on the 10th day of March has already been heralded through the country. His life was a lesson to the world that ought never to be forgotten. The story of his magnificent trust in a prayer-hearing God has furnished a theme for numberless editorials, and deservedly so. There is no explanation of the facts of his success, but on the line that he himself gives—*God answers prayers.* A candid mind cannot receive any other explanation. The suggestion of doubt is eliminated by this simple proposition. Undertake a work like Muller's and leave out *prayer, work just as he did* and see what will be the outcome! Dismal failure will be the inevitable result. There is however, one lesson to be drawn from the man's life that has passed unnoticed. In his "Life of Trust" he gives a picture of his early days, his thievery, rascality, profligacy, and meanness. The picture was a very dark one. He spent the night in which his mother died in gambling and drinking. He robbed the preacher that was examining him for admission to the communion; he stole from his own father most unmercifully; he lied as persistently as he stole. Yet there came a sharp and sudden change in the man's life, and afterward his life was pure; his word was as good as his bond, and men trusted him absolutely with millions of dollars, and that too with the full tale of his wickedness spread before them! Explain the change. This explanation was that the Lord Jesus by His Holy Spirit's power, converted him. We all believe more or less in the persistence of early habits. But here is a case that upsets our theories. A disgraced and degenerate jail-bird, for such he was, became the type of the highest form of Christianity to the whole church. It could not have been mere reformation. There was beyond controversy, the great miracle of regeneration. And that gives us the only key to the problem of reforming criminals. Nothing short of the Almighty power of the Spirit of God can accomplish it.

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God bless you all, dear people, and give to you a merry Christmas and a bright New Year. In vision, we see you, a loving company of "ministering spirits." Your hands have

brought to these little brothers and sisters of yours, all through this ending year, mercies upon mercies. You have given them rosy cheeks and bright eyes. You have adorned their persons with neat raiment and have shod their feet and sheltered their heads. With loving care you smoothed the pillows of the sick and comforted the dying. Every day you have fed them with the finest of wheat. You have put books in their hands and a psalm in their hearts. Prayers and alms you have mingled together, and made it an ointment for their heads. God bless you, dear loving friends of the fatherless. Be merry all the Christmas. Be happy all the New Year. And God give you his peace.

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## 1900

SO THIS IS A. D. 1900. We have reached the end of the century at last. This year will close up the record of a most marvelous period. In every particular, this has been an epoch-making century. One almost wonders whether there is anything more to be invented. No antidote to death has yet been discovered, nor any method of interstellar travel, nor means of communicating with the spirits of the blessed, but pretty much everything else has come to us. It would take a book to write down the marvelous things in every department of human learning, that have been added to our store of knowledge. The genius of this 19th century has seemed to be in great haste to grasp all before the 20th century comes in. Think of it—the whole electrical outfit, trains, lights, power, telegraphs and telephones: —the whole steam plant from the steam pumps to the 40,000 horse-power steamships, and trains dashing through space at a hundred miles an hour; the whole wondrous world of photography; the innumerable little comforts such as postage-stamps and all that they mean; anaesthetics of every sort; sewing machines and laundry machines, matches, typewriters and sensible shorthand, fountain pens, gold pens and steel pens, and a thousand other equally necessary items. But we have not started out to write a book or a catalogue. One cannot look back without apostrophising the spirit of this Nineteenth Century. And there is yet a whole year before this galloping wonder. Before this hand on the clock-face points to midnight, December 31st, 1900, there will be a great volume of new achievements written down, but what can be greater than those already accomplished. Well, the 20th century will have some great things to do, but

they will be merely in the line already marked out,—a postal union covering the entire globe, railway connection around every continent and across from Asia to America; the North and South poles both discovered and claimed; aerial navigation "perfected," a world government, a universal language, a reign of righteousness, in fact—"a new heaven and a new earth." But this is left for the King of glory, when He comes.

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1901

The President sat at his desk one morning worried almost beyond endurance, because in a single hour, one wrong thing after another came to light. The burden of support was almost insupportable save for the Almighty Love that grants to his little ones enduring patience. As the mail was brought in, he almost wearily opened a letter containing a little but loving gift for the orphans, and with it he read this little sentence, "You are engaged in a glorious work. Do not get discouraged." It was about the first admonition of the kind he ever received, and it brought with it a sense of the utter unworthiness of any man who gets discouraged in doing the Lord's work. Only those who lose sight of the fact that it is the Lord's work that they are doing ever get discouraged. If it be our work, it very easily comes to nought and brings shame with it. But if it be the Lord's work, why let us do it in the way He wants it done, whether that be on a large or small scale; whether it be beautiful to the outward eye, or as the roots of the tree grow, hidden away in obscurity, but none the less needed and useful.

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We remember distinctly the first Christmas we ever had at the Thornwell Orphanage, how the little people talked about it for days before hand, how when the time drew nigh, three little girls took it upon themselves to decorate the dining hall, with evergreens from the woods; how on Christmas morning the whole house was astir with cries of "Christmas gift!" Christmas gift!" Then the Christmas dinner and the Christmas tree, with home-made presents of very simple sorts but full of love and happiness. We had looked forward to it with dread, lest these few stray orphans, gathered from everywhere, would miss the old homes they used to know—and the Christmastide. But when

we heard from one and another the oft-repeated sentence, "I never had such a good time, in all my life,"—we were heart filled with gladness in their happiness. As the years passed we were gladdened more and more, till the children grew so many that they filled other houses, and the question arose, "how shall we—how can we comfort all these with Christmas joys?" So, with each new season, there have been questionings and anxieties that come in geometrical proportion. And now the Christmas day is drawing nigh again. Two hundred children look confidingly to the day without a fear that it will not be a day of blessing and of joy. Dear people, do not disappoint them. There are so many needs that we have to lay upon you, that this one of Christmas, seems to us, just one too many. But—you will not disappoint us.

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Twenty-seven years ago, the editor of this paper, wanted to go to Baltimore, by the quickest way. He left Clinton after an early breakfast by private conveyance in time to take the train at Newberry, (20 miles away,) for Columbia, which was reached by sundown. There connection was made next morning for a long thirty-six hours ride to Baltimore. Total time, Clinton to Baltimore, two days and eight hours. But now, leaving Clinton at 5:35 P.M., one reaches Baltimore at 10 next morning, with a comfortable sleeper, to while away the time. What a change. Few realize how greatly the comfort of travel has been increased in these latter times. Perhaps however the most invaluable illustrations of modern ideas of travel, is that celebrated automobile race, between Paris and Berlin, 753 miles, recently won by M. Fournier. His *average speed* was above forty miles, while at times he wheeled along at the tremendous rate of 84 miles an hour, this in an open vehicle, on an ordinary highway. His machine was a 60 horse power engine, and he carried but one person beside himself. The automobile is destined to make a revolution in the modes of living. Many argue that residence in towns and cities will eventually disappear, cities being made up of business centers, while the residences will cover the whole country. The recent success of M. Santos Dumont with his dirigible balloon seems to point to aerial travel, which will further revolutionize modern life. Great as have been the changes of the past, the probability is that the changes in the near future will yet more wonderfully modify the state of society. When the writer was a child, from three to nine months were needed to make a trip to the Californian coast.

The United States then seemed to be a vast empire, territorially, but invention has shrunk the fabric to small dimensions. Clinton is a suburb of Atlanta. New York and San Francisco are next door neighbors. And the end is not yet.

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## 1902

There was a timid knock at the door. Nobody was at home but the lad of the house, busy over his books. He went to the door and opened it. It was raining. It was cold. At the door stood a poor fellow about his own size, ragged, hungry, shivering, with tears running down his face. The lad took it all in, in a moment. "Come in," he said, "sit here by the fire, till I find you something to eat." Then he went up stairs and rummaged among his own clothing, and brought down a whole suit, a little worn but good. He made the boy take off his own wet rags and put on these warm things. He put a plate of bread and butter and ham and pies before him. Afterward, when the stranger boy was gone, and mother had come back, the lad's eyes were glistening with happiness, "Mother," he said, "I have heard about the joy of heaven, many times, but I never knew what it was till today." This is all of the story. Make the application, reader, for yourself.

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## 1903

President Roosevelt's letter to Governor Durbin on the subject of suppressing Lynching has created much interest and received great attention from the country at large. That Lynch law is a very dangerous remedy for a dreadful crime is evident. But that it is, no matter how mistaken the plan, intended as a remedy, ought not to be lost sight of. An outraged public demands some remedy—finds none applied by the slow-going officials, and undertakes to apply a very effective one, regardless and aims a blow at the social laws that have been outraged by the criminal. Nevertheless, let it be remembered, that lynching is intended as a remedy and let something better be applied. For but one crime only, that of the black brute attacking a defenseless woman, does society justify the severest remedies. For crimes against men, the term lynching is a misnomer. Mob

law is often applied, and such mobs ought to be brought to account. In the other case public sentiment does not justify the prosecution of lynchers. We are stating things that are, not things that ought to be. We are not justifying lynch law under any circumstances whatever. We are suggesting the thing for which a remedy must be found. What shall be that remedy? The News and Courier suggests that the only remedy is the removal of the black race beyond seas. But though the offenders are blacks, the black race is, as a rule, quiet, orderly and both needed and wanted in the south. The suggestion cannot be worked; white men of the south would oppose it. In our judgment there is a remedy for lynch law and there is a remedy for the crime itself. The remedy for lynch law for this crime is to make it possible to try, condemn and hang the guilty wretch within 30 minutes of finding him.

The remedy for the crime is to remove liquor from the negro race, to subject to government control and labor on public works, all black idlers, tramps and vagabonds, and to educate the black man into good citizenship, treating him as if he were a child, till he proves himself to be a man. This Clinton community has had no liquor sold in it for 28 years; its black people are industrious and orderly and are being educated. There has not been a lynching in all that time, and there never has been a case of the unpardonable crime. Do not condemn the whole race, because there are some brutes among them. The colored man is learning that he must, himself, ferret out and help to punish such horrid criminals. This dreadful criminality may yet be eliminated by sensible treatment of the race, a thing which it has not received except in isolated localities. Had the "man of the South" been let alone he could long since have got this matter straightened out. Remember the "crime" was unknown "before the war."

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Life and growth are synonymous terms. It is true of all things that are, that as soon as growth ceases, there begins a steady process of decay. Even the sturdy oak of centuries falls headlong. Hence it is that the Thornwell Orphanage must keep on growing. It need not necessarily extend its acreage, nor for that matter, increase its number of pupils; but if it does not grow in these things, it must needs grow in something else or perish; its appliances for instruction must develop. There must

be a betterment in the care for its pupils; buildings must be renovated; Libraries, Museums, art rooms must be made more serviceable; endowments strengthened. We can never stop. The river that stops running becomes a quagmire; the machine that rests, rusts. It is for this reason, that OUR MONTHLY is continuously presenting some new need. These needs originate with the day. Here, for instance, is an idea. The growing child will average, during the mid years of childhood, at the very least, five pounds growth in a year. Our two hundred children increased a thousand pounds in weight during the past year. If that means nothing else, it means more shoe leather. But it means a great deal else as every *pater familias* knows quite well. So grow we must. We cannot help it.

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Crime is on the increase. There is no doubt of it. The Census Bureau says so. Both among whites and negroes, (more among the latter than the former is admitted) is this the case. What is the reason of it? Well there are reasons enough. The prevalence of liquor shops account in part for it. The tolerance of gambling saloons in all great cities account for more of it. The neglect of religion and the profanation of the Sabbath day also bring up a large share in the account. Criminal literature adds its quota. There are other heads to Hydra, but these four are enough; even were there no more. The truth is that a great part of these Americans are reverting back to paganism. For millions, there is no Bible, no God, no Church, no Sabbath. Vices will ever multiply, where there is no fear of eternal judgement and a Holy God. There is a question in the old Catechism, "What does every sin deserve?" the answer given is "God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come." Who believes it? Who? Perhaps a few Theologians, certainly nobody else. Even the church people are not restrained in conscience by the awful fact given in that passage. And so to the world, that believes neither in God, nor in his "wrath and curse," they are literally swarming down the wide way and the wide gate—that leads to destruction. What is needed to put a brake on what will eventually wreck society and destroy our Republic? A revived church, a tornado of spiritual power, a tremendous outpour of evangelistic energy. The law can chop off heads, but Hydra does not care for that. There are others. The key to the solution of the problem is in the hands of the Church. Dear

old grand-mother was hunting for her keys and she had them in her hands all the while. Brethren of the Church, salvation is your business. Salvation is Saving. That is what the world needs today. It is folly to expect a degenerate set of criminals to save themselves. Help must come from without.

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How quiet and sweet are these summer days at the Thornwell Orphanage. The ample grounds are green with grass and trees, but not so full of happy boys and girls, for all are taking "holiday" some at home, some away. Still the trees and grass smile on, lest some day when they least expect it, a child's lonesome heart looks to them for a happy thought and it is not there for them. How good the trees are. They are ever laughing gleefully as the leaves swing to and fro and rub against each other. Sometimes at mid-day they go to sleep, but not for long. A little zephyr comes dancing in among them, and every tree wakes up and laughs and laughs again. Let us have trees for our children. Under yonder straight whiteoak, emblem of strength and tenacity of purpose, lies a little boy on his back in the grass, one foot is drawn up and the other slightly crossed upon it. His old straw hat is fallen to one side. He is looking up to the tree-tops and catching sight of blue skies and white drifting cloudlets away up where the straight boles of the trees are pointing. And into his merry young life, troops of serious thoughts are entering,—of the blue heaven and mother's eyes looking down upon her orphan boy,—of the big hopes father had for him, and of his father's life broken on earth but for the threads taken up on the other side—and the tree-tops are saying to him, "Keep good heart, lad! Look, everywhere we are pointing,—up!—and your ambition will be holy and your success certain." And the boy springs to his feet, claps his hat upon his head,—runs quickly where the bell and duty are calling him,—and he is saying to the tree-tops—"I *will.*"

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1904

RIVERSIDE DAYS HAVE Come again. Our little cottage on the Enoree will resound all summer long with merry voices. Parties of boys and girls alternate with each other. The girls go first. Under the care of Misses McMurray and Manson, with

the President along, a small party is opening the season, while these lines are being printed. The cut we give is of Horseshoe falls, on the orphanage property and is a favorite place for visitors. The cottage is far upon the hilltop in the pathway of the breezes. The water on the rapids is the gentle lullaby of the sleepers. Cut off from the world, the children drop back into country comfort,—forget their pretty white dresses and oxford caps, and become, just little country boys and girls,—taking in everything that comes along, not to mention "Uncle" Henry's pears and apples. There is early rising, but not too much of it. And there is a great deal of *laisey faire* and *dolce far niente*, which we reckon is French and Italian for *laziness*. But that is what vacation is for. It is lively enough, though, when they go splashing the water out of the river, or *trying* the oars of the GERTRUDE and the MARY JANE. How we would like to have our Dr. Allison, who gave the Orphanage this house, visit us that he might see how much joy he has given to his little orphan friends.

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The President sat on the platform of the chapel looking down upon the children as they came in from breakfast. It was the time of morning worship. The chapel is a commodious room, seating, exclusive of its galleries, about 300. The children were coming in very quietly, slipping into their own seats. Quietly they each took up their Bibles and hymn books, ready for the morning hymn and to do their part in the reading, also. When at last the last child was seated, the President ran his eye from pew to pew. The house was full: only two or three short seats unoccupied. Even the platform on which he sat was full of young choristers. And this was his thought: "All these wait upon Thee O, Lord. Thou givest them their meat in due season." But this was what he said to the assembled family; "Dear young people, we must be very careful and economical. We must bear a little inconvenience as best we may. There is *not* a dollar in the treasury." And then the President thought to himself, if the people of God could see this great host of children, could see their absolute trust in the loving Mother Church that is caring for them, and the incredulous look, even at the hint of failure of their daily bread, they would hasten their supplies to the orphan's store house. It is impossible to shake the faith of this trusting company of children. One might as well tell them that the sun will not rise tomorrow as to tell

them that the cruse of oil and the cake of bread has failed. The Lord's people have never shut up their compassion from them. So trustfully they eat their simple meal, and if scant, they expect better the next time.

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## 1905

The great event in Presbyterian history in South Carolina during September was the location of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina by the Board of Trustees. The meeting was held in Columbia. Every member of the Board was present, except Dr. Adams, the president of the Board who was detained by sickness. Two long days were given to the discussion of the subject. The five competing cities, Bennettsville, Chester, Clinton, Yorkville and Sumter were heard very carefully and after a long day's examination and discussion, late in the evening of the second day, Clinton was selected by a vote of 12 for Clinton; 6 for Chester, and 1 for Bennettsville. On motion of Dr. McPheeters, the vote was made unanimous. The meeting throughout was harmonious and there was an entire absence of insinuation, dissension or complaint. The Board certainly preserved its patience, its equanimity and its good behavior from first to last. The whole order of proceedings was very carefully presented throughout by the Columbia *State* and the Charleston *News and Courier*. Mr. Banks of the former and Mr. Kohn of the latter paper were present and these able and talented gentlemen gave a fine report of the proceedings.

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## 1906

We recently read a tremendous indictment written in a private letter by a layman, against the jealousy, trickery, wire-pulling, slanderous and malicious efforts to undermine, which seems to fall to all men who, with a true courage tried to do good work for his Church by the uprearing of its institutions. This layman was urging a young minister not to undertake any kind of institution work that would bring him prominently before the public, and warning him that he would do it at the peril of his personal comfort, his good name, peace of mind and

his love for the brethren. We suppose every public man has to pass through these trials. Every minister of the gospel has to take up that sort of a cross and carry it. Every benefactor of his kind knows that he is in for misunderstandings and evil surmisings of men of corrupt minds. They crucified our Great Leader. How can we expect to be treated more leniently than He. If we decline to work for Him because we dislike the shame that goes with it, we would prove ourselves to be unworthy.

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Here is a short talk from the President of the Thornwell Orphanage: Well, dear young people, school begins today. I have already given you some good advice about your books, your studies, and the value of your course. But I have something to say to you today about your manual labor. You are to give three hours daily to recitations, two hours daily to study, and four hours to work. The work will keep you out of mischief but that is not the reason you are assigned to it. Its object is two-fold. First, it will fit you for usefulness in life. Some of you will learn to print and some the carpenter's trade, some will learn to run a straight furrow, or to make a good shoe, or to cook. Some of you will not only be taught how to dust and sweep and make beds and clean the yards of rubbish, but will learn something that will be of service to you in after life. And most of all you will get to know about industry, about fidelity to duty, about carefulness, about obedience, about honor. All of these things will come to you even in the humblest occupation to which you set your hand, though it be but the washing of pots and pans, or the cleansing of ink from the forms and rollers. And the second thing you learn is this: that as you have been helped by others, you must help yourselves. Your education here, your training is costing much money. That money comes from people who love you because you are fatherless and orphaned and because they feel your need as a good people who are providing for you. Now, my dear children, you too, must make sacrifices to help yourselves and your hungry brothers and sisters. Your work may be made valuable. You put it in as your contribution toward the training of your head, your heart and your hands. If you fail in this, you make yourself mere dependents on the charity of others. If you strive, if you are faithful, you are honoring yourselves, you are encouraging your benefactors and you are doing all that boys and girls can do to show your independence and honor and grati-

tude. So now, go each to your separate duties. Go cheerfully. Do your best. Be faithful to the utmost. Be careful of that which is least. Work independently, not as eye servants. Be proud of your work. And among the assets of the Thornwell Orphanage, we will count as the most precious, our dutiful, faithful boys and girls. You will be our jewels and our crown.

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## 1907

THE DEATH OF Rev. Cornwell Jennings, tho not unexpected, nevertheless comes as a source of bereavement to his many friends. Mr. Jennings was the son of a good old Presbyterian elder of Little River Church, a man of consecration and devotion, as a physician, to the cause of suffering humanity. On the death of his father, he and two of his brothers were received into the Thornwell Orphanage. At this institution he distinguished himself by close application to his studies, by the many friends he made and by his purpose, early formed, to consecrate his life to the Gospel ministry. After completing his studies in the Orphanage, he was entered by the institution in the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, from which institution he graduated with credit to himself and his friends. His theological course was taken at Princeton Seminary. Here his fine intellect, his ability to win the affection of the people and his excellent preaching power quickly put him in the front rank. From Princeton, he was called to a church in Wilmington, Delaware, and thence to Philadelphia. He was pastor of the Wakefield Memorial church at the time of his death. While there he declined a very flattering call to one of the largest churches in the Northern General Assembly at Elmira, N. Y., choosing rather to remain with the people to whom he was attached. For a year past he has not been able to preach, his health gradually declining. He came south two years ago bringing for burial the body of another of our boys and his brother, Dr. Mack Jennings; and again returning this past year, he spent his last days with his oldest brother, Rev. C. A. B. Jennings at Reidville, S. C. Another of his brothers is buried in the Clinton cemetery, Mr. Wm. T. Jennings, who was just about to place himself under the care of the Presbytery of Enoree when the Master called him up higher. Rev. F. Cornwell Jennings was born in Laurens County, South Carolina, near Milton, on Nov. 20, 1873. He died on the 4th, February last and was buried in

Clinton on the 6th. His devoted people were attentive to him to the last and in every way showed their love and interest and sympathy for him. As for us at the Thornwell Orphanage, we feel that it is a heavy loss to bid farewell to one who has been such an honor and ornament to the institution. We are glad that he was brought "home" to rest among his own people and to lie by the side of his devoted mother and two brothers till the last trumpet shall sound. The church has lost a splendid preacher, and an earnest pastor, but heaven has welcomed in a soldier true and tried.

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## 1907

MY SON, I am sorry for you from the depth of my soul. Like Achan you coveted and took what did not belong to you! For a little while, you became the possessor of ill-gotten wealth. But you lost infinitely more than you gained. You lost your self-respect. You looked into the glass and you saw a thief. You looked into the faces of your comrades and you could hear them whisper "thief!" You lost your manhood. This is something terrible. A boy's manhood is his goal, his ambition, his hope. You have lost yours. You have lost your character. It is gone. If you ever get it again it will only be by fighting against tremendous odds. You have lost your honour. You cannot look yourself in the face, much more you cannot look your fellow-men in the face. You have lost your purity. You can not longer say, "all these have I kept from my youth up." And now what are you going to do about it? If thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee. It were better to go through life with one hand than having both to be cast into hell fire. And it is hell fire to know you are a thief. You carry the curse in your own bosom. It is, indeed, like cutting off the hand to give up your accursed, your deadly habit of pilfering. And yet to be called a thief. Better, infinitely better to pass through all the agony of remorse, of repentance, of reformation, than to wipe your mouth and say I have done no ill. Come, my son, there is hope for you. But the hope is along a bitter and thorny and up-hill road. You have sown for yourself many sorrows. You must reap the harvest of shame and tears. But still, walk out into the sunlight. Go and sin no more.

I was once walking through a street in the old, old world. I was all attention to the wonderful things about me, for I was passing along a way that I knew I would never walk again. I was seeing things that I had read of often in child-hood's lesson-books and about which I had often wondered whether I would ever lay my eyes upon them. But there was a human element about me, also, as well as columns and palaces and mighty cathedrals. A swarm of people speaking an unknown tongue filled the highway. Among these, I noted a little girl of only half a dozen summers with a waiter filled with posies that she was trying to sell. With a bright, sunny smile, she ran from one to the other offering her flowers and saying in softest Italian, "Only a penny. Won't you buy my pretty flowers?" Then this thing happened. A man (or was he a man?) hurrying along was stopped by the black-eyed flower seller. He paused only a moment, noted her wares, and a frown like a black cloud, crossed his face. He put out his hand and gave her a rude push and sent her and her flowers both head-long on the pavement. As for me, I was in a strait betwixt the two, whether to lift the weeping girl, gather her flowers together, dry her tears, wipe her bleeding hands and send her on her way with joy in her heart. I thank God that I chose the latter and among my good days, I set down this one.

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And now, dear reader, if your heart has been touched by the story of this little far away Roman child, how easily it can be reached by the story of little ones at home. For I have to tell you of these little brothers and sisters of yours that need you to lift them up and gather their flowers for them, and put them on their feet. Some of these little ones know what kindness is. They have wept around the casket that bore father and mother to the grave, and hid them away out of their sight and they weep again till the pillow seems as if it had been all night in the dew, because no mother's caress sent them to sleep and no father's cheery voice raised them in the morning. But some of them are getting their first taste of kindness. The only knowledge they had of home is that of a little child, who asked, when she saw her father's "remains" nailed into a rude coffin, "can Dad ever get out of that box?" And when answered "No," she danced away from the box crying "goodie! goodie!" But in either case, how much the little soul, (for it is a soul that dwells in a child's body), needs your care and sympathy.

Wipe your mouth, lad. It needs it. It was a low, vulgar word that I heard slip out of it. Were you not ashamed of yourself? If you are not, you ought to be. But, I love clean boys; I love to see their hands clean, and their lives clean. "He that winketh with the eye" and his wink was an insult to innocence and purity. Lad, do you know what you have done? You have laid your hand upon the chimney back and then drawn it across your face. The mark is there and it is going to stay there. The trouble with you is that your heart is foul. It is a filthy place. It is unclean. You may wash it with snow water and make it ever so clean, but it is still spouting forth mire. My son, as long as your heart longs for these disgraceful things, and your tongue is like the serpent dragging itself through the dirt, you have no excellency in you. Are you satisfied with that? Have you no desire to be a man? My lad, until you cleanse your hands, and purify your heart, and turn yourself toward the light, I have no hope of you. You are in bad company when you are with yourself. You disgrace your mother and father, and make your sisters blush. My lad, you are sowing seed to ripen into a vile old age, and the seed is rottenness. The harvest is death and hell. But perhaps you have just been thoughtless. "I did not think" is a poor excuse falling from the lips of the lad who has slain his brother, who has burned down his father's home. This word from one who pities and would help you is to make you think. I knew a woman who washed out her son's mouth with turpentine soap after she had heard wickedness ooze like poison from between his lips. Did she cleanse that mouth? No! She locked the serpent in the room, for it is a nest of serpents that you are harboring in your heart. They are stinging your young manhood to death. Go! Hang your head in shame before God. Read the 51st Psalm. Make that your petition. He will pardon. He will help you reform, but never, never can the stains of the past be wiped out. They have scarred your soul. Happy the youth, whose lips are pure and whose hands are clean!

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# I WANT A HOME*

*A STORY OF CHRISTMAS DAY THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO—ONE LITTLE WANDERER'S LAMENT STARTED A TRAIN OF EMOTIONS WHICH HAVE BROUGHT HOMES TO THOUSANDS OF HOMELESS*

WM. P JACOBS

THIS IS A Christmas story. It has not much to do with Christmas, but enough for all purposes. It is not written just for children, though it has a good deal to do with them, for every house in all this land that is really a happy house has children in it. God bless the children and may the world ever be full of them. What a miserable life—to live where there is no sunshine of children's faces and no music of children's voices, no playthings lying on the floor, and no grease spots on the tablecloths. After all we must have grown folks where we have children and this little story is for grown folks, though children may read it too.

Have you ever heard of the Thornwell Orphanage? If you have not, it is not my fault, I am sure. I have tried to let all the world hear about it and I do so because I love the Thornwell Orphanage and want everybody else to love it too. If you love children, how could you help loving the biggest family of them in your state, for there are 250 little people who make life one round of excitement at this same Thornwell Orphanage.

Now, this Christmas story is to let you know how it came to pass that dear old South Carolina (God bless her) has within her borders a home for all these little people, (and I wonder if this same little story has not had just a very little to do with the other homes besides the Thornwell Orphanage). A great, grown gentleman sat with me by the fireside a day or two since, and suddenly looking at me steadily he said: "Tell me a story." He said that to me just like your little grandchild, maybe, has said it to you. "Tell me a story," he said. I opened my eyes wide and looked at him hard. He had a beard and a mustache and he looked lively and wide-awake, and yet "tell me a story," he said, just as would your little grandchild. "What story?" I asked him, and he answered: "Tell me the story of the Thornwell Orphanage, how it started." I smiled. And I told him the story and here it is:

*Written for the Columbia *State* and republished in *Our Monthly* in 1907.

Once upon a time, long ago, for it was back in the 70's of the last century, a little boy came to my door. He knocked. I opened and there he stood. It was cold. It was winter. The snow was on the ground. I did not know whose little boy this 10-year-old youngster was, but I saw that he looked as if a good fire and a good breakfast would do him no harm. "Well, lad," I asked, "and what can I do for you?" His answer almost took away my breath: "I wish you would give me a home, for I have none!" I stood and looked at him. Why here was a wonderful thing—a little 10-year-old boy, in this generous, lovable, beautiful State of ours, and no home and that on Christmas morning! Can it be possible?

Now, just then, the wind blew out of the north. The house I lived in faced the north. Whew! How cold it was! "Do not stand here talking, little man," I said, "come in, come in." And he came quickly enough, I tell you. What became of that little boy does not matter to this story, but what he did to me was enough! I haven't gotten over that little boy yet and it was just 35 years ago last Christmas that he said, "I want a home."

I thought about that little orphan boy (for orphan boy he was, without a father or mother in the whole wide world) and it is the fathers and mothers that make homes. For a whole year I thought about that boy and at last I said softly to myself, "God helping me, it can be done."

But nearly another Christmas day came, and it had not been done—whatever it was that I had planned so eagerly. Talk, yes. I had talked about it; for who would not talk when there are little boys walking around on a cold, Christmas morning, not only with no Santa Claus and no Christmas turkey, but not even a home! I know what it is not to have a home on a Christmas morning, for a very little while. I remember when I was a 10-year-old boy, on a Christmas morn, our house was burned, with all my Christmas presents in it. And there I was. But I had a father and a mother, and it was not many hours before I had a home. But think how it felt while it lasted. So I could not help talking about it. Somebody ought to talk about it. Talk is very cheap. And with me it was talk and talk and that was all.

At last another Christmas was coming and I still thought of that little boy. Now, boys are plentiful in this big world and they get in the way sometimes.

Once I saw a little chubby child get in the way of a car wheel. It ran over him. Poor little lad! A man ran up and said:

"What boy is that?" and somebody answered, "Don't know." And the man said: "Sorry! Poor little fellow," and he hurried on his way. This is the way of it. The world runs over little boys and is "sorry," and then the big world just goes on about its business. Boys are cheap and plentiful. What does it matter if one gets run over now and then?

But the boy I am going to tell you about now ran over me. And this is the way of it.

How cheery and bright the fire was. The weather was cold. It was in the early autumn, but the leaves were turning yellow and when night came there was a touch of frost in the air and the pine knots blazed on the hearth. It was a widow's home in the country, 10 miles, at least, from any town, and I was there for just one delightful evening. I had noticed a bright little orphan lad, another 10-year-old lad, and I noticed him because his name and mine were the same and it was "Willie." I am proud of that name, for it has taught me to say I will, and to stand by it whenever the thing to do was right. "Now, man," I would say, "be true to your name."

I had told the story of that little Christmas wanderer and had hinted something about a real home for such little fellows, not a great asylum, with great crowds of children in one big house, but cozy homes, like Willie's, and with big wide playgrounds with no fences to keep the little fellows in, and nothing but love to tie them to books and duties. You see, dear old friend, to whom I am telling the story. I was just prophesying of the Thornwell Orphanage.

Little Willie drew nearer and nearer, so near that he was now standing by me, and presently he laid his hand on my knee. The little fingers were tightly shut over something and his eyes were earnestly looking into mine. I put my arm around him and said to him: "Well, my boy, what is that in your hand?" The hand came open at once and in it lay a bright silver half-dollar, the boy's treasure store. "You are rich," I said, "What are you going to do with that?" "I am going to give it to you to build that home for orphans." I smiled. A half-dollar to build a home for orphans. Keep it, my lad, and spend it for Christmas. I do not want to take your money. But no, he left it there and would not have it back.

Have you ever read the story of Aladdin's lamp? Better still, have you ever read the story of the little boy's "five barley loaves and a few fishes and how they fed five thousand?"

That single half-dollar grew and multiplied. It built that home for orphans. It has brought hundreds of little orphan boys and girls into the path of duty, of usefulness and, I trust, of happiness. It has led hundreds and hundreds of them to lives of good and to the service of their fellow men. Men have looked and wondered. Angels have looked down and smiled. As for me, that half-dollar bound me to a duty that has held me these five and thirty years. And as for little Willie, God bless him! He is not now a boy, for that was 35 years ago. He has reaped of the Lord's goodness. The Master has returned to him the half-dollar, I have no doubt, a thousand fold. I trust the dear Lord is still with him in his home and blessing him in his business and his store.

The Lord of the Christmas times, who was cradled in Bethlehem, has blessed everybody that cared for His orphans. He blessed the little town of Clinton, that gave place to the orphans, and He has made it a growing little city of happy homes and noble business men, a city where business failures are very rare and drunkenness and rioting and orphan making bar-rooms are unknown. He has blessed the men and women who toiled for it, and gave to it, and fathered it, and now that the great denomination, in which the little orphan lad gave his first half-dollar is an elder, has taken this home under its care and is making it its own. He is blessing them too. Other homes of the kind have sprung out of its roots and there are many of them now who care for the little boys and girls who say "I want a home;" and many, very many, are the men and women (they were boys and girls once themselves) who say "let me help." God bless them, every one.

This is my Christmas story. It is not like some Christmas stories because it is true. If you have read it and it has interested you, go right out and do something for some little boy or girl that needs your help, and go out and help Epworth and Connie Maxwell and Thornwell to keep on in the good work which they are trying to do for the children that knock at their doors on frosty mornings saying: "I want a home."

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There is considerable discussion at present over the question of shorter hours in the mills and the prevention of child labor in the mills. We believe in the shorter hour, but it strikes us that the passage of a law to control them, is an outrage against the rights of the people. If the legislature has a right to tell a man not to work but ten hours a day, it has a right to tell him

that he shall not work at all. As for our part, we confess to being an old line democrat and we believe that all such laws are wrong. Government has a right to regulate the hours of its own employees, but it has no right to regulate the hours of labor on a farm or in the mill or workshop or anywhere else. Undoubtedly, our State government is doing this, has set a dangerous precedent. At the same time we again reiterate our belief that ten hours is long enough for factory operatives to work and we believe that very soon our mill men would have found that out for themselves. For precisely the same reason we regard with anxiety any laws tending to compulsory education. An education should be regarded as the inalienable right of every child and parents and guardians can be legally required to see to it that the advantages offered by the State to the child in the way of an education are made available to the child, but inasmuch as the making of a living is a necessity and is the child's right, it should not be deprived of the opportunity of making a living, unless that living is provided for by the State, in case the child have no parent or property. The Church has taken that ground in its various Orphanages and is doing that very work. Our orphan institutions bear in mind that in providing for its wards a sustenance and education, they are only doing what reason requires should be done by some one for the child and that they need make no apologies for it.

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## 1908

THE ROAD FROM Clinton out to Lydia Mills is an instructive one. The road passes out of the town through a number of handsome cottages, perhaps 30 or more, all very pleasant looking places of abode and all owned by colored people. Evidently the colored citizens of Clinton are a thoroughly well-to-do population and are taking root in the soil and identifying themselves in interest with the whites. Our Mayor tells us that these colored property owners are law abiding, pay their taxes promptly and are not of the class that gives the council trouble. They are solving the "negro problem" for themselves. In fact, they have ceased to be a problem. As far as equality goes, they have all they want of it among themselves. Class differences are springing up among them as among the whites. The self-respecting negroes have a social life of their own and it will not be long before they have their own entertainment and amuse-

ment halls as they now have their own churches and schools. It is a pity that the nation as a whole does not realize that the best good of both colors requires separate accommodations in churches, schools, hotels and railway trains. It does not require it at post offices, street cars, stores and telegraph offices. In the former class of public offices, collision would be brought about, because of the necessarily long time in which mutual association would take place; in the latter the shortness of time required for the transaction of business prevents such collision. Hence the distinction. Southern white men admit gladly that the black man has many most excellent and desirable qualities; in fact, in many occupations he prefers the black man to one of his own color. There are plenty of southern white men that would always, in hiring farm or home labor, give preference to the negro. He is glad when the negro is happy. He wants him to be good and honest and faithful. That which leads him to put up the bars to which is called "social equality" is race instinct, implanted of God himself. But it should be noticed that there is plenty of social intercourse between white and colored men, and between white and colored women. But the white man who intrudes into the negro man's family is as much out of place as the negro man who intrudes into the white man's family. The self-respeccting negro does not want the one any more than the self-respecting white man wants the others. It is this peculiarity of Southern life that our Northern neighbors do not seem to understand. In the meantime the two races in the South have arrived at this *modus vivendi* and it is working satisfactorily for all parties concerned.

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After all, what is a college. A very strenuous effort is being made to "raise the standard of scholarship" in all our colleges. A good standard of scholarship is eminently desirable. We admit that, with all our hearts. But when it is remembered that there are such things as Universities and that Universities are important factors in the educational world, the Christian man will be asked, where does the college end or the University begin? For many years the common schools carried pupils along for about nine years, then the College came along and trained them for four years, and finally the University added three more years to that. So it took sixteen years to secure a finished education. The youth who entered school at about seven or eight, and took, say, one year off to recuperate, between

College and the University, would leave the University at about 23 or 24 years of age to enter upon life's duties. Now in the judgment of the thoughtful men, that is enough. Any youth who passes more time in the mere preparation will hardly be worth the shot that it will take to kill him by the time he gets through. The trend now is to add at least two years if not four to secondary preparation and so to extend the time for the full period of scholastic education to about 18 or 20 years. You may call that "raising the standard," but notwithstanding the great names at the back of it, it strikes us as idiocy. The world would not give the snap of its finger for that kind of an education for real practical work. What the world needs is not a course filled up with a medley of languages and ologies but exact and careful preparation, exact and thoughtful methods of after study. And not too much of it. We have looked through the catalogues of many of our male and female colleges recently and we find the same straining after a multiplicity of studies in the most of them. We believe that the former methods were better than ours, that a required course of study, without eclectics, is the desideratum for these days. We have too many courses of study too much of the University in our College curriculum, and too high a series of requirements to begin with. Such, at least, fellow citizens, are our views, and what is the use of a man's living, if he cannot say what he thinks. According to our opinions, be they such as they are, eight professors are enough for any college. And as for requirements for admission, they should fit into the ninth grade of our common schools.

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One of the questions now up for discussion and which perhaps will be discussed for generations to come is as to whether the Latin and Greek languages should be taught in our Colleges or whether they are so "Dead" that it is better to bury them out of sight altogether. Barring the fact that the Latin tongue is the speech, in adulterated form, of the Italians, Portugese, Spanish, and French peoples and to a certain extent of the English also, and, (omitting the latter) of at least 100,000,000 people, and barring the other fact that the Greek is still spoken in almost its original purity by all the Levantine folks, and is the medium of communication among at least 50,000,000 people, the question as to the methods of teaching of languages is an open one, and deserves to be wisely considered. The writer of these

lines professes to know something about Latin and Greek. He has read all of the Latin classics. Not a day has passed for fifty years that he has not read a page or two of Greek, but he confesses that when it comes to the study of the Latin and Greek grammars as taught in the colleges, he looks upon the thing with perfect abhorrence. It is the idea of our Greek and Latin professors that a boy can know nothing about these languages unless he knows the rules, precedents, exceptions, sub rules, and all other minutae connected with the philosophical development of the languages. All that sort of study is the purest nonsense to boys so far as the acquirement of the language is concerned. We remember seeing little boys on the streets of Athens talking a beautiful Greek without knowing the least dot about Greek grammar. Take your ordinary cultivated lady or gentleman of this civilized America and how much do they know of ENGLISH grammar. If our Latin and Greek professors must have their way, when the next infant is born into their household, we insist that they should provide the babe with a fine modern English grammar and forbid it to say "papa" and "mama" until they had mastered said grammar. In doing which they are just as wisely handling the infant as they are the young student of Latin and Greek. Grammar is philosophy. It is philology. It is science. The boy or girl who is going to study Latin or Greek should be taught to study its vocabulary before he ever takes up the Grammar. His progress will be faster, his love for the language greater, his interest in his study of it will be increased. He can study the grammar if he finds he wants it later on. Certainly our present methods are in direct opposition to the natural laws governing the acquirement of language. We now require the study of the philosophy of the tongue before we know anything about the tongue itself. It does seem wiser to study the tongue first, then the philosophy afterward, with only just so much of idiomatic study as is brought out by the necessities of the case, that is by the idioms as they arise in the course of reading. Of course such a method of study as this that we suggest will shock the ordinary Latin and Greek professor out of his five senses and put him into a lunatic asylum at the very thought of it, but it is worth asking, why is it that one can learn a modern language like German, for instance, in a few months hard study, and yet must take 12 years and harder study to make anything of a Latin scholar? One begins to speak a little German or French on the same day that he takes up the study of the language; but no school boy ever begins to read a Latin or Greek sentence, till he has worked away over his grammar for months. The rudiments of the

grammar must be studied of course. But what we urge is that the grammar be made merely a help and not a master.

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There is a little plot of land in the Clinton cemetery about 40 feet square, (which lately has been surrounded with a concrete block fence, and put into attractive shape,) that is very dear to our Orphanage family. In this little plot of ground are ten low mounds, each with a small headstone. The latest is the grave of Mrs. Rosa G. Clark, a loved and honored matron, who since last Christmas laid down her life that it might be given her again. By her side, her daughter, Sallie, a sweet and lovely maiden sleeps the last sleep. We remember how gently, how tenderly she fell on sleep, with a smile of love upon her face. Close by, little Frank Cripps born in Mexico city, lies buried. Only ten years of age, and yet everything on the Orphanage grounds loved him. When he went out into the barn yard the chickens flocked about him, the calves followed him around, the pigs ran squealing after him. He loved all living things. We shall not soon forget the brimming tears of the heart broken lad when he saw a yearling led away to the slaughter pen. By his side sleeps little Ida Bishop. She it was for whom the angels came; and so plainly did she see them that a thrill as from an unseen world passed through those who stood by, and saw her wave her hand in sweet farewell and so happily as she passed away, borne between her angel visitors. Among the graves is Henry Griffin, one of our orphan boys, afterwards a student for the ministry and back with the orphans as a teacher. Very, very quickly we lost him; and then wondered how it could be that death came so suddenly. : The heart gave way and a noble young man was gone. The angel of death came even more quickly to others; there was little Myrtle Bowen, running from school on a cold winter's day to a fire that was gone out, and from a coal on the hearth her dress was set in a blaze, and we laid her poor burned body here in this little grave. And by her side lies our darling Swedish maid, Anna Theresa Anderson, killed in an instant by bursting machinery. Our hearts broke, too, with that great sorrow. She was so fair, so bright, so happy, so tenderly loved by all of us. It is hard to think that she lies here. And indeed, she does not, for the angels have borne her hence, too. Not far from Anna's grave lies Hattie Lindsay. She came to us from the Orphan's Home at Talladega,

Ala. She was here in training for the missionary career to which she fondly looked forward—a gentle, faithful, devoted young woman. Her two years here were years of much suffering. At last life ended. Her sun went down in the brightness of her June days. Here is another grave. This stone marks the spot where lies the body of Celia Conn. Hers was a gentle, loving spirit,—a girl to love and be loved and in the full flush of young womanhood. Pneumonia took her from us as it did our sweet child, Sallie Clark who lies near her. But her death was one of triumphant trust in the blessed Lord. "I have prayed," she said "that my death might be the salvation of 20 of our dear children. I want my brother, first of all. I am willing to die if by my death I could save them." And God answered that prayer. Twenty of the dear boys and girls went from her grave into the Church of God and her brother first of all! One other grave lies here, the grave of our loved boy, Alonzo Patton. He longed to live that he might be a medical missionary. It was his soul's desire. At first, when he knew himself to be a victim to consumption, he drew back affrighted, but the dark way grew brighter, and his last words are marked upon his gravestone, "I see it all plainly now. I never understood it before." There they lie, death's harvest for these thirty years; these ten graves. What fond memories cluster about them. There is not one of them that failed of the inner glory. Each one, living or dying was a witness of God's faithfulness. Recently, Mr. Scott has had all of the time-worn headstones brightened up and reset. It fills ones eyes with tears to wander among them. We miss them sorely but it is only for a little while. This is our orphan's "God's acre" but the orphans that lie buried there have found "Our Father" which is in heaven.

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Here sit we, perishing men, on the shores of the River of Time. Adown the current, borne rapidly out of sight into the great ocean of oblivion are the companions of our youth. Every day, one, two, three pass by us and are lost to our earthly vision. All this teaches us nothing. Death is ever a rude surprise. Because we have never died, we think we never will. And then, when least we expect it, another takes the place of each of us and as for us, we are swept out of the sight of our fellows and we are hidden from mortal eyes forever.

## 1909

THE MOST WONDERFUL Thing about God's Holy Word is the way in which it fits itself to the latest discoveries of science. There was a time when the whole Christian world believed that the Bible taught that the world was flat and therefore to affirm its globular form was heresy of a pronounced type. But now everyone would laugh at the thought that the Bible taught any such doctrines. We talk about the sun rising and setting, but we do not understand by that that the sun moves around the earth. Yet before Copernicus proved that the earth was revolving around the sun, the Church insisted that the Bible taught the contrary. Yet today Bible readers search in vain for evidences of such doctrines. Then again the Church announced and not so very long ago, that Genesis taught that the earth was made in six natural days, and not the earth only but the Heavens also. Yet, now since Geology has taught us better, we see that the Bible is not the teacher of the doctrine, but only human misconceptions about the Bible. Even evolution, at least of the lower order of animals and of plants is now winning its way to general acceptance. Christians, however, need not be too hasty in accepting it as the true method of creation, though we can all readily see that the Scriptures do not contravert that idea. Many other scientific notions have been believed to be contradictory to the Scriptures, yet Scripture has risen above them all. It is now admitted that God made of one flesh all nations that dwell upon the earth; it is admitted that destruction by fire is the certain end of the earth. The wonderful thing about all this is that the Scriptures, written at the very dawn of literature and long before science had birth, in fact at a time when the world was filled with unknown mysteries and ignorance ruled supreme, its writers were nevertheless, safely steered through the innumerable rocks, so that the Word is today impregnable and proves that it is thoroughly equal to the most modern conditions. Surely such a book had more than a human mind to direct the selection of truths that enter into its composition.

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We have read with pity those miserable revelations of graft in connection with the State dispensary system. It only proves to be true what has been often enough affirmed, that they who touch pitch will be defiled. No man can long handle liquor and

remain honest. The selling of liquor is a business to create murderers, cut-throats, gamblers, drunkards, libertines. This is the business of it and how can a man take up a business like that and keep clean! There are six counties in this State that still imagine that they can do it. They cannot. All of the filth of the State will be dumped in on them. And the return current will not be sweet to think upon, for the rest of us will have to bear our share of the suffering. For ourselves, we believe in local option as the best remedy for the disease. But when five-sixths of the State have decided against the traffic, that looks pretty much as if local option had uttered its voice. Aiken, Charleston and Columbia will have to yield. And we hope that in a few brief years, they will yield to the almost unanimous voice of the state.

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Evolutionists seem to think that they have done away with the idea of a personal God, that they have proved beyond a doubt that all creatures came from a primordial germ and just happened so, by good luck and chance and environment until the great universe with its unspeakably glorious heavens and its wonderful races of living creatures were developed into what they are! And these same evolutionists do not see the amazing folly in supposing that this wonderful germ made itself! If the evolutionist is right in his view of the method of creation, does it not seem that to get a germ started that would gradually produce the infinite variety of life as we have it now, must have required an intelligence absolutely infinite and a power of direction beyond even the grasp of thought or fancy! We have often wondered what idea the scientist has of the doctrine of creation. Does he think that the Christian view of creation consists of putting God into a work-shop and setting him to experimenting with a view to developing various forms of creative life? God never worked at any other time in any other way than that in which He is working today, invisibly, secretly, silently and taking His time. How He made the bat or the butterfly is not set down in Holy Writ. Nevertheless bat and butterfly were the outcome of a divine plan. The evolutionists may be right as to the method; the Christian certainly is right as to the ideal. The ideal was God's, not chance's. The sparrow did not happen; it did not come by an accidental gathering together of material particles. The sparrow was a divine idea and worked out by a divine mind, though in materializing it, He may

have passed it through one stage after another to its last perfect form. It is just as easy to build a palace by throwing rocks at a stump as to make a sparrow without a plan beforehand. And He that did the planning was the infinite Father. The acorn is as wonderful as the oak that grows from it; even more wonderful for it contains the oak within its hard shell. And the germ whence came the acorn is more wonderful still and required greater skill to plan it. What must have been the skill to have devised a germ as the evolutionist would have us believe, whence came all created living things?

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At the last meeting of the Board held in June, the situation was earnestly discussed so far as it concerned the welfare of the President, Dr. Jacobs, and his work in the institution. It appeared that Dr. Jacobs had been serving the institution for these 35 years without a salary. The Board did not approve of this, especially as they thought that in the providence of God, and with his advancing years, it would be necessary for him to do less work in the pastorate of the First Church and to give his future remaining years to the orphanage work. As Dr. Jacobs absolutely refuses, under any conditions to take a salary from the support fund of the institution, or from funds specially assigned to that object, the Board decided to raise an endowment fund of $25,000, the interest to be available for the support of the President, when it became necessary for him to devote all of his time to the institution. Mr. Branch is instructed to raise this fund. To this Dr. Jacobs has made no objection. He knows that there will be presidents later on and he believes that it is a good thing to be prepared for any emergency.

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## 1910

UNDER PROSPEROUS sails *THE PRESBYTERIAN OF THE SOUTH* has begun the voyage on 1910.

It will be remembered that one year ago this splendid church paper, which bears Atlanta's imprint, was formed by combining into one strong paper the *Southern Presbyterian* of Atlanta, *The Southwestern Presbyterian* of New Orleans and *The Central Presbyterian* of Richmond, and this city was chosen to be the home of the new publication because of its geographical position and of its wide-awake character as a galvanized center of twentieth-century Calvinism.

The wisdom of launching this somewhat pretentious enterprise in a city given to great undertakings has been happily demonstrated by the results of the first year's business, and the outlook for the future is in every respect most encouraging.

Especially fortunate is our contemporary in acquiring the graceful and facile editorial pen of the Rev. Thornwell Jacobs. Neither in the ranks of journalism nor in the realms of literature is the name of this gifted writer an unfamiliar one. Though still on the sunny side of the ridge, he has published some half dozen books, written scores of articles for magazines and sent editorials trooping through the press in armed battalions to render valiant and effective service for humanity's uplift. In the pulpit he is also an eloquent and earnest expounder of the divine oracles, giving to the traditions of the elders an up-to-date attractiveness, and taking an out and out stand for progress within the limits of orthodox conservatism. The recent whirlwind campaign for the endowment of Agnes Scott College was largely planned and directed by Mr. Jacobs, and the happy result of this crusade is an augury of continued success for the paper with which he will be connected.

The many friends of Mr. Jacobs, author and journalist, will be glad to learn that he has been chosen editor of *The Presbyterian of the South*, of Atlanta, and will immediately begin upon his duties of office.

It is useless to add that his many friends in Atlanta will be glad to know of the engagement which will make his residence in this city permanent.

This magazine was recently consolidated in Atlanta, bringing two big weeklies to the city, *The Central Presbyterian*, of Richmond; *The Southwestern Presbyterian*, of New Orleans, which magazines combined with the *Southern Presbyterian*, already here. These magazines have an average age of more than 50 years and combined make the leading organ of the Presbyterian denomination of the Southern states. Its circulation covers the territory from Washington to El Paso.

Among its editorial corps are distinguished men, as Dr. Thornton S. Wilson, managing editor; Dr. E. B. McClure, of Richmond; and Dr. George Summey, of New Orleans, well known as the leaders of their denomination in their respective states.

Atlanta was chosen as the location for this consolidated magazine because of its strategic situation, with regard to Sou-

thern Presbyterianism. It addition to the city is shown by the fact that a leading city of the south presents a standing offer of $10,000 for the change of its location to it.

Mr. Jacobs was born at Clinton, S. C., and is the son of Dr. W. P. Jacobs, of the Thornwell Orphanage, of that place. He was educated at Princeton University and Princeton Seminary, where he received his Master's degree in 1899.

Since that time he has been doing ministerial work and was for two years editor of *The Taylor Trotwood Magazine,* of Nashville, Tenn. He is the author of *"Sinful Sadday"* and *"The Law of the White Circle."*

*—Atlanta Georgian*

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An attempt is being made at this late day to alter that beautiful passage of Isaiah 52:15, "So shall He sprinkle many nations," by translating the word sprinkle, "startled." But even the American revised edition, which is pro-Baptist, does not dare to introduce that translation into the text. It is well known that while the word is translated nowhere in the Scriptures as "startled," the "scholarship" that would introduce this error is a scholarship that cannot abide the idea of baptism by sprinkling according to the Mosaic rite, and that is all there is to it.

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## 1910

WE CONSIDER THE Controversy about Baptism to be one of the most unfortunate controversies in the Christian Church today. The amount of zeal expended to prove that baptism is immersion of the whole body under the water and that this is essential to church membership and church fellowship, is certainly placing the ordinance above even the sacrifice on Calvary and that is in opposition to the entire spirit of the New Testament. Jesus was condemned on the cross primarily because of the decided stand he took against ceremonialism. The Gospel of John clearly exhibits our Lord as attacking one of the most precious truths of faith, the observance of the Sabbath day. But what he condemned was not the Sabbath day nor its

proper observance but the heartlessness and formality of its baptism and hence the method of it is at man's disposal. The Epistle of Paul to the Galatians was also specially written for the condemnation of this very spirit of ceremonialism. The Galatians were not satisfied with baptism and the simple Christian ordinances. They decided that the Old Testament was so full of circumcision that it must be the only way of admission to the church. Paul was indignant that in this way they were making Christ of none effect, and declared against their formalism in no doubtful language. Christ gave us two ordinances: Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Baptism He took from the Old Testament Church. He remodeled it by omitting "the ashes of the red heifer" so eliminating the bloody rite of sacrifice. The Lord's Supper He remodeled from the Passover, omitting the slain lamb which also required a bloody sacrifice. Now if it were not for the explicit instruction for the Old Testament rite of baptism as described in Numbers XIX, we would not have the least idea of the method of the proper observance of the ordinance for absolutely no information is given in the New Testament except that it was with water and in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. But as to the Lord's Supper, it is well known, that this supper was taken at night, that it was taken in a reclining position, that no women were present, only the apostles, that it was a real supper and was so understood by the Christians of that time, (see 1 Cor. 11, 17-24). And yet in none of these particulars do we keep the Lord's Supper. Its feast-like character, Paul himself condemned. Is it more important to stickle about the form of the Lord's Supper that Christ Himself instituted or the form of Baptism, for the method of which there is no explicit directions save in the Old Testament. We ought to understand that the letter killeth, that it is the spirit that maketh alive and that baptism is a sign of our purpose to be the Lord's, and hence the conscientious person need not trouble himself about the form of it, but about the spirit with which he made the engagement to be the Lord's. The mode of baptism is a very trifling question and is preached out of all proportion to its relative value. May it not be that a model definition is purposely omitted from the Scriptures, that the churches might understand that not the form but the life is the great consideration. In quarreling over the form of baptism, the churches are doing great injury to the consciences of the weak brethren and doing no good whatever to the cause. It is for this reason that the Presbyterian Church admits to its fellowship persons who have been immersed and that without question. If it be asked, why then, if we can accept immersion

as baptism, do we not all agree to be immersed? One reason out of many will suffice, namely, that Jesus Christ refused to be bound by a ceremonial yoke in the observance of the Sabbath, so we refuse to have our conscience bound by the Yoke of a ceremonial baptism. For freedom of conscience sake, all yokes of papacy or errors of any sort, we resist in the name of the Lord.

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We have received and read with some care a recent sermon published by Rev. C. Lewis Fowler of this city on the subject of Baptism. Now we like Brother Fowler. He is a very earnest minister, faithful and zealous, (over-zealous in this particular) in what he believes to be his duty. He is doing a good work in his church, uniting them in a harmonious body and at present they are showing their love for him and their zeal for their church by building a beautiful and costly church edifice, where he will do, we hope, a great deal of good preaching. But for all that, we are compelled to take notice of and criticize this sermon, not because of its arguments, for they are easily met, and in fact, there are hardly any arguments in the book; but because of its rantism, which word we borrow from the sermon itself. It is mainly an appeal to prejudice, and ignorance, and is a setting forth of ceremonialism, and is a series of violent or (shall we say) eloquent apostrophes from beginning to end. The brother should have given us argument as the basis of his oratory. But let that pass. We mention the book for the purpose of condemning expressions like this: "that 95% of the Pedobaptists are not satisfied with their baptism." What does this brother know about it? We do not know over a dozen persons who are disturbed on the subject, and those are disturbed by harangues and not by arguments, by attempts at proselytism and not by their own reading or inner consciousness. We object to the statement made by this brother that all the intelligence is on the Baptist side. Again, what does he know about it? Our judgment might be exactly the other way, but we really have a little too much modesty to say so. We object to the statement he makes, or implies, that Pedobaptists are either hypocrites or ignorant people. He does not put it that way, but that is the meaning of his words. We beg again to differ. We certainly will not use such language about our Baptist brethren. We object again to his using the word Baptism as interchangeable with immersion, when the word Baptism, as he ought to

know, *never in the New Testament means immersion in one single case.* Neither does it mean sprinkling as he thinks we would say. It means baptism. We object to such statements as this which would certainly shock any student of Columbia Seminary or any Professor there: "In Columbia Presbyterian Seminary, after the senior class had completed the study of baptism, the Professor asked, "What is baptism?" and the class without exception said, "It is immersion." My dear brother, there never was such a fool class in Columbia Seminary. And then for such a thing as this my friend is too absurd to be quoted: *"Let me be crucified with my head downward and my body be torn by the vultures, or by growling beasts of the jungle, but great God of Heaven, keep me from the awful sin of saying that immersion is not taught in the New Testament. If I were to deny it, I should cry out in my dreams at night troubled by the condemning finger of a displeased God."* And yet the brother in all his violent sermon has not shown us a single place in the New Testament where immersion is taught as a duty. It is not there. If the Holy Spirit had thought it a matter of so much importance, as does our Brother, He would have said in a few plain words, "Baptism is to be performed by immersing the body in water." And that would have settled it. And yet with this tremendous danger of divine displeasure in view, the Holy Spirit failed to do it. *It must be that He left it out on purpose.* Our dear friend (for we really love this extravagant brother) says, "that Jesus was immersed is as much a settled fact as that he was born in Bethlehem." Settled by the Baptists, brother: not by millions who are not Baptists; keep your records straight. Did you ever see an ancient picture in your whole life of Jesus being baptised by immersion? We have seen numerous art pictures representing His baptism, but always John is represented as standing pouring the water on Jesus who stood in the water. Did you ever see any thing like that, my dear Brother? It is whispered abroad that the beautiful Church you are building—but we will not take an unfair advantage like that. Jesus was *not immersed* in Jordan and we never saw a Presbyterian who believed it. We did not start out to argue the question of baptism but to urge the writer of this sermon, who is in every way a lovable and estimable young minister to moderate his ecstatics. There are a multitude of intelligent Baptists who do not stand for such violent language. They believe in their baptism just as we do in ours but they would not like to see us classed as either ignorant or hypocrites. It is customary when you are going to give a clever man a regular roasting to begin by saying that you love him and all that, but in this particular case we wish to say that

our Baptist Pastor and the Baptist people stand high in our estimation. We do not accept their notions about immersion, but would never think to say a word in contradiction to them if they would be as careful not to attack others as others are not to attack them, for we glory in the piety and zeal and good works of the Baptist churches. We honor its Spurgeons, its Careys, its Judsons and many such like who have served God even unto blood. This criticism is a local affair. The sermon printed and scattered among our people is public property and notwithstanding all our love for our brethren for whom we entertain sincere affection, we feel compelled to pay it our respects.

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We had a dream the other night. We seemed to be lifted up high above the earth, and we could see far down into all villages and country places. It was night and the stars shone softly but it seemed to us that we could see hundreds of Church spires and hundreds of happy Christian homes gathered about them, and from every one of them there ascended brilliant waves toward the mercy seat, which was high exalted above the stars, where these innumerable waving lanterns of light were gathered into one. And voices whispered "These waves of light are prayers that God's people are putting up on this holy Christmas time for the Lord's blessing on the hundreds of your orphans." "Surely," said the dreamer, "if that be so, something will surely happen." He looked again, and from the throne of God, a band of soft-winged messengers, each one an angel of light, came softly down, following each other. The many cottage homes of the Orphanage now shone dimly under the night sky and to each one the bands of angels came, surrounding them, filling the darkness with drawn swords of light waved on every side to beat back the foes of hunger and suffering and sin, so that none of these could enter. By each little sleeper stood a guardian angel and gentle hands lightly touched the sleeper and soft lips whispered love and noble thoughts into young souls. Slowly the night faded; the sun grew stronger than the brilliance of prayer or the sheen of angels, but the last the dreamer saw of them, the angels were still there. He said to himself, "It was not all a dream."

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In 1882 Immanuel Wichern founded the Rauhe Haus, at Hamburg, Germany. His purpose was to rescue degenerate

children from the streets of that city and through careful training to teach them the fear of God, respect for man and ambition to excel in good things. It was he who first set up the cottage system and it was from that institution that 37 years later the Thornwell Orphanage derived the same. At the time that the Thornwell Orphanage was established and the first cottage erected, it was not known to the founder of this institution that there were any other institutions using the cottage system in America. Nor has he yet heard of any that preceded it in date. But it was common in Germany and is today the acknowledged method for best child culture. The expense attached to it is considerable, for it involves the cost of engaging a matron for each cottage.

In this and similar institutions in America, the plan has not been carried out either as satisfactorily or as perfectly as in Germany. Immanuel Wichern's idea was to place only twelve children in a cottage and to engage a house-father or house-mother for each one of these. As a rule, the house-fathers and house-mothers needed the training and hence were not paid for their services except through instruction of them in a fitting school for mission work of which the cottages formed a part. But this system cannot be well carried out in America. The matron must take the place of house-mother and she must be a paid officer; and hence in order to avoid too large a number of employees, the cottages were increased in size and 20 to 30 children are placed in a home. The German method is undoubtedly the best and the easiest managed. On the premises of the Thornwell Orphanage, there are several small cottages. Faith cottage has only 14 children, Gordon cottage has 14, Fowler cottage has 7, and Fairchild Infirmary has 8, but in these two latter buildings there are special reasons for having a small number. All of these cottages are easily managed. In all of the other cottages, the average is 22, with 25 crowded in, in case of necessity. These homes are not difficult to manage, but the reason is that the children are of a better class than the ordinary, and are more easily taught and trained. Were they criminal children as at Rauhe Haus, the number would be too large. That this is the best method for child-culture seems to be assured by experience. Of course where there are many cottages and consequently many matrons employed, there is great difficulty in securing workers. Much of the training has to be done after they reach the institution and so an experienced head is necessary for the management of the whole. The lack of directive ability on the part of these fam-

ily matrons is the greatest drawbacks to perfect work through the cottage system, but the distributive character of the work, has a counterbalancing advantage, for one matron helps to teach and instruct others by example. On the whole, we are sure that the cottage plan is more easily managed than the institutional system and certainly rebounds greatly to the benefit of the children.

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A friend called for the writer recently and invited him to take an automobile ride,—a very common thing nowadays. In forty minutes we were enjoying the beautiful streets and views of beautiful homes of the city of Laurens some ten miles away and after some ten or fifteen minutes of sight seeing, in forty minutes more we were landed safely at our own doorstep.* We had hardly reached home before there was a call at the telephone and a Columbia gentleman had an interview with us though some 70 miles separated us. The mail was brought in; among the letters was one from England, and another from Mexico, while a pamphlet from Paris was among the papers. A two cent stamp had brought both of them. To read the letters, a touch at the electric button flooded the room with light and by the same power the good daughter ran her sewing machine, or, had she wished it, pressed her clothing. Presently a ring was heard at the door and a telegram from far away Chicago was handed in; while marvel of marvels, the daily paper filled with news from all parts of the globe furnished food for conversation. These are a few of the wonders of every day life. But they are the product of the mightiest forces of the human intellect. They are modern and miraculous enough to make us wonder at the age in which we live. When we sit down to think about what a foreign postage stamp means,—the unification of the world, we cannot but echo and re-echo the first telegram "What hath God wrought."

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Debt, debt. Cities, towns, churches, colleges, orphanages, —everywhere debt. Is it right? New York city owes $649,000,000! Is it right? The United States could have paid its war debt ten times over since the close of the war, if it had just

*The same distance is now made in ten to fifteen minutes.

chosen to do so. Instead of that it piles up expenses. Where is the right of debt? Every railroad, every sort of corporation, every kind of institution owes great piles of money. It is fearful to contemplate the amount of indebtedness in these United States. Why keep it up? No city is content unless it is permitted to go in debt beyond what the law allows. Is it not time to stop this mad rush of extravagance? How contradictory to that law which says, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

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The *Gospel Forum* published in Clinton, S. C., in its August issue has the following editorial:

"Have you been baptised? You have no right to refuse baptism, have you? You do not know what baptism is? There is nothing plainer in the Bible. To say you do not know is to *impeach the deity of Jesus Christ* who by precept and example made your way clear. What is it then, you say? It is immersion. *I doubt whether there is a person living in South Carolina who does not know it. When men let God lead them, they are always immersed.* Anything else than immersion practised as baptism is and should be shunned by all Christians with great care."

We have read the *Baptist Courier* published in Greenville, South Carolina for 20 years. That paper has the right to push Baptist views because it is not published as the organ of interdenominational work at but one of the Baptist churches. Yet in all these years we have never found one single sentence to wound the feelings of Christians of other denominations. Gems like the above taken from the *Gospel Forum* are in sharp contrast. We call attention to it only to refer the editor of that paper to an article taken from *Charity and Children*, also a Baptist paper, published at Thomasville, North Carolina, and which we subjoin. Under the head of "Baptist arrogance" he says:

"We have some of it, brethren, and we might as well admit it. We see expressions sometimes from some of the brethren that do not resemble the loving spirit of the Master. In an exchange we read the other day of a pamphlet a Baptist pastor had published under the title, "The Sinful practice of infant baptism." How did that man expect to convince anybody of the error of his way by drawing his sword in that fashion? He

might as well write on sinful practice of open communion or the sinful doctrine of falling from grace; and so he would put all his brethren over among the goats while he, the innocent sheep, followed the gentle Shepherd in green pastures. We sometimes display a little arrogance in another respect. Again and again we have heard the brethren say, "the scholarship of the world has agreed on immersion as the proper mode of baptism." Now that is not true. We happen to know a few scholars who agree to nothing of the kind. A sweeping statement like this is always harmful for it betrays not only arrogance but ignorance. If the statement were modified something like this: "a majority of the scholars of the world, etc." It might be nearer the truth, but to claim that every scholar on earth is with us on this question provokes only a smile from people who know better. But granting that it were true. It is a poor argument for us Baptists for we profess to base our belief not on what scholars say but on what the Bible teaches. How the Master was baptised by John, and how the eunuch went down into the water with Philip is plain enough for this scribe without running around over the country to find out what the school teacher or the D.D. thinks about it. These broad, bold statements some of our folks make, do the cause of truth infinite harm. The truth needs no bolstering. There it is lying right on the surface and you need not imagine your little dogmatic assertions are going to strengthen it. The Lord will take care of that. Our duty is to preach it in love but most of all to *live* it in the same way. There is danger that when we begin to talk too big, that we cherish a bitterness against our brethren that does not come to us from the Prince of Peace. Do not sneer at your neighbor because he does not agree with you. He may have as much sense as you—and a little more."

For any of our Baptist brethren who believe that immersion is the only way of Baptism, but who do not torment other people with their views, we feel only affection and sympathy and we would not if we could shake their faith in the method they strongly believe in, but for the cocksure sort who wish to condemn their brethren of other denominations in unmeasured terms for not holding with them, we have a few questions.

Does the word *immerse* occur in a single instance in the whole Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation? If so, where?

If Baptism means the immersion of the whole body under water, can you point your finger to a single passage in which it is unequivocally said that the party baptised went *under* the water.

If Baptism means the immersion of the whole body in water, how can the Baptism by Christ of His disciples with fire and with the Holy Ghost be entitled to that name? Yet Jesus calls it baptism.

By any stretch of the imagination can the resting of the tongues of fire on the heads of the apostles be classed as the immersion of the whole body in water.

"And Paul standing up was baptised." Does that strike you as going under the water?

If the form of baptism is of such consequence and *must* be *by immersion,* does it not seem strange that nowhere in the New Testament there should be given explicit directions for the administration of the rite, especially as Paul seems to have called (Heb. 8:10 Greek) the Jewish sprinklings, baptism; Mark (7:4) speaks of ordinary washing before dinner as baptism; Christ spoke of His suffering on Calvary as baptism (Mark 10:38).

If the form of baptism is of such consequence, why did not Jesus insist upon it? Why is it that He never baptised any one? Why is it that He only once incidentally refers to baptism as a duty? Why is it that Paul thanked God that He never baptised any of the Corinthians?

Is it not a fact that the generally accepted belief among non-immersion Christians that Christ stood in the water and John the Baptist stood on the bank and poured water on his head (as is shown in all ancient engravings and paintings) fully satisfies every expression in the New Testament as to going in and coming out of the water.

If the form of baptism is of such consequence, is it not strange that the form of the Lord's supper is not of equal consequence, and wherefore then, is it not a supper, instead of the mere shadow of one?

If the form of baptism is of such consequence, how is it that nowhere in the New Testament, that fact is stated? Or is there any place in the Bible which contains the definition of "Baptism as essential to church membership and must be performed by the immersion of the whole body in water." That simple sentence would have settled it.

Is it believable that the Almighty would have sent His Glorious Son into the world to reveal truth and eternal life and salvation from sin and to die for sin; and after this wonderful

work was completed should make its efficiency depend upon the putting of the believer's whole body under water? Where is the relevancy? Does not the very thought dishonor God?

These few questions may open the eyes of some of our brethren (whom we love in truth) to realize that those who differ from them may have some ground for their faith. And there are many more such questions that might be asked.

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The first types ever brought to Clinton were landed here on May 1st, 1866. The first type ever set up in this town was set up by the writer of these lines. They went into the little paper then known as *The True Witness* published weekly and intended to promote the cause of Christ and truth. The paper lived just one year when it became a monthly paper and is *Our Monthly* of today.

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"When I was young I had the run of my father's library which was a good one, and it was there I formed my love for books." Such is the testimony of one who recently contributed an interesting article to one of our weekly papers. The writer of these lines was a student of old Charleston College. About sixty-five years ago a handsome library building was erected for that college by the appropriation made by the Legislature of the State of South Carolina. Dr. Frampton who was a genuine book-lover, gave to the college his splendid classical collection of thousands of volumes and it was among these books that several summers of college life were spent, browsing among antique tomes, full of the wisdom of ancient men. The library was unique in its splendid collection of books in the dead languages and books full of the wisdom of the past ages. We recall that there were many books in Chinese, and ancient Syriac, and the classical series seemed to be complete, there was so much of it. It was easy among such rare and quaint and curious volumes to form an antiquarian taste and a book-lover's longing for the thought and thrill of the volumes. A bibliophile is one who loves books for the book's sake. He loves its imprint, its binding, its rare old illustrations. The present generation of boys and girls, with the daintiest, loveliest publications of all the ages in their hands, seem to know nothing of the way in

which a book should be treated. They dog-ear the book, they quickly break its "back"; they scratch their names on every fly-leaf. They ruthlessly pencil-mark the white margins, they spot its beautiful cover, and value it just about as much as an old newspaper.

The youth at college gets a different idea of books. When he enters his college library and sees the care and attention bestowed upon the treasures of the shelves, knowing how they are catalogued, indexed and shelved, he learns the real value of a book and especially an old book. Here on this desk before the writer lies a book printed in 1800. It is bound in leather; it is printed in clear type on white paper, (not tinted, but *white*) its pages are all clear and cut with a paper knife. Its author passed fifty years ago off the scene of action. Printers, papermakers, compositors, booksellers, all who handled it are gone from earth, but this book, like a monument of the past remains and probably will remain for many long years to come. It makes one have strange thoughts, to look upon such a book as this. Compared with this book, our libraries have many, to which this would be an infant of days. Here on the shelf close by is a book printed in 1658, and below is one printed in 1552, nearly 230 years before the metropolis of South Carolina received its first inhabitant! What scenes it has witnessed. What a story it could tell! Surely one could reverence a book like that. No wonder that there are real book-lovers, men to whom a book has something of the meaning of the Pantheon or the Pyramids. But it is not to serve as a mausoleum that libraries are founded. They are majestic instruments for the encouragement of learning for it is *what a book has to say to a man* that constitutes its value. Every library may well prize its ancient and memorable volumes, its books that have talked (at least, some of them) to hundreds and thousands.

The Thornwell Orphanage is proud of its library. It has not many ancient books, nor any that are valuable for their rarity or their antiquity or because they are "first editions," but it has very many that have talked to the young lives about them and told them wonderful things of this world, of their own hearts, and of truth and of right and of God. It grows a little every year. May it continue to grow, teaching not only what the books are intended to teach but teaching also the young people who "browse" among its shelves, to love books because they contain the concentrated wisdom of the ages.

We took up a copy of the *State* and on opening the inside pages read in great headlines the sentence "CHARLESTON LOST TO THE PRESBYTERIANS." It scared us. What had happened to our dear old Second Church, and to Dr. Sprunt with his noble band down there at the corner of Tradd and Meeting; and to the beautiful Westminster with its zealous Presbyterian cohorts? Were they all swallowed up? Had the city council barred Presbyterianism out of it and like Geneva of old time, run John Calvin to the woods. We looked down a little lower at once to see what it all could possibly mean, whereupon we discovered that the Davidson team had wiped the Charleston College boys off the face of the earth. Only baseball and that was all. Gentlemen, do please be more particular with your headlines. They make some of us old folks nervous.

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One cannot complain a little of the advance made by the world within the past hundred years when we think of a few of the things that even our first President, George Washington, did not know anything about. Here they are: postage stamps, registered letters, postal money orders, bank checks, sewing machines, daily papers, telegrams, railway cars, steam engines, thermometers, photographs, chromos, electric lights, trolley cars, ice-making, soda water, coal fires, tomatoes, okra soup, express packages, bicycles, automobiles, gelatine, capsules, compressed tablets, appendicitis and hundreds of other such like things. Just imagine how we could get on without these things in these days. And then let us be grateful that we do not fall into the hands of doctors who do not know how to do anything but bleed you for bronchitis. For with all due respect to the doctors, our beloved first president was killed by their treatment of him.

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## PRESBYTERIANS IN MONSTER RALLY

IMBUED WITH A Spirit of appreciation of a perfect day, and desirous of commemorating in general assembly the acts of their founding, more than 8,000 members of the Southern Presbyterian church poured into the Auditorium Sunday to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the denomination. It was a great occasion, nobly observed by a great body of God-fearing people.

The great auditorium was filled near overflowing, the congregation occupying every nook and cranny in efforts to get seats in such a place as to command a view of the speaker and choir. Owing to the profuse arrangements of palms and evergreens back of the stage, the view from a small section of seats at this point was obstructed, and the section only partially occupied. Save this, however, the seating capacity of the building was taxed heavily.

The brilliant meeting must have been a source of great gratification to Thornwell Jacobs, who worked so hard to consummate the plan. Through the columns of the Presbyterian of the South, of which he is an associate editor, he had worked long and faithfully to bring about his ideal of such a grand anniversary meeting, and his hopes were in all probability realized to the fullest.

The meeting was essentially one of reverence and worship. In the nature of a commemoration, it was reverential toward the memory of those great men who 50 years ago, in the city of Atlanta, laid the foundation for what today is known as the grand and enduring institution, the Southern Presbyterian Church. Marking the anniversary of a great spiritual organization, it was worshipful in the highest degree for the benign Fatherly care which has allowed it to grow into such a mighty power for earthly good.

True to the spirit of worship and praise, the occasion was featured by harmonious music and a strong sermon. Those in charge had prepared carefully the splendid musical program. Co-operating with the melodious renditions of Dr. Starnes, a chorus of nearly 1,000 voices, under the direction of C. N. Anderson, rendered several well-known selections in true jubilee fashion. A superb quartet rendering "Near, my God, to Thee" furnished one of the features of the musical program. — The *Atlanta Georgian.*

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## 1911

WITH THIS ISSUE, *OUR MONTHLY* enters upon its 48th volume. This is its 505th number. It is for us a very important period in a long and busy life in the editorial chair. *OUR MONTHLY* is not a great paper. It is not one of the magazines at which the postmaster-general is shooting his arrows.

But it has filled an important mission. It has made many friends. It has done some great things. Some people have an idea that the Thornwell Orphanage founded *OUR MONTHLY*. On the contrary *OUR MONTHLY* founded the Thornwell Orphanage. The real life of this magazine began in the *True Witness*, a weekly sheet which was printed through 52 numbers and then became *The Farm and Garden*. In 1869 its name was changed again to *"OUR MONTHLY for the Fireside, Farm and Garden"* and a year later, *"For the Fireside, Farm and Garden"* was dropped and the name of *"OUR MONTHLY"* retained, and so it has been ever since. Its last thirty-five years have not been marred by any calamities of any sort. It has grown steadily in friends and patronage. It has now a larger subscription list than ever before. Thirty-three hundred copies are printed. It would like to print at least five thousand. Now that it is in a sense both a monthly and a weekly, owing to the combination offer (with the Messenger) it ought to win many friends. We are soon to enter into our 50th volume. We promise making that year bring us to 5000 subscriptions on our list. Our friends we trust will all help us.

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When a man reaches the age of discretion and feels that he has had experiences enough in this life to make him at least able to give good advice, he will not be fully discharging his duty to his fellow citizens unless he gives them the benefit of his experience. This is our excuse for having a word to say to our fellow citizens, and, by the way, to all other townsmen. This particular note is to call attention to an article recently published in *SUCCESS*, urging "the beautiful" as an asset in the growth and popularity of any place. People recognize easily that good health, good water, pure air and eligibility of situlation add to the attractiveness of a town, and are set down as having a money value toward the development of a town. Aiken and Summerville are illustrations of the utilization of pure air; Greenville, Spartanburg, and a score of others, Clinton included, are in evidence in their claim for good water, eligible situation, good health; while Charleston adds its claim to the bluest of skies and the varied combination of glorious colors in green marsh, blue seas and bright clouds. But these were available

before ever the cities were founded and most of this State of South Carolina can lay claim to similar advantages. The city itself should be beautiful.

Within the just ended decade our own little city has done much to make itself beautiful and that through the enterprise of its people. The business section of the city has been marvelously transformed by handsome stores, electric lights, street paving and grading, and a sightly Union Station. The city takes pride in its new Graded School building; the lovely dome of our College central edifice gives tone to the scene; neat churches have all been built, three of these, the First Presbyterian and the First Baptist and the Thornwell Memorial, show evidences of taste and architectural proportions not to be despised; new streets have opened and much grading and improving done. The Confederate Monument is not a negligible factor and shows both taste and good judgment. And there is much more that ought to be mentioned. This winter a thousand shade trees should be set out. The Owens' Hill section of the town is particularly destitute of foliage. There is absolutely nothing that can make a town beautiful like the shade tree. Every sidewalk tree is an asset of $25 or $100 in the beautifying of a town. We earnestly hope that our city fathers will reform in the matter of shade trees and not only cease removing any but will give attention to this important addition to the comfort of our streets and homes.

The Thornwell Orphanage grounds are to be improved and in fitting them up as a park the aid of the Clinton citizens would not be despised. A good carriage way should be made in and among its buildings, furnishing opportunity to visitors to drive about the grounds without alighting. A recent visit to the Clinton Mills shows that much improvement has been made on its grounds by the construction of a large lake. If a road were constructed entirely around it, it would bring many visitors, and in showing the city, carriages would certainly take that route. Centennial Street should be opened out to Lydia Mills and a wide street laid off, so as to pass Mr. C. M. Bailey's residence and lots sold on it to white people only; a beautiful connection would be made between this city and its only suburb, which might be made one of the most beautiful and desirable residence sections in the whole city. The city council should pass some regulations in regard to the residence of the two races. White people should not be allowed to settle among the

blacks, nor the blacks among the whites. The streets laid off for the negroes should receive attention in the way of grading, of sidewalks, of shade trees and of lights. The general lighting system should be extended to both races alike, both for comfort and for proper police protection. Some suitable spot should be secured for a park (and such places are to be found North, South, East and West of Clinton) and arrangements made there for a suitable pleasure ground, with good roads to it. This park should not be made more than two or three miles from the city limits. Walks to a suburban park would be very common experience and the trolley would come later. Streets should be kept clean. All yards exposed to the public eye, the council should require to be kept in order. Degenerate fences should be moved if necessary by the council at the expense of the owner, but they should be moved. Citizens should be encouraged to keep their homes all freshly painted and all old unsightly buildings either repaired or replaced. Such things would certainly result in an increased population and increased happiness.

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Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick, who is the most liberal benefactor the Orphanage ever had, has again done us a noble turn. She has erected on these premises the McCormick Home, the Harriet Home, The Edith Home, the Virginia Home, the Anita Home, the Fowler Home and a large part of the Gordon Home. Recently she wrote desiring to replace into the treasury of the building fund all money given to the Gordon Home by others than herself. As there was nearly $2400, she remitted this sum to us. Of course this adds a new building to our plant. As this $2400 was contributed specially for the purpose of furnishing the Assistant to the President with a home, it will be applied directly to that purpose and a cottage will be built, probably between the Georgia and McCall buildings, and Rev. Mr. Branch and his little family will be at home there to their friends before the year is out. We do not know how our dear good friend ever thought of this, which fits into its place like a stopper into a bottle, unless indeed the Lord had put it into her heart. The Assistant's new home will be at the right place for both quiet and proper care of the premises. It will be of brick, an eight-room house, with closets a plenty.

We note with exceeding regret a tendency on the part of our institutions of higher learning to mortgage their property and to consider the mortgage as a part of settlement of a debt. Our College at Clinton has a mortgage adornment. Chicora College is in the same condition. The church at large should not permit the adornment to remain on their pet institutions any longer than is possible. Debt is debt, whether printed on pretty bond paper bearing coupons to be cut twice a year, or whether written on plain note by hand. These institutions belong to the Presbyterian Church of South Carolina. These mortgages are their indebtedness, and for Presbyterians who own millions of dollars worth of property, to allow these mortgages to remain on their church institutions is something deplorable. But they do it. The last Baptist State Convention arranged for some beautiful mortgages to be tacked on to two of their women's colleges, as a very easy way of getting money; the Columbia College (Methodist) has the same interesting attachment. But that does not make it right. Every year ought to see a reduction on these mortgages. They ought to be called in as rapidly as possible. And forevermore made impossible. There is danger to the stability of any institution that is in debt.

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Moreover, while binding the Thornwell Orphanage by the same rules by which we would bind every church institution, we would add yet another, and that is that it should be made impossible for any institution to go into debt for anything, but more property that cannot be paid for immediately, and for which time must be had, and which stands good for itself. The property of the institution should be made absolutely unavailable for the payment of debts for current expenses. Money given by church people to institutions for erecting edifices or creating endowment or buying land cannot properly be used for anything else. Others may differ from us but we do think that if this Orphanage, for instance, should get into debt and should conclude to mortgage the McCormick Home or the Augustine Home or the Hollingsworth Home (cottages built by dear friends to commemorate their loved ones), to meet its indebtedness, we would consider it to be an enormous error to say the least. But every block of stone or acre of ground having been given by some one for the specific purpose of founding an Orphanage, we hold that we could be justified neither in the sight of God nor man, if we used it otherwise. Now this is the way

it strikes us. Others may advance reasons for a contrary view. But we do know that our view is the view that the donors accept as right and it is the view that secures their confidence. A debt-making, contract-disregarding Board of Trustees can never secure that confidence. We have backed our judgments with our actions. Hence there has recently been put in the charter of this Institution an enactment, to prohibit the hypothecating of its funds, or the mortgaging or alienation of its property. And of one thing we are certain, that the Thornwell Orphanage has the confidence of the business men of the church.

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We remember a number of years ago that Columbia Theological Seminary made a report to Synod that the income of the institution was not sufficient to meet the expenses of the institution. Whereupon the Synod instructed the Board of Trustees to live within their income. And they did it. The Seminary still has not income enough, very little having been added since that time and moreover they have been very shabbily treated by the Presbyterians of the four Synods, but nevertheless they are living within their income. The Synod was right. No institution, be it Orphanage or College or Seminary, has any right to live beyond its income. If a seminary or college cannot support its professors with its income there is nothing to do but to cut down its budget to its income. The man who persistently lives beyond his income certainly gets a bad reputation and eventually fails. Everybody knows that he has no right to do any such thing. The church institution is much more blameworthy if it continues to do the same. The public conscience is not awake sufficiently in the matter of debt and who should instruct them in it more than churches and schools and colleges? The church that continually falls behind in its pastor's salary is not an honest church. The church institutions should have a scrupulous regard for avoiding debt.

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The village of Clinton was founded in the year 1854 at the head of the Laurens Railroad. The spot selected was at a point where the Greenville and Columbia highway crossed the road from Spartanburg to Augusta and at the same point a local road

came in from the Northwest. Mrs. Joel Foster claimed to have been the first white lady to have settled in the town. For six years, that is until the beginning of the war, the town experienced a rapid growth. Its business was large. Cotton was brought in from as far north as Spartanburg. In fact, Spartanburg County made Clinton, for a while, its "seaport town." The building of the Spartanburg and Union Railroad was, however, destructive to Clinton's hopes. In the meanwhile the Laurens road had been carried on to Laurens and another splendid source of trade was cut off and people began to say that Clinton was about "dead." The writer of these lines came to Clinton in April, 1864, to make it his home, and to become the first pastor of the Clinton Presbyterian Church. The church had about 40 members. Of these only a dozen resided in the town. The town was really a most dilapidated affair. The war was on. The stores closed. There were few "public" buildings. The Clinton Female Academy on the site of the present Graded School was a modest two-story building about 20 x 40 feet, and a one-story building called the Clinton Male Academy was on the grounds of the Presbyterian Church. These with the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches were the only "public edifices." All of them combined did not cost $4000. There was a brick store building at the corner of Broad and Main streets and another brick store on the corner where Lilliewood now does business. These were the only brick buildings in the town. There was a large saw-mill, on the railway line, nearly opposite where the residence of P. S. Bailey now stands, run by a 60-horse power engine. Everybody said it was altogether too large for the business it got. What a pigmy it would seem now by the side of the great machine that runs the Clinton Mills. The post-office did not have a local habitation. There were a few pigeon holes near the door in Copeland and Phinney's store. When the mail came it was dumped out on the counter and everybody that cared went in and hunted through it to see if he had a letter. Neighbors would gather up each others' letters and leave them at the door as they went by. There were about 30 families in the town in 1864 with a white population of about 150. In the church the negroes filled the galleries. They also had services in the church "auditorium" in the afternoon, to hear the white pastor. They crowded the building to the door. A Presbyterian church of 150 members was organized from among them. There were no sidewalks. After the town was re-incorporated in 1868, eight or ten kerosene lamps were placed about the central square. This enterprise on the part of the council was greatly admired. A bar-room was at the corner of Broad near

the railway station. There was a little pond in front of it. The enterprising proprietor put a plank on blocks of wood across the pond. It was an interesting sight to the citizens to watch the fellows coming out of the bar to see if they would get across or tumble into the pond. In 1865 there were four bar-rooms, one kept by a Baptist, one by a Methodist, and one by a Presbyterian, and one without religious affiliation. It is not said whether or not each man's trade was confined to his own denomination. The town had not caught on to the temperance movement just then. When the young pastor settled down, a clever brother who attended his church sent him a 5 gallon jug of peach brandy. He has often been asked what became of it, and honest, he does not know. It must have leaked. Neighbors were kind and clever, however. Cotton seed were piled in the field to rot—"Get as many as you want," would be the answer to a request for a few. Garden truck and eggs were never sold. You could "borrow" a chicken or two any time. In fact, Clinton folks in those days was great for borrowing, and they borrowed anything from a washpot to a horse and buggy. There were no livery stables and horses were freely loaned. When Mr. M. S. Bailey and the pastor of the church about 1868-9 both began to build homes in Clinton, the citizens were amazed at their temerity. The town was thought to be dead and such enterprise looked like throwing away money. In fact, in its early experience, Clinton was very often dead. There is not a house in the town that remains unchanged from those early days. Nine-tenths of them are gone and the remaining tenth has been moved and remodeled. In that respect it does not resemble Charleston. But in the cleverness of its people, it does.

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Now, my boy, sit down here and let us have a talk together. You say you are sixteen years old. You feel that now is the time for you to join into the great rush of humanity and press for a fortune and for position and honor. You say you know enough of books, that you have studied until you are tired of them, that you want to set up for yourself, and that you think you are now fully ready to count yourself a man. You have several "bees buzzing in your bonnet;" some of these are merely visions of beauty, others are visions of independence, and yet others are only the visions of childhood, the whim of the little boy that would run out to play. Have you ever thought of what a High School education means, much more a College edu-

cation? It means the sharpening of every one of your faculties, it means the increase of your store of knowledge, the giving you the ability to understand more fully what you ought to be and how you ought to act. Moreover, it teaches you the great duty of obedience, so important to enable you to command. Going out today and assuming the duties of a man, while you have only the strength of a boy may be very pleasant, but you will shortly find yourself between the upper and nether millstone. Your habits will go to ruin under temptation, you will find yourself possessed of a poor, untrained mind, that will keep you always in the lower ranks and keep you from reaching up to the higher places. You never will know too much. Equipment of mind is of far greater consequence than equipment of body. You have the ambitions of a man, but you have not his strength and fortitude, nor his character, principle and purpose. Go back to your books, conquer yourself, submit to your teachers, be brave and patient in forming habits of self restraint, enlighten your conscience, form within your soul high ideals of duty and worthy objects of your ambition. Even the Saviour labored thirty years before he entered into his life work. You can afford to wait two or three longer. The time is surely coming when you must needs get to work and when your work will be a great deal heavier than you dream of now. Give me your hand, my boy, be of good courage. The future is all before you. Use the present and thank God for the chance of an education.

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## 1911

COME, LITTLE BOYS, let us have a talk together. Here you are, ten great great big men, at least six summers old, chunking a poor little mother bird with her two little children. Oh, how did you learn so early in life to fight your best friends. Don't you know that these little birdies are bug fighters? They go out in the gardens and the fields before you are up in the morning and kill the worms and the grasshoppers and the spiders and the little bugs that, if you left them alone, would destroy your potatoes and melons and tomatoes and cabbage and leave you nothing to eat. *You would starve to death!* Go and beg the bird's pardon, my little boys, and tell them to come by the thousand, all the blue birds and the mocking birds and the red birds and the cat-birds and the robins and the wrens and live in your trees, and that you will take care of them and that

you will tell every boy that throws rocks at them to keep away and will show how mean it is to kill the little birds that are working so hard for the orphans. Why, my boys, these little birdies you are trying to kill do more work in a day for you, according to their size, than all ten of you do for yourselves in ten days. Don't ever throw rocks at birds, any more. It is ungrateful and cruel. Care for the birds, will you? How many will promise,—hold up your hands! All? That's good. I would just hate it to have folks know that Thornwell Orphanage boys throw rocks at birds! And a mother bird at that; with two little babies in her nest!

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There are three questions that every thinking man must put to himself. They concern the most important things about which he can think. A satisfactory answer is at hand within himself. The result is, such an answer tremendously shapes his present plans and his future destiny. The first of these is *Why do I believe in God?* There are answers by the hundred to be given to this question, but the one all important reason is *because I must.* The Heavenly Father has placed within man himself the evidence of his dependence upon the invisible. Atheism is very uncommon. Men deny God and then pray to Him. The second question is, *Why do I believe in immortality?* The answer is, *because I am.* I have a soul. My soul is myself. I recognize its powers, its privileges, its expectations. There are other reasons, plenty of them, but the sense of duty and conscience of God, all point to the future life. The third question is, *Why do I believe in Jesus Christ*—not a historical Christ, but Jesus as the incarnate mercy of God. And the answer to every one who really does believe, is because I must. The cry of my soul for God, for holiness, for pardon, is but the stepping upward of the soul to this great truth revealed in the New Testament, and that fits it as the key fits the lock. These reasons for faith in God, in immortality, in Jesus Christ may seem wholly unsatisfactory to the man of the world who desires an argument, but if he looks into his own soul, he finds that there is value to the argument. He recognizes God's handwriting on the fleshy tablet of his heart.

AMONG THE INCIDENTS of the past month which have not been recorded in *Our Monthly* was the resignation of Dr. Jacobs, (the editor of this paper,) as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. This action was taken by him not through any desire whatever to be free from the burden of the pastorate for he was devoted to the work, devoted to his church officers and church people, perfectly happy in his relations with them, and fond of the great work of preaching; but he felt that it was impossible with all the burdens resting on him to give the church the pastoral care it needed. He loved the church with unspeakable tenderness, but as a father often releases a daughter from home life and home duties that she may form other alliances whereby her happiness and success in life may be assured, so this pastor felt that the time had come when it would be better for the church to have the *entire time and full work of some devoted minister.* Dr. Jacobs is not retiring to private life. He is still the editor of *Our Monthly.* He is also pastor of the Thornwell Memorial Church with over 200 members. He is also President of the Thornwell College, Home & School for Orphans, with 300 young people to look after and is financial manager of the same with full authority to secure from the Lord's people some thirty or more thousands per annum for the support of this large household. This is really work enough for one man such as he is. He gives up the pastorate of the First Church, his first love, only through a stern sense of duty. Of course it was done with a heart full of love to every member, and (he believes) with the love and prayers for himself of every member of the Church. In all the forty-seven years of his pastorate unbroken harmony has prevailed among the church officers and between them and himself. His pastorate has been, from his standopint, an ideal one. He leaves the church in fine condition to receive his successor.

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Dr. Jacobs promises to devote the rest of his life to the service of the Thornwell Orphanage.

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Thornwell Jacobs is the first native-born citizen of Clinton to publish a volume of poems. He is now a resident of Atlanta, but that he is still a true citizen of this younger city is shown in the fact that many of these poems are dedicated to Clinton,

and some of the other of the most beautiful of these idyls concern this city or its environs; "The Urge of Bush River" for instance; also the poem beginning

"Beyond the village limits, woods and muscadines
Beyond the woods the long, red, pine-topped hills!
Beyond the hills the ancient roadway winds
Its way in leisured peace to Musgrove Mills."

It is doubtless Clinton he refers to in the sad lament

"O happy little town I love, remembrest me?"

The poet's mental tone is always tuned with sadness, and thrilled with mystery, or aroused to some sudden sentiment by the upspringing of nature. We find a beautiful picture of bird life in "Midnight Mummer."

The robin is waking his mate,
For the east is aflush with the dawn,
While Jenny Wren twitters " 'Tis late, 'Tis late,"
Haste, the bugs are abroad on the lawn.

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So the Jay-bird screams: Lo, the first-sun-beams,
And no evil, no evil, how nice the sun seems,
My, but didn't it blow where I stayed!"

While some of the poems would stand a good deal more filling up and improving, to be understood by the general public especially some done in college days, there are others that are perfect in sentiment and rhythm. Among these is the Foreword entitled "My Prayer" and "Five Little Panes of Dusty Glass" which we hope to present before our readers. Mr. Jacobs remembered his native city by presenting memorial copies to the Thornwell Orphanage Library, the Presbyterian College Library and the City Library. Mr. Jacobs is also the author of several books that have won their favorable notice from the press. Among these are "Sinful Sadday," the "Shadow of the Attacoa," and the "White Circle." In all of these there is some very fine and strong writing.

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THE MUSEUM OF the Thornwell College for Orphans is the only Museum in the up-country of South Carolina which has been in existence for 37 years and which has a building specially appropriated for its own use. The original collection

which really formed its nucleus was gathered as far back as 1847 by Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, (the father of the President of the Orphanage, when he was a professor in Oglethorpe College. It consisted of minerals and Indian antiquities of about 1000 specimens. These were presented by his son to the Thornwell Orphanage in 1875 and without that gift this Museum would never have been thought of. It enlisted, however, the loving interest of young men and women who have passed through the classes of the institution and a very large part of its present attractiveness is due to these students. Its great benefactor has been that noble institution, the National Museum at Washington. A superb collection of 100 birds and 15 mammals, a collection of several hundred fossils, minerals and stones, a collection of corals, star fish and deep sea creatures are all the gift of this institution. Several of the former students of the institution have made noble gifts: Dr. A. H. Quarles, now in Seattle, Washington, made a collection of five or six hundred articles from the Phillipines; Dr. S. P. Fulton made a gift of more than a hundred articles from Japan, illustrative of Japan's religious life, and besides some 80 stereoptican slides bearing on the same general topic. Prof. H. A. Green of Tryon, N. C., spent several weeks with us some years ago, arranging our mineralogical collection, writing hundreds of labels and putting three large cabinets in order. He also gave a splendid herbarium of American coast sea weeds and of mosses and algae and also quite a number of interesting specimens of minerals, stones, corals and sponges. A fine collection of Chinese curios was given by Rev. H. C. DuBose and Rev. Ben Helm. These are the largest donations the Museum has received but many hundreds of other kind friends are on our record of contributors.

During the year much work has been done in rearranging and properly preserving these specimens. Several new cabinets have been made among which is one specially devoted to South Carolina minerals. The various conchological specimens have been arranged in several hundreds of pasteboard trays, obtained from A. E. Foote of Philadelphia.

There is no regular janitor in charge of the Museum but it is open daily to the public and the young people of the schools. It is often visited and deep interest is shown in what we have to exhibit.

The Museum has a building of its own but as it has only about 30 x 60 floor space, it is too small for the present collection to be properly displayed. The Board of Trustees of the Thornwell Home and Schools at its last meeting authorized as

soon as possible the erection of a new and handsome building to be two stories high, and of at least five times as much floor space. We have no promise of any large addition to this collection, but we are in hopes that just as other Museums grow so will this one and that it will be in time worthy of the name it bears. When we read of the wonderful additions made each year to the National Museum, we feel sure that the time will come, when friends throughout the whole world will send in their collections and that many collectors who have grown tired of the care of preserving their own collections and who are not willing to see the result of their labors wasted will find out this institution and will make it the recipient of their bounty.

The new building to be erected will be of concrete, will have tile roof and steel ceiling and will be practically fire-proof. It will be 30 x 80, two stories with an annex 30 x 60. It will contain besides the display rooms, rooms for laboratory work, for storage and for mechanical operations connected with the business of preparing specimens for exhibition, besides, of course an office. It will be erected some time during 1912, and will be ready then for large additions, while at present we are abundantly able to care for any smaller gifts of our friends.

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NEVER PERHAPS IN the history of the world, certainly not in the history of this land, was there ever a time when so many books were written as today. There is a novel for every sunrise, a short story for every hour, and heaven only knows how many poems for every tick of the watch. At the present rate of production, indeed, it will not be long until we all have turned authors and are reduced to the droll condition of Dr. Johnson's imaginary islanders who made their living by taking in one another's washing. In sooth, we shall submit by buying one another's books.

There are certain curmudgeon critics who rail at this state of affairs and who declare that in such quantity there can be little or no quality. Not so, think we. An age or a people must get the writing habit before it produces literature permanently worth while. There were scores and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of playwrights in Shakespeare's era, men whose names were long, long ago forgotten, but whose swelling rank and file nevertheless contributed to the atmosphere and the impetus which crystalized the "Twelfth Night" and "Lear."

For the very reason, therefore, that it is so wonderfully prolific our present age of book-making is rich in promise and everyone who cares to understand the time in which he lives must know something of its books as well as its men and women. Indeed, he cannot know the latter without the former.

Whether you wish to follow the literary currents of the day or merely wish clear and honest advice in the story you are to take home for an evening's reading, you will be interested and helped by *The Journal's* new book department which begins in this issue and which is conducted by Mr. Thornwell Jacobs.

There is, we are sure, a widespread and eager demand for just such guidance and interpretation as Mr. Jacobs is so eminently qualified to give. As he himself declares, "A good book review is one of the highest forms of literature; a poor one is certainly one of the worst." He alludes to a newspaper page of so-called criticism, six and twenty of which began invariably with, "This is a nice book," and which leaves the reader poverty stricken of any definite idea as to what the book really is.

There will be no such inanities to the Journal's book talk. Mr. Jacobs is capable of sizing up a book and of telling you simply and entertainingly what you may expect from its companionship. He will do more than record the color of its binding and count its pages.

He has spent many years in reading books and no few in writing them. He was at Princeton when Woodrow Wilson was its president, and from that great university he holds an M.A., degree. He typifies what Dr. Crothers delights to call "The Gentle Reader."

You will find his Saturday reviews thoroughly dependable and comprehensive. More than that, you will enjoy reading them and as a busy man or woman, you will find yourself more closely drawn and more discriminatingly to the stream of current literature.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once remarked that he would like to have a handy gentleman to serve as his literary tea pot; that is to say, someone into whose mind he could pour books and after having let their leaves duly steep, drain them out again and get their real essence in leisurely, comfortable sips. From just such a tea pot will *The Journal* pour its Saturday review of books and, we can assure you, the beverage will be savory and stimulating.

*The Atlanta Journal*

## THE ORPHANS IN ATLANTA

WELL, GOOD PEOPLE who read *Our Monthly*, we want to tell you that your orphans have had the time of their lives.

Dear old Atlanta, we shall never forget her.

Didn't she do nobly, though?

When the news reached our young folks that this excursion was being planned they held their breath for fear it might not pan out. When at last it was announced that it was made possible by the generous offer of Col. Ryan who fixed a very low rate, they still held their breath for they did not know who would get the privilege of going, but when at last it was announced that all who were physically able to go would be registered for the trip, joy reigned supreme.

The train left Clinton station at nine o'clock, but the little people could not wait for it. Two hundred and forty strong, a whole hour previous, they found their way into five cars assigned them, a whole solid train with a conductor of their own. Capt. Neil of Abbeville was the man and he made himself solid with the girls. We will have more to say about him, though, as the story goes on. It was a happy crowd that filled the train with merriment for five long hours. Elberton was almost the only stop that was made and there the Presbyterian Sabbath School girls and boys came down to meet them, and bid them good cheer, and they cheered specially with a barrel of apples as an addition to these dear people's lunch. Right lustily the children cheered this gift when they heard it. Atlanta was reached by four o'clock in the afternoon. There it was that the five cars poured out their crowd of girls and boys into the arms of their friends. What splendid people these Atlantans are. The great and the rich and the honored Presbyterians were there to meet them. Men who own millions of dollars, men whose hours were worth big money, men who were overcrowded with cares and sweet godly women by the score, just put themselves at the services of these dear little fatherless and motherless children.

There we were! The whole Thornwell Orphanage had been picked up bodily and dropped down in Atlanta. A great procession of more than 55 automobiles was on hand waiting for the little guests; Mrs. Frank Inman, God bless her, had done her work, and the children who only knew what an automobile was from the outside, were to find out what it means to be a millionaire, though some of our boys we must confess preferred to be chauffeurs and how their fingers itched to run the machines

themselves. They sat by the mighty man who had his hand on the wheel and there is no doubt that some of these lads will not be content until they have run somebody else's machine into the ditch.

Off we went out Peachtree Road and where else we do not know. The terminus ad quem, however, was the splendid residence of Mr. and Mrs. Honour, some eight or ten miles out in the country, beyond the city limits. And there a great surprise was prepared. These dear people had prepared a fine collation for the orphans and their guests; a happy hour was enjoyed; Dr. Holderby took hold, sorted out the children, looked to their entertainment, and that night Atlanta was over-loaded with them. They were lost to matrons and teachers and caretakers! What became of them rumor only tells and that tells enough. They went in every direction. They were shown the skyscrapers; they were shown the big beautifully lighted stores; they were shown the ice cream parlors; they were shown into the moving picture shows, and finally they were shown to bed. And right there trouble came. Two dear little girls who knew how to turn off electric lights (for we use them here) but unfortunately didn't understand about gas, like the proverbial countryman, *blew it out.* Indeed, their mistake came near being serious, but the doctor was called in, and the children were all right after a day in bed.

The next morning came that blizzard, ushered in by a furious storm of wind and rain. It looked as if the grand Presbyterian Rally was going to be a failure. But the storm had bucked against Atlanta Presbyterianism and the true blues stood true to the front. In spite of the bitter storm the great auditorium was filled to the doors. Quite six thousand people were there. Our poor, dear orphanage children looked with fear and trembling on that great audience and still more aghast were they when they were led to the front and up to the platform and given seats there and made to understand that they were to be the leaders in much of the singing! Facing five or six thousand people is not a very small matter for anybody but to know that this was a great mass of Presbyterian folk made one be glad and happy and thankful if a tiny bit scared! But after hearing that great organ and the splendid master leading out his trained choir of Atlanta's best, they determined to try and do their best, they did it and that is all that anybody in the world can do. We are not describing here the vast and enthusiastic crowd of Presbyterian workers representing scores of churches (though not one of them, we reckon was as unanimous-

ly present as the Thornweli Orphans) nor do we propose telling anything about the splendid sermon of Dr. Burrell of the marble Collegiate Church, New York City, but we are trying to wonder just how these little pupils of ours felt up there on the platform, the observed of all observers. It was long past one o'clock when the great morning past into history. There was an ovation afterward for the Thornwell People. They wondered and wondered why it was that so many people loved them.

At 3 o'clock (four our time) in fact just at the time when we always meet in our own sweet Church in Clinton, their kind entertainers took them to the Central Presbyterian Church on Capitol Square, where they and their pastor were to be "the whole thing." The auditorium of this church seats comfortably 1200. Many chairs had to be brought in for the great crowd who pressed in to help bless and cheer the children. Georgia gave a grand welcome to her little ones. Never was such sympathy shown before, nor such responsive happiness; nor such love nor such sweet smiles from loving friends. The whole central section of pews was filled with orphan children and the orphanage choir took their places by the organ. Their own pastor was in the pulpit, though Dr. Ogden and Mr. Eagan were there too. An hour was given to prayer and song and responsive exercises such as our children have at home. A rush was made for them after the benediction and they were borne away into the great city after the service to be fed and smothered with affection and comforted and made much of, like those dear good men and women of Atlanta know how to do. Were there ever such clever people before. We would just like to tell here every name that helped, but it would be only a catalogue of Atlanta's best and purest and noblest and most loving.

When the children met at the union station at 8 A.M., it was quite a different crowd from those who had been scattered among strangers on Saturday before. Now they had made friends; they had learned that most wonderful discovery in the human life that some one cared for them. They crowded the old reception room in the station, they and the noble, generous and tender people of Atlanta, and such a sight as that ancient room witnessed doubtless was never witnessed there before. Dr. Holderby prayed for them; Thornwell Jacobs, an old Orphanage boy himself, (for he was born in the Home of Peace) shouted himself hoarse giving orders and calling for songs and hymns to be sung and directing this and that. Then the boys and girls caught the spirit of the occasion and while the train waited they did not wait. They sang, they gave their college yells;

they shouted their admiration of Atlanta and the police stood by and laughed at their disorder. But it was a great and never-to-be-forgotten occasion and the fun lasted all the way to Clinton. At a stop on the road a great mass meeting was held in each car; messages of grateful thanks were sent to Col. Ryan, but as for Atlanta, they just could not find it in their hearts to thank one more than another and so unanimously and vigorously they begged Conductor Seal to wire back "Atlanta is great! Atlanta is beautiful; our own Atlanta; we love you." And with a mighty shout they sealed their approbation. By this time Conductor Seal looked like a whole circus; they had pinned their badges all over him, and he in turn, when he would stop at station after station, would decorate the ticket agents and the telegraph operators and the firemen and the engineers, and even the passing trains had to go by with their conductors labeled "Thornwell Orphanage." Fine old gentleman! The girls all loved him, though he had taken the precaution beforehand of telling them that he was a married man. At Elberton, here again came that same dear Sunday School, with a big barrel of bananas. We were glad that they were bananas, for just before we pulled out of Atlanta "the sweetest woman in the world" (just guess who she is) had put two barrels of apples aboard for lunch; on which when they had lunched, they brought the remainder for the 50 or more children who had been kept at home from one cause and another. So now the boys and girls cheered for Elberton as they had cheered for Atlanta. But what tales they had to tell. They did not report whether they had behaved or not; but so many of the dear Atlanta folks who had cared for them said such beautiful things about them, and Dr. Ogden and Dr. Flinn and Mr. Eagan and all the rest set us up with such sweet compliments that we were happy over it.

But the story of this trip, all of which can never be written save on the fleshy tablets of the heart and on the tablets of God's memory, would not be complete if we forgot to say a little word about the dear boys and girls of the olden time who joined the crowd of those who welcomed us at the station. Specially the heart of the leader of the expedition was touched beyond power of words when he found himself once more among his children. They all promised to be at the next reunion in Clinton. And don't you forget it, boys and girls. We want you. Moreover, we are going to look for that great excursion from the Central Church, as these dear people insist that they intend to return our visit! And won't we entertain them! Just give us a chance, beloved. We are not going to forget you.

So the boys came into Clinton shouting, Atlanta, Atlanta, Atlanta, forever! And doubtless a score of these boys are booked already as future citizens of Atlanta.

Reader, if you have got this far into this little narrative, we feel very sure that you are proud of Atlanta, too. Didn't she do us good? Dear old Atlanta! Good old Atlanta, we love you.

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## PRESBYTERIAN SERVICES WERE ATTENDED BY FIVE THOUSAND

IN A COLD, drizzling rain, some 5000 persons, from the 22 Presbyterian churches of Atlanta and the vicinity, gathered in the Auditorium-Armory Sunday morning to attend the second annual Presbyterian Jubilee and listen to a sermon on "Old Time Religion," by Dr. D. J. Burrell, pastor of Marble Collegiate Church, New York City.

The audience which comfortably filled the large building was not as large as that which gathered for the first meeting a year ago, but considering the inclement weather which prevailed Sunday morning, the attendance was a record one.

The Auditorium-Armory presented an attractive appearance, tastefully decorated with ferns and palms and hung with flags. Around the galleries the national colors were draped and across the front of the stage hung the banners of all civilized countries. Huge United States flags were draped on either side of the stage. The decorations were abundant and gracefully placed. On the stage were seated the ministers of the various Presbyterian Churches, the guest of the day, and a number of business men who have taken leading parts in the laymen's work of their church. Among them were Samuel M. Inman, J. K. Orr, Dr. F. H. Gaines, president of Agnes Scott College; Thornton Whaling, president of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C.; and Dr. W. P. Jacobs, head of the Thornwell Orphanage.

Directly back of these were the 240 orphan children from Thornwell Orphanage, the guests of the day. Their presence and rendition of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" was an enjoyable feature.

The orphan children were taken care of in various Presbyterian homes during their stay and left early Monday morning.

Just before their train was called they gathered in the waiting room at the Union Depot and sang again the familiar "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Clad in his gorgeous robes as a fellow of the Imperial Guild of Church Musicians, London, Dr. Percy J. Starnes, rendered a number of improvisations of hymns as the audience was assembling and played for the songs during the service.

"Tell Me the Old, Old Story," played by Dr. Starnes, using the main organ and the echo organ and with the choir divided half on the stage and half at the back of the hall, was beautiful and novel in its conception.

In his sermon Dr. Burrell stuck to the simple, old-fashioned ways of the first Presbyterians of this country. He started out by saying that he was glad that the song was "Tell Me the Old, Old Story," as that was what he was going to try to do. He said that, like his Methodist friends, he loved the "Old Time Religion" and loved to hear the song which is such a favorite with the Methodists.

His sermon which was a plea for the simple worship of God that our ancestors used, before the introduction of the new-fangled ideas, was a strong one and greatly enjoyed by his hearers.

At the conclusion the splendid choir rendered "Nearer, My God to Thee" and the orphan children sang "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again." Dr. Jacobs pronounced a short benediction and the second annual jubilee was over.

An offering for the purpose of removing the debt on the Presbyterian hospital was taken up Sunday morning at the Presbyterian rally. The entire amount of the money collected, with the exception of what goes to pay the individual expenses of the meeting, will be dedicated to the cause of the hospital.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, who has been greatly interested in the matter, stated Monday morning that the men who had the collection were not quite ready to state the exact amount, further than that a large sum had been collected and that it would prove sufficient, according to their estimate, to remove the burden of the debt.

ON THE NIGHT of December 7th, the writer addressed the young people of the Thornwell Memorial, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the organization of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, (then Confederate States). He was a reporter at that time, engaged by the *Southern Presbyterian*, and in such a way as a youth of 19 summers might be considered able to do it, he reported and printed the debates. In his commemorative address he especially described those three great leaders of that Assembly, Dr. Thornwell, Dr. Palmer and Dr. J. Leighton Wilson. The occasion described was a memorable one and even the memory of it is enough to make the blood tingle in the veins of age. The Assembly met December 4th, in the First Presbyterian Church of Augusta, Georgia, and then and there was laid the foundation for all the good work that our Church has done since in the way of home missions, foreign missions, education and publication. The fathers, where are they? Their works do follow them.

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## 1912

FOR 1912, my young brother, do something new every day. Are you a preacher? Write better, newer, fresher sermons. Are you a clerk? Push your work on a little further ahead and change it to suit the times and keep up with the times, do not fall into the ruts. Are you a builder? Build for yourself a noble character, and let your character impress those about you so that they may be beautiful because you are. Awake to a sense of your responsibilities. Let the year's end find you busier even than its beginning.

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The first issue of the *Westminster*, the new Presbyterian monthly journal published in the city of Atlanta, opens up with an account of the visit of the orphans to that great, noble metropolis. The new paper is destined to be of good service to Atlanta Presbyterianism and incidentally, to all Georgia, for it is a truth beyond controversy that what benefits Atlanta benefits the whole State. *The Westminster* in its first issue presents

a grand idea for the church at large, namely that the General Assemblies of the Northern, Southern, United, and Associate Reformed Presbyterian Churches all meet in Atlanta in 1915 and at the close of the Assemblies' work, they all take a trip together to see the opening of the Panama Canal! Atlanta has our congratulations. It cannot do little things. Its ideas are big. We hope the scheme may be carried out and may we be there to see.

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If you want to see a sight that is rare enough at this season of the year anywhere, come to the Thornwell Orphanage, and at seven o'clock sharp, eastern time, walk over with us to this Assembly Hall of the Home. Quickly as you may make the trip, you will find that 300 others have been as quick, and that they have filled the Hall to the doors. Every morning, day after day, before the sun is up this midwinter season, amid the blaze of electric lights, this wonderful thing happens,—a congregation of 300 Presbyterian folk meet at 7 A.M. For what? For prayer of course, and for the singing of hymns, and just at this present time for the reading of David's beautiful Psalms. This Thornwell Memorial Church is the only Presbyterian Church in this State that so unanimously meets every morning in the year to worship God. Five hundred and fifty times a year, they meet together for worship. What a wonderful privilege is theirs. They appreciate it and enjoy it. The very frequency of their gathering makes their assembly the more welcome. Would not you, gentle reader, like to have the same privilege?

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*Our Monthly* enters with this issue upon its 49th volume. It bids its friends a happy New Year, and prays for them grace, mercy and peace. It hopes for good success for every cause that is serving God, whole heartedly. May the year be bright with mercies to all our friends.

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Thirty-seven years ago, when the Thornwell Orphanage was first struggling to make its plea heard by the Presbyterians of the South, the greatest difficulty of all was to secure the con-

sent of the Church to what was to nine-tenths of our people an astonishing proposition, that there should be any call upon the church to heed the cry of the fatherless, save to dole to them an occasional loaf of bread or now and then a stray dollar. As the theory of the Church orphanage was almost unknown in the Southern Presbyterian Church, (and even yet is in the Northern Presbyterian Church, except in foreign mission lands), it is a little remarkable that in these 37 years, Presbyterian orphan homes have been founded under the synodical control for every one of our Southern Synods, Missouri alone excepted, and that the church is committed as a whole, to a similar institution for the children of missionaries and the orphans of ministers. But it is even so, and that this is directly traceable to the literature sent out from the Thornwell Orphanage, is very generally asserted by the friends of that institution. In those early days, the support of the Thornwell Orphanage was not at all confined to the States of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida as at present, but was brought in from every Southern State, except Alabama, which had its own orphanage since 1866 and was the first of the Synodical institutions. Even in South Carolina there were no denominational Orphanages and Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians were urged on by its success, and quickly established their own, by so doing taking from us a considerable amount of local help. As, one by one the Synods founded their various institutions, the sources of support to the Thornwell Orphanage diminished, although strange to say, the annual income was increased rather than diminished.

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The Atlanta folks take time by the forelock. They are looking forward to a great Presbyterian Rally next December. At the rally last December, all of the Thornwell Orphanage was taken over in a body and they had a never-to-be-forgotten pleasure. At the meeting this December it is proposed to take the whole Theological Seminary, professors and students, and to give them a treat that will not be forgotten as long as they live. We congratulate the Seminary on this expected trip. It will be great as we know by experience.

But Atlanta has something else on docket. An article published elsewhere in this issue of *Our Monthly*, explains it. The Presbyterians of that city are proposing to invite four great Presbyterian Assemblies to meet there at one time, the North-

ern, the Southern, the United and the Associate Reformed. Such a gathering would break the record. Never before has such a thing occurred. Moreover it is suggested that after the assemblies have done their work, all who can do so will arrange to go down to Panama to make a survey of the great new canal; and to catch a glimpse of the mighty Pacific. We second the motion. May Atlanta succeed in her great scheme. It will appeal to the brethren both North and South, but especially of the North. And all this great host Atlanta proposes to entertain!

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About the commonest error among even educated people is that of supposing that the bigger a college or university, the better the education, and of course the bigger the class you are in, the more thoroughly educated you are. It is a false notion of course, but it is the kind that prevails. The lad in a class of one with a good teacher is much more apt to come out of the class with an education than if he were one of a class of a hundred. The bare statement of the proposition proves itself. The advantages offered by the small college are greater than those of a great university, simply and solely because there is a better chance for the youth to get some of the education that is going. The writer has had thoroughly good evidence of the truth of that in his own personal experience. It is great to be able to say, I was educated at Heidelberg, or Edinboro or even at Yale or Harvard but whether that education was of much value depends altogether upon the kind of men that took it. For our own part, we would not hesitate a moment in deciding as to the comparative value of the college of a hundred and the college of 5,000 students. Give us the smaller college all the time. We prefer the comfort of a good private home with all it implies to that of the biggest hotel on earth. And we really think that any sensible man would.

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As to these "little denominational colleges scattered all over the country" we have the profoundest respect for them. A great city university is not to be compared for a moment with them, in the real value they bring to the community. If the State wants to go into the higher education business, we have not a

word to say, but when an attack is made by its advocates on a little Denominational School, we are prepared to hit back. The denominational colleges as a rule give the students just a little more for their money than it is within the power of State colleges to do, for the State cannot make the souls of the students the great consideration, whereas the denominational college that does not do that very thing is not worthy of the name. The Christian man at least is of the opinion that it will not profit a man if he gains the whole world of knowledge and lose his own soul. We are pleased to know that the attacks made on the denominational schools are not being made in South Carolina. The State schools are minding their own business and the denominational schools are doing the same and they are mututally co-operative. But our exchanges present evidence that this is not the case everywhere.

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When John Calvin had written his commentaries on the New Testament, it is said that he remarked, "I have not expounded the book of Revelation because I did not understand it." ("Non intelligo"). In which he did right. No man should try to explain what he does not understand. However, the book belongs to the sacred Canon; the church accepts it, therefore it is to be supposed that it is given to us for edification. The author of it undoubtedly thought that the book should be read and understood, and pronounces a blessing upon those who read. Also it has been in the hands of the church for 1900 years and if it is ever going to be understood, it is high time that it should be at this late date. For our part we set about reading this book with a mind fully made up that the book was inspired, was intended to be read and understood and that we had a right to understand it. We know certain things about it. (1) Written by the Apostle John, it is the other half of his Gospel. The Gospel tells the story of the suffering Christ; Revelation tells the story of the victorious Christ. Rev. 1:8 is the theme and text of the book. (2) The book is written in a language that can be interpreted. Figuratively of course. but intelligibly. One must make a dictionary of the figures and interpret by them. The book itself supplies all the hints necessary to do this. One must know the language of the book or he can never read it. (3) It quickly appears that the book of Daniel is the model on which

this book of Revelation is constructed. Daniel's seven-fold visions are duplicated in the seven-fold construction of Revelation. Each vision is wholly or partially repeated and enlarged upon in the one that follows. (4) The intention of the writer is to tell the story of the conquest of the earth by the Church of God. It is not a story of heaven but of earth. The New Jerusalem is let down from God out of Heaven. It is therefore of the earth. The consummation of the whole story is the spread of the Gospel throughout the entire world; the rule of Christ on earth; the earth made new and the Heavens (the church) new. The Bride, the Lamb's wife is the invisible church meet for the Master's use. "That Woman Jezebel," "the scarlet woman" represents the corrupted imitation of the Church of God. We do not hesitate to say that if one will take these hints he can get hold of the whole scheme of the book of Revelation. He will find it to be a gloriously beautiful book; wonderful in the story it has to tell, and splendidly enthusing to the church of God in its purpose to conquer every square inch of this world for our gracious Lord and Master. There is a ring of triumph in it that is startling beyond expression. As a poem, as a grand heroic, as an epic of the ages, its literary value has never been properly estimated, and as a magnificent story of the coming into His own of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords it is incomparably, inestimably valuable. Those who slight it, lose the very cream of the Scriptures. Daniel and Revelation have been treated lightly by higher critics and even rudely handled. Nothing else could so prove their ignorance. These are the two pillars of Jachin and Boaz,—the beauty and strength and the wisdom of God.

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Very much is being said just now in the Protestant religious press on the subject of the growth and dangerous attitude of the Catholic Church. We have not shared any fears on the subject. In fact, we confess to having a very strong desire for a better understanding between the Catholics and Protestants. In this age of closer relationship, the time will shortly come when mutual confidence will be restored and it must be restored by conference, now impossible owing to the attitude of the hierarchy, but not outside the bounds of possibility in the near future. In private life, Catholics and Protestants form warm friendships and have the kindest feelings toward one another.

This must and will go further, until bitterness and strife will end and Ephriam and Judah will no longer vex each other. We must not forget that the Catholics have always been regarded with suspicion in the American Republic and that they are not to be blamed for striving for every vantage ground they can get upon. This is but human nature. We feel sure that there must certainly be a way in which such great questions as the proper observance of the Sabbath, the temperance reform, the Bible in public schools, and many others of like sort may become matters of co-operation instead of discord. At present these two great forces, Catholicism and Protestantism, are antagonizing and seeking to out-wit and out-maneuver one another. We will each need the other yet, before the fight against paganism in America is over. In this mutual understanding, *America must lead the way.*

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It has always seemed a curious thing to us that our colleges never place mathematics among their elective studies. There are multitudes of minds that are forced to wrestle hopelessly with sine and cosines, and to make what little they can out of parallelopipedons. And yet the studies of the heavens above and the earth beneath may be neglected if they wish. We take a real pleasure in expressing our opinion, to which our reader may or may not give his assent, that our High Schools would be better off if half of the arithmetic were torn out and thrown in the fire, and (now shoot if you want to) two-thirds of the grammar, also.

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One of the most interesting items of news that has come to us for many a day, was that announced about a month ago in the *Westminster* of the plan of the citizens of Atlanta to revive the Oglethorpe University, which went down with "flying colors" in the self-same city of Atlanta some thirty years ago. It entered into the heart and head of Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, now a citizen of that great city, to test the proposition. He presented the matter to 50 Atlanta well-to-do Presbyterians as to whether they would agree to go into a directory of 100 men, each of them to pay $200 a year for five years, and 50 of them

to be residents of Atlanta. The proposition was agreed to by almost every man appealed to and in a very short time, the fifty men had subscribed to the proposition. A lot worth $50,000 has already been donated, this being a tract of 50 acres beautifully located on the street car lines and in the suburbs of the city. It is proposed to secure $150,000 from the Synod of Georgia at large, and $150,000 from elsewhere, so making a plant of a half million dollars. The plan seems to be not only feasible but wholly practical and it is thought that within a year building will be under way. Atlanta has been suggesting the propriety of having other people come into their city, and build a university. It is well that she has learned that if any great thing is to be done by a great city, the one right thing to do, is to lay the foundations herself and when the church throughout the state sees that she is in earnest and that something is going to be done, there will be plenty of help. Georgia needs a college; Atlanta can well afford to secure it for herself and $150,000 would be a small price to pay for it. Surely Atlanta is ten times a bigger place than Clinton, and yet last month Clinton subscribed $15,000 in order to aid a college, already planted and growing, within her city limits. To secure the college originally to herself, Clinton gave about as much as Atlanta has just subscribed. We feel sure that the great city will make that $100,000 a very much bigger sum before she gets through and that what she asks of the Synod at large, is only asked for the purpose of binding the Synod to that new institution. We congratulate the mover in this great scheme, and we need not say that we wish for the revived University an abundant and speedy success.

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The loss of the Titanic shook the whole nation. Sorrow ruled in the hearts of millions who had no personal interest in a man on board. But there were many on board whose names are familiar to us all. They perished in the sea, perished bravely, giving the women and children the first chance for rescue. Their heroic death has elevated our common humanity. The nation mourns the loss. There was the great ship itself to mourn over. Its destruction frightens one. Apparently it was invincible. And yet in two brief hours after the moment of the shock it sank like lead in the mighty waters. It lies with all its splendid appointments, with its millions of value, two miles deep under the sea, utterly beyond man's utmost skill to reach or help. Man's greatest specimen of naval architecture, far eclipsing

Noah's wonderful achievement of the ages past, has met with so disastrous a fate that governments are planning to prevent its duplication. As for the lives, 1600 of them, a million times as many will enter eternity within the next three and thirty years. Indeed, every day, ten times as many people pass into eternity as sank with the mighty ship out of sight of man, and none count or take note. It was only the unexpectedness of the disaster that makes it so overwhelming. We trusted that man's ingenuity had triumphed over the dangers of the ocean. "It cannot sink," was the exclamation of its owners. But it did sink, as ignominiously as any little craft, carrying with it stoker, and millionaire, the ignorant and the learned scholar. Alas! What would life mean were there no eternity?

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Some years ago, we will not say how many, possibly fifty, the writer of this item was a student in Columbia Theological Seminary. He looks back with delight to those halcyon days, as the days of joy in a young life enthusiastic for the privilege of preaching the Gospel. The attendance at that time was the greatest in the history of the Seminary. There were fifty-three students enrolled. All of the buildings of the institution were new then. They had been erected some few years before. Since then they have been made over again and given some modern touches while one new building, the refectory, has been erected. We remember at that time a picture on the walls which gave the proposed plan on which the institution was to be outfitted for doing the best sort of work for students. Besides a half dozen professors' cottages, still to be erected, it outlined a handsome chapel and a fire-proof library. That same picture or one much like it, appears opposite page 24 in the 1912 catalogue of the Seminary. Both were needed then and they are much more needed now. Fifty years is a long time to wait for a couple of buildings neither one of which ought to cost over $25,000. These past fifty years have had some troubles for the Seminary and there have been several propositions for removal. These have doubtless occasioned a spirit of unrest in the Synod that has made the church careless about responding for calls to building. But the very fact that such unrest has taken place, now makes it more evident than ever, that these buildings, so long projected, should be at once undertaken. The present campaign for the Columbia Seminary, as well as Clinton College and Chi-

cora, (the three C's as the *Westminster* magazine facetiously puts it,) should be pushed vigorously and to entire success.

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Some twenty years ago *Our Monthly* suggested that Columbia Seminary could not expect its halls to be filled with students until the four Synods of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Alabama which are tributary to it, each had its own Presbyterian College. South Carolina first and at length Florida and Alabama have laid the foundation for their Synodical institutions. The South Carolina institution at Clinton is apparently, at present, the most substantially heeled of any of them, but in a most unexpected moment, our Georgia brethren have waked up, and already, beside a noble site worth at least $50,000, about 70 gentlemen, (with a certainty of 30 more to be added to them,) have pledged $1000 each to the resuscitation of Oglethorpe University. It is proposed to raise at once $250,000 and to double that amount at the earliest practicable moment. Vigor with enthusiasm and knowledge are at the back of the movement, and they count about as well as money. That Atlanta is not going to let this grand scheme fizzle out is as certain as sunshine. We hope at some early day to be invited over to see the cornerstone laid. When the new Oglethorpe opens its doors, the band of Synodical colleges will be complete.

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What is in a title? A rough fellow called at the post office for a letter addressed to Bill Jackson, M.D. "When did you get to be Doctor?" asked the postmaster. "Doctor nothin'," was the reply, "M.D., stands for mule driver." It reminds us of Dr. Thornwell's interpretation of L.L.D., D.D., at the first Presbyterian General Assembly, in 1861. "Long legged devil, deep in debt."

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## THE NEW OGLETHORPE

THORNWELL JACOBS, EDITOR of the Presbyterian magazine, *The Westminster*, Atlanta, who seems to be the leading promoter of the movement to re-establish in Atlanta the famous old Oglethorpe University of Milledgeville now long de-

funct, gives to the *Atlanta Journal* an interview, regarding a visit to the site of the old institution, in which occur several passages of interest to South Carolinians. One of the Milledgeville residents whom he met, Mrs. Robson, is a daughter of Dr. R. C. Smith, who was a member of the faculty of Oglethorpe. She recalls vividly the pre-eminence in the faculty of Dr. James Woodrow, and related to Mr. Jacobs much personalia as to Sidney Lanier, the poet, who in Baltimore, years afterward, at the height of his fame, declared that Dr. Woodrow had influenced him more than any other man. Dr. Woodrow's nephew and name-sake, Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. Robson had often rocked to sleep in his cradle in those days. Mr. Jacobs found no trace left on Midway Hill of the main building of the university, but Thalian Hall remains, and the president's home. Presbyterians of the South will watch Mr. Jacobs' canvass with interest and sympathy, for the name Oglethorpe University has many close associations with the departed leaders of the denomination. Founded in 1836, by the Georgia Educational Society, under the control of the Synods of Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama, Oglethorpe, through a period of more than a quarter century, did highly creditable work. The war swept away its endowment fund and in 1865 its doors were finally closed. Mr. Jacobs tells *The Journal* that he has induced 61 citizens of Atlanta and Milledgeville to pledge contributions of $1,000 each toward establishment of the new Oglethorpe.—*The State.*

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We regard our Mr. Scott as one of the most remarkable men that we ever knew. An Englishman by birth, he drifted to America just in time to help the South in its unpleasant and very vigorous settlement with our Northern brethren. When comparatively young he reached Clinton by way of New York and other places, and at the very outset of the enterprise to erect the Thornwell Orphanage, he allied himself with it. It had hardly opened its doors before he walked in and became so to speak, one of our guardian angels. And here he is still, and as long as this present writer lives, here he will be. Mr. Scott never went to College though he helped to build one. In fact, what education he got, he hammered out for himself, and to such good purpose that he is probably one of our best read men. Moreover, he has learned not only to love books, but to put books in the way of other people. He is very fond of distribut-

ing them to his friends. Among his particular friends, he counts the Nellie Scott Library:—the library of the Thornwell Orphanage. Within the past month he has given it sixty volumes, some of them are fine, for instance a handsomely bound and printed edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels in 24 volumes. It is books of that character, sets of volumes of our best authors that go to make up a fine library. Mr. Scott is still a young man, even though one of the Confederate veterans of 61-65. May he long live. He loves the Orphanage and the Orphanage loves him.

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THE OLD CITY by the sea! A vision of Charleston is a dream of long ago. Not but that Charleston is on the move. It surely is. Its suburbs now extend for seven miles above Calhoun Street. It has walled in the salt sea on its water front with granite blocks, filled in behind it and added many acres of beautiful building sites to the good old town below Broad Street. King Street is not the old King Street of the '50's by any means. Nearly every store of that ancient date is replaced by handsome modern buildings. Large sections of the city have grown up. In '61 the city was fire-swept from sea to sea. The broad swath through the city has been rebuilt in far better style than before. Nevertheless a sojourner in Charleston in 1860 would recognize the old city at a glance. Its old hotels, rebuilt and repaired to be sure, are there yet at the same old corners; St. Philip's and St. Michael's; the Citadel Square Baptist; the Old Scotch Church; Central and "Flynn's," with new names but the same old churches. There are many other old institutions; the Orphan House, the Citadel Academy, Charleston College and the High School. A score of public buildings such as the Hibernian Hall, the Custom House, the "Old Post office," the venerable market looking just as in the old time while a thousand dwellings spared by the earthquake, tornado, fire and the storm of battle, bring back recollections of the "good old days." Dear old city, your absent children cannot forget you. The city is growing, expanding, advancing, but may the noble edifices that the men of ancient days so solidly built,—may they last for centuries to come.

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Occasionally we get a matron or a teacher at the Thornwell Orphanage who expects hotel fare every day at the Orphanage table. We are sorry to say they get badly mistaken.

Plenty of good wholesome food is furnished but we do not have salmon croquetts for breakfast, nor chickenpie and ice cream for dinner, nor do we indulge in fish suppers; that is, "not often." The breakfast fare is oatmeal with sugar and milk or butter as desired, coffee for the older and hot water tea for the younger, fresh biscuit and gravy or molasses and battercakes or muffins where the individual kitchens are brought into play. The dinner always provides some kind of meat, fresh or salt as the case may be; two or three kinds of vegetables and some kind of dried or ripe fruit, with fresh biscuit, newly made for the meal. Supper finds some kind of drinkable, tea or cocoa usually, tea in the summer, or milk, or hot water tea, with fresh bread, rolls possibly or muffins. This is about the routine, varied often by what the individual kitchens furnish, as each matron has the privilege of preparing something on her own stove, in addition to the supplies brought from the kitchen. There are many changes in the menu as the seasons go by. At present the gardens are furnishing a great abundance of delightful vegetables, corn and potatoes, beans, tomatoes, okra, squash, cucumbers and cabbage and onions and beets and all such. Some people think cleanliness has lots to do with good eating. We will set up our central kitchen as a model and challenge comparison. It has visitors every day, and we doubt if one visitor in the year has found it in disorder or unclean. It is provided with two large ranges, each with its hot water boiler of a hundred gallons, its marble top table for rolling out biscuit; its motor-driven doughmixer, the very best made; two large boilers for soup and two large bake ovens for cakes and extras. It is being fitted with a steam cooker for driving steam at 800 degrees into the meats and vegetables and so cooking them with absolute thoroughness. From this kitchen, food is distributed to the cottages. But in every cottage, and there are seventeen in all, there are secondary kitchens. In these, food may be prepared, just as the matron will take trouble to do it, three times or less a day, and they are permitted to cook whatever they wish, getting supplies from the store-room. This is our scheme. Of course the human element is a very important factor in all cooking. Young girls under an experienced matron do the cooking, and a busier set would be hard to find. These girls range in age from 14 to 21, they are 56 in number, 7 working in each set, and each set taking a month in the kitchen. Young girls prepare the meals and do it with a desire to do their best. Those who study them and work with them have only praise for them. Nobly they stick to their duties in the heat of summer and the cold of winter, on Christmas holi-

days when others are playing, for alas, the family is too large to prepare food on one day for the next. Noble girls, we are just as proud of them as we can be.

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The steel-boat, Mary Musgrove, Capt. Johnson Kilgore, commanding a crew consisting of Messrs. Connor Nelson, Robt. Durant, and Henry and Charlie Winn, all alumni of the Thornwell Orphanage, has burst into history. On the last Tuesday morning of July, at 6 A. M., cheered on by a crowd of small boys, then resident of Riverside Cottage, they set sail on a dangerous and eventful voyage of discovery. This enterprise was no less than the exploration of a hundred miles of water lying between Riverside Cottage and the city of Columbia. Amidst dangers of shoals and sandbars and snags, they moved bravely out. Often they had to make portage of the boat. Three nights they spent upon the way and for three days they toiled, fast and furious, at the oars. Riverside Cottage is now a seaport town. A suburban trolley should be at once built to Clinton so that city may have water advantages, hitherto possible only after a general rain covering the whole high-way to Columbia. The party traveled the Enoree to Maybinton, where they floated out serenely on the Broad, pursuing their way down to its junction with the Congaree. There the sky scrapers of Columbia broke upon the view and rejoiced them with the thought that they had done a deed somewhat similar to that of Stanley's voyage down the Congo, and to be emulated forever at Riverside Cottage, where the lads will tell the story thereof to generations following. We do not know whether or not

> "they were the first
> that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

but we award them the honor of being probably the first since the days of the Indians, and we don't know whether the Indians ever did so daring a deed. Well done, Captain, we are glad to have you and your company back safe and sound.

This paragraph is directed primarily to our fellow-citizens, but is appropriate to all towns, with three to four thousand population. It may be set down as one of the certain things that Clinton is destined to grow. It cannot do otherwise. The population of the state is increasing rapidly. The state can support six million people and then have only 200 to the square mile, about one person to every three of the best acres of land on the face of the earth. Seventy years from now, the state will have not far from that number living within it. This natural increase will make of Clinton, a city, as large as Columbia now is. That is no extraordinary prophecy. Only fifty years ago, every city in the state except Charleston and Columbia was smaller than Clinton is today! Clinton was then 60th in size among South Carolina hamlets. It had 150 population. It is now 21st with 3,400 population, or with over 4000 including Lydia suburb. Its growth has been 25 fold. Similar growth would put its condition seventy years hence at 100,000 instead of the 25,000 we have claimed. This is preliminary to an urgent appeal we put up to the city fathers and to the men and women of Clinton. Real estate prices are already high in Clinton. They are going to run a great deal higher. *Now is the time to buy play grounds for your boys and girls and parks for your babes and old folks.* This writer does not "play ball." He is getting too old even to learn how. But he would urge on the city fathers the purchase of a ball ground, in some suitable locality, within walking distance of the center of the city; a half dozen play grounds for the children, an acre each, fitted up for proper sports and a park within two or three miles of the Union depot, the park to cover at least 25 acres, and better still, a hundred. The play grounds should be scattered over the different parts of the town. The park should be the most broken piece of ground to be had in our suburbs and there are plenty such. These, fellow citizens are the sentiments of a youth of three score years and ten, who is thinking of the happiness of your children and their offspring, and who has a longing to provide for those who come after us that they may be better than we are, physically and morally.

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The editor of *Our Monthly* came to Clinton to live in 1864, but on the 13th, July, 1862, just fifty years ago, he had the pleasure of preaching his first sermon here. The Presbyterian Church had about twenty-five white members, only two or three

of them residents of the town. The church building was a frame structure, with the same bell over the front door that now hangs in the stone tower of the present beautiful church building. His sermon was the first he had ever written,—"Jesus wept, and the Jews said, 'behold how He loved him.'" On the fiftieth anniversary of that occasion, the editor, as pastor of the Thornwell Memorial, after some personal and autobiographical remarks read the same sermon to the congregation. He had not used it before in all the fifty years. Rev. Dr. Moffett and Rev. Mr. Hooten were with him in the pulpit. Dr. Moffett made some very kind remarks and a prayer was offered by both the brethren present.

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A very beautiful picture was today presented before the eyes of this editor. He saw a young woman, vigorous, well endowed physically with a fair face and form; even more highly endowed spiritually with a gentle, loving spirit; active, energetic, persevering; and along with all these gifts and graces, possessing an unusual share of intellectual culture, thoroughly trained, specially trained along lines chosen for herself years ago, gifted in languages, music, housekeeping arts and graces, indeed an ideal woman. This was the picture. She was breaking every tie that bound her to her loved ones at home, leaving everything she counted dear, to go thousands of miles away to live among people of a strange speech and another nationality, to be gone for years (she doesn't know how many) and doing it all with a bright and happy smile, glad, glad that her ten year's dream was realized at last and that she was now a commissioned missionary, going to teach children about Jesus, the thing above all things she desired to do. Her old pastor said, "My daughter, I am indeed distressed to tell you good-bye," and her reply was "I am so very, very glad to go!"

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Rev. Thornwell Jacobs of Atlanta, recently visited Clinton for the purpose of getting the Presbyterians of this city to subscribe a thousand dollars to the endowment of the proposed Oglethorpe University. While here, he preached in the First Presbyterian Church and in his morning sermon asked for ten

men to subscribe $100 each. Although the church had recently raised a subscription of $15,000 for the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, they responded to the request and a thousand dollars was subscribed. We are certainly pleased at this prompt response on the part of this Church. Clinton feels a deep interest in the proposed University and in the young minister who is its promoter.

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The Augustan era, the age of the Reformation, the Elizabethan era and the age we are now living in, while all differ in many respects, are all, nevertheless, eras in which it was worth-while living. Jesus speaking of his age, said that the time would come when the world would long to see the day of the Son of man. He was right, the world has wished it often. Some ages of the world just drag their slow length along. All men seem to be upon one common level. There are wars and rumors of wars, but they only make man miserable. But in our age everything is different. Even the wars are epochal; our war with Spain, the Japanese war with Russia, the Balkan war, all illustrate this. But triumphs of peace have been far greater. Think of what the last century accomplished. It is an age that has given us the cylinder press, electric appliances, sky-scrapers, ocean travel, world postage facilities, the wireless, Radium, modern sewerage, Bible instruction, the religious press, missionary enterprise, universal public schools, hygiene for the whole people, the conquest of diseases, the Suez and Panama Canals, the telegraph and the telephone, the sewing machine, the cooking stove, the typewriter and the fountain pen, reapers and mowers and silos and so many other things that it is impossible to mention them all. The heavens above, the depths of the ocean, the secrets of the poles, the interior of unexplored continents, the wonders of the microscope and the telescope and the spectroscope, all of these are but a hint at the encyclopedias of wisdom that this age has given to the world. Whether the coming century will do as well is to be a question. Is there anything more that nature can do for man or can tell him? Indeed is not the world now waiting for a new revelation? The millennium is promised. Is not the promise of the millennium age one of brotherliness and godliness? There is great talk of these things but Heaven has not yet come down to earth. But perhaps we are witnessing the dawn of that great day.

## OGLETHORPE CROSSES THE SAVANNAH

THE LITTLE CITY of Clinton, S. C., comes about as near belonging to the Presbyterian Church as any town we know of. Not only is the Presbyterian denomination the strongest there, but Clintonians have for so many years been so much interested in so many Presbyterian enterprises that some remarkable privileges have been accorded them. It was their privilege to lead the Synod of South Carolina in the founding of an orphanage. It was their privilege to lead the Synod of South Carolina in the founding of a college.

On the twenty-seventh day of October, 1912, it was their privilege to lead the Synod of South Carolina in the founding of a University.

It was their own University, old Oglethorpe, founded by a Presbytery of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia in days before there was a Presbyterian college between Virginia and the Pacific Ocean. For years it was maintained by the Synod and later by the Synods into which it was divided.

It was founded to become a great Presbyterian University. It was beginning to become it. It boasted the finest college chapel in the United States before there was such a town as Atlanta on the map. It graduated the greatest southern poet who ever lived and the only one who ranks with the seven immortals of American literature. Fifty years after the Civil War swept it off the face of the earth, the Governor of the state in which it perished is an alumnus, one of the senators, a descendant of the men who founded it and the other the First Vice-President of the Board of Directors who are refounding it. As if this were not enough the President of the United States was partly reared on her campus and his only real rival traces her lineage to her cornerstone.

So when the people heard the story of how the Southern Presbyterians were going to refound Oglethorpe University they counted it a thing to be grasped after that they should have the honor of being the first church in the Synod of South Carolina to put a representative on her Board of Directors.

And it was not so much that they did it, for every one knows that that would happen, but it was the way in which it was done that tells.

The first two men on the list of contributors were the first two men who years ago made the first two contributions to Clinton College.

A half dozen of the contributors were among the original Board of Trustees of that institution.

Among the contributors was the name of the man who originally planned the founding of the Thornwell Orphanage and Clinton College.

The first man to say "We must do this thing," was a graduate of Davidson College and the second of Clinton College.

The whole attitude of this fountain-head of Presbyterian education in South Carolina was: We have aided in founding an orphanage; we have aided in founding a college and now we have the privilege of aiding in the founding of a University.

And there is this about it. For years Clinton institutions have been appealing to the Presbyterian public. This is probably the first appeal of the Presbyterian public to Clinton institutions. They were not found wanting.

And their pastor, Rev. F. D. Jones, who has made good so abundantly in his labors there in college and community and church—one big-hearted, reasonable optimist who believes in his people and in whom his people believe—all South Carolina will be glad to know of his fine success in this important field where are located some of her most important institutions and it will do them all good to know, also, that at the time when a man was needed as the pastor of the Clinton church he was to be found there. He believed that his people would do it nor did they disappoint his faith.

"One stone the more swings to her place,
In that dread temple of Thy worth;
It is enough that through Thy Grace
They saw their duty to Thine earth."

And as it was at Clinton, so will it be elsewhere. The Southern people want their University resurrected from its ashes, and what they want they are now able to get.

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A merry Christmas greeting!*

December is here. Before it ends, the jolly children's day, the great big day of the year, will be on us. All over this lovely Christian land, the dear boys and girls will be waiting for the

*A type of the circulars that brought many thousands of dollars "to feed the orphans."

opening of the Christmas stockings. Mingled with Christmas carols and Christmas feasts will be Christmas greetings. Here at the dear old homestead where there are three hundred happy children living, the day will be a long sweet day of joy and sunshine. It does not matter if snow falls or if it rains, or whether the heavens are dark with clouds, behind the clouds the sun will be shining and hearthstones will be red with Christmas fires and the Christmas trinkets will be on exhibition and the Christmas dinner will be waiting for its happy guests. God bless the dear good people who have remembered the orphans. Listen to the children's voices as they call through the long distance to you, to you beloved benefactors; Christmas, merry, merry Christmas, a sweet and bright and merry Christmas to every one of you, old and young, from your little orphans.

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## AN INSANE CLASSIC

A PENNILESS LAWYER of Chicago, hopelessly insane, who was an inmate of the hospital at Dunning, died a few years since, leaving nothing but the following prose poem, in the form of a will. It will outlive many a learned treatise destitute of imagination, fancy or sentiment; and even many a bit of verse illuminated by the glow of true poetic feeling. Incidentally, it illustrates the kinship which often subsists between talent and mental observation, and may serve and correct certain current misconceptions with reference to the nature of insanity.

—I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest, which is known in law and recognized in the sheep bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

*Item*: I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endowments, and I charge said par-

ents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

*Item*: I leave to children exclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon and the train of the milky way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

*Item*: I devise to boys jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons, where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snowclad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold these same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with their appurtenances, the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any incumbrance of care.

*Item*: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

*Item*: To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively, I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

*Item*: And those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without title or diminution.

*Item*: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

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## "ON TO ATLANTA"

SUCH A DEEP and widespread interest has been shown in the proposal of the Atlanta Presbyterians that the General Assemblies of the various Presbyterian Churches in the United States hold simultaneous sessions in that city in the year 1913, that a clear and concise statement of what is intended and included in that proposition should be made.

The President of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Atlanta is Rev. S. W. Reid, pastor of the Associate Reformed Church. He is also chairman of the committee having the matter in charge. With him are associated on the committee: Dr. Ogden, of the Central Church (U. S.); Dr. Moore, of the Harris Street Church (U. S. A.), an elder of the U. P. church and a number of other distinguished and conservative pastors of the Southern Presbyterian. The committee, like the proposed meeting, is therefore Pan-Presbyterian. Of course the reason why no other denominations of Presbyterians are represented on the committee is that there are not other varieties of local churches here.

But it is intended still further to broaden the meeting so as to include representatives, at least, from the other Presbyterian organizations of the United States. *Not one will be left out.*

It should go without saying that this is no subtle effort to spring Organic Union on the Associate Reformed or Northern or United Presbyterian Assemblies. If it were so, a large number of the men who are enthusiastically laboring for the gathering would certainly withdraw.

Then what is it? It is an effort to emphasize the Organic Union already existing; it is a striving for the development of *Cardiacal* Union. It is a prayer offered to their Assemblies by the ministers of Atlanta that they should gather at one time, in one place, with one accord to give thanks and that there may come upon their already united ranks a mighty Pentecost. It is

the privilege of the Southern Presbyterians to be the hosts of this historic assemblage, to blaze the way for the greatest gathering of Presbyterians ever held in the history of the world. It is of their hospitality, and of their good will, that the gathering would draw inspiration. The question of Organic Union does not enter into it. It is a question of Pan-Presbyterian Fellowship, a question infinitely bigger than Organic Union. Neither our A. R. P., nor our U. P., nor our U. S. A., brethren need fear that we are trying to ensnare them. We are only trying to tell them that we love them. Also; that this is what they, as represented in the Ministers' Association, are trying to tell us.

Why Atlanta? Because Atlanta is one of the six possible cities in which such a meeting could be held. It has an auditorium capable of seating some ten thousand people. It is the largest Presbyterian city in the South. It can and will entertain all delegates and commissioners. And it alone of all American cities has in such an auditorium, the finest pipe organ in the world ready and waiting for such an occasion.

Pause for a moment and contemplate what a gathering that would be, timed to match the completion of the Panama Canal, tuned to surpass the harmony of the vast oceans that find rest each in the bosom of the other, set upon the state that fifty years ago was burned to ashes in fratricidal strife. On such a stage, at such a time, in such a surpassing harmony rises the triumphant church of God, united, one in all their divisions, in a mighty prayer for a Pan-Presbyterian Pentecost. Even the Westminster Assembly will recognize in it a brother.

It is a thing that will be done. Already a score of leading and withal conservative Southern Presbyterians have enthusiastically endorsed it, a similar number of a similar kind from the other bodies have done likewise. Among them are such names as Whaling, Vance, Warfield, Ogden, Bridges, Little, Best. Every Presbyterian paper that has expressed itself editorially has favored the plan heartily. Among these are the *Presbyterian Standard, The Continent, The Presbyterian, Our Monthly, The Herald and Presbyter, The New York Observer* and *The Westminster Magazine,* whose editor originated the idea.

The North Avenue Church of Atlanta, of which Dr. R. O. Flinn is pastor has invited the Southern Assembly to meet with them. The Central Presbyterian Church of which Dr. D. H. Ogden is pastor has invited the U. S. A., Assembly to meet with them. The A. R. P.'s Synod will meet in their own church, and the U. P. Assembly may take its choice between Taft Hall or a

half-dozen Presbyterian Churches. The leading speakers, chosen from all the bodies represented will address the evening union services in the auditorium and an immense chorus choir will lead the music accompanied by the magnificent pipe organ which will lend especial grace to the occasion. And when man shall have done all he can, the prayers of the Pan-Presbyterian hosts will mingle with the anthems of the angels and who may say by what message of tenderness, by what vast spiritual power He will answer?

Is it not good of God to allow the Southern Presbyterian Church to lead in the bringing about of such an hour?

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## 1912

## A GREAT PROPOSITION

SOME TWO YEARS ago, at the suggestion of the editor of the *Westminster Magazine,* the Presbyterians of Atlanta began holding an annual Grand Rally in the auditorium in that city. There are nearly twenty Presbyterian Churches of the A. R. P. Synod, U. P., U. S. A., and U. S. Assemblies in Atlanta. The auditorium seats some eight thousand people. It has been filled with enthusiastic Presbyterians. The custom has broadened the vision of the churches taking part in it. Great good has been done by the occasion, and the spirit of enthusiastic unity has been developed.

The Atlanta Presbyterian Ministers' Association now proposes to the Assemblies mentioned above a greater occasion and a finer opportunity. Both are clearly defined in the following resolutions, which were enthusiastically adopted by the Association at its regular meeting on January 23.

"Your committee appointed to investigate the advisability of arranging for a great Presbyterian gathering in Atlanta for the purpose of emphasizing the fraternity of our various branches in the United States, makes the following report:

1. We have found a wide spread interest in this proposed gathering, and evidence of co-operation on all sides in carrying it through.

2. We have arranged for the auditorium; the Session of the North Avenue Church has agreed to invite the U. S. Assembly to meet with them; the session of the Central Church has offered its building for the use of the U. S. A. Assembly; the A. R. Presbyterian and the U. Presbyterian churches are to provide meeting places for their respective courts.

We hereby recommend:

1. That an invitation be extended through the respective local churches to the highest courts of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, the United Presbyterian Church, the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. and the Presbyterian Church U. S. to hold simultaneous meetings in our city in May, 1913.

2. That the Presbyterians and other citizens of Atlanta provide entertainment for all accredited commissioners.

3. That the following be the general outline of the meetings:

   a. Business sessions of each body to be held as follows: The Synod of the A. R. P. and the Assembly of the U. P. in their respective local churches or as elsewhere provided.

      The Presbyterian Assembly U. S. in the North Avenue church.

   b. Union inspiration services each meeting at the auditorium and at such other times as may be subsequently determined.

4. That each church court accepting the invitation be asked to appoint a committee of three who with similarly appointed committees from the other bodies will have entire charge of the auditorium meetings.

5. That a representative committee be appointed to present this invitation to the several Assemblies at such time and such manner as will produce the best results; and to attend to all matters of detail until a committee on entertainment shall have been appointed.

The four bodies invited by the above resolutions comprise nine-tenths of the Presbyterians in the United States, and they are the only four which have local churches in Atlanta, through whom the invitation could be extended.

The plan seems to the writer to be almost ideal. Fifty years ago Atlanta was burned to the ground. Today she represents

as perhaps no other American city that tremendous progress which has been made in the reconstruction of a mighty nation. She is known everywhere as the Chicago of the South. She cherishes her holy traditions of the past and her brilliant future. She will lovingly entertain without money and without price, all her brothers who may come to this great Assembly, and she proposes to united Presbyterians to celebrate fifty years of progress in the American Presbyterian Church by holding a Pan-Presbyterian Pentacost.

The Assembly hall in which it is proposed to hold the union services is the best adapted for that purpose of any in America. It is to be enlarged shortly to seat ten thousand auditors. It is centrally located, and it has in it one of the three greatest pipe organs on earth. In this last respect it lends itself with special grace to the religious gathering proposed.

Already there have come many letters of commendation about the plan. All seem clearly to understand that this is not an effort at organic union of the four denominations taking part in it, but an effort to emphasize the organic union that already exists. It is believed that such a gathering will be the most important held since the convening of the Westminster Assembly. Letters have been received from all over the continent commending it. It is the thing that can be done, that should be done, and that we believe will be done.

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## "OLD MIDWAY" AND CAROLINA

THORNWELL JACOBS—FROM Clinton of course, but the editor, at this time, of a denominational journal in Atlanta—has written and spoken much in recent weeks regarding the dearest ambition of his life which is the establishment near Atlanta of a Presbyterian College, that shall revive and perpetuate the name of fame of old Oglethorpe University, which formally flourished at Milledgeville. Those portions of Mr. Jacobs' remarks which have the most immediate interest for South Carolinians relate to the late James Woodrow of Columbia, at one time a teacher in Oglethorpe, and to the intimate connection of Oglethorpe with Old Midway settlement in Liberty county, Georgia, midway between Savannah and Brunswick. Proper

notice of Mr. Jacobs' remarks regarding Dr. Woodrow has already been taken in these columns; the purpose in view just now is to amplify the casual references which he has made to the Midway settlement, and to indicate several lines of connection between that remarkable colony and this State.

It is unfortunate that no history exists of the congregation of Puritans from old Dorchester in England, who successively founded new Dorchesters in Massachusetts and South Carolina, settling finally at Midway on the Georgia coast in 1750. Enough however, is known to secure this little band of pilgrims a permanent place in American annals, and to invest with a peculiar sanctity the old meeting house and the quiet God's-Acre adjacent. Beneath the live oaks at Midway—Druidic gray-beards which have seen many generations come and go—repose not a few men who were notable in their day and who, passing in their turn, left the traditions of their community richer for their lives.

Two of the Georgia signers of the Declaration of Independence dwelt within sound of Midway's bell. These were Button Gwinnet and Lyman Hall, the latter the ancestor of the Lyman Hall of South Carolina, who was lately president of the Georgia Institute of Technology in Atlanta. One of the early pastors of the congregation at Midway was the Rev. Abiel Holmes, father of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Two of the greatest of American scientists, the brothers John and Joseph LeConte, later in their lives residents of Columbia, were natives of Midway; their father, a New Yorker, of Huguenot extraction, having removed to Georgia, in 1810, to manage large estates owned by the family in Liberty and Bryan counties. Two years after his arrival he married into the Dorchester colony of Puritans and his children were born near Midway church in his plantation home, "Woodmanston". Francis R. Goulding, author of "The Young Marooners", "Marooners Island" and "The Woodruff Stories", went from Midway church into the ministry. He was one of the first eight students of the Columbia Seminary, which was opened in 1831, with two professors, one of the latter being his father, Dr. Thomas Goulding, the other, Dr. George Howe of Columbia.

Among Goulding's seven classmates was John Leighton Wilson, who became in later years one of the greatest missionary leaders of the world. It was Dr. Wilson who laid the foundation of the vast missionary activities of the present in Africa. He reduced to writing the language of the Gaboons among whom he labored, and into the tongue translated a large part of the Scriptures. Dr. Wilson's writings on philosophy and ethnology are

still quoted with respect by authorities in those departments of knowledge.

Theodore Roosevelt's mother, as it happened, was also of this colony, being a member of the Midway family of Bullocks. She was one of the early graduates of Barhamville College, in the sandhills northeast of Columbia. This was the first institution in South Carolina for the higher education of women. Established in 1817 by Dr. Elias Marks, Barhamville College was in existence for 44 years, its attendance averaging 200 girls, drawn from leading families of the South Atlantic region. Among the most distinguished sons of the Old Midway was Charles Colcock Jones, the historian, whose father was at one time pastor of Midway Church. Colonel Jones was for some years a student at the South Carolina College in Columbia. In his blood was mingled several South Carolina strains, including those of the Pinckneys, Haynes, Swintons and Legares. From Midway also came Dr. J. William Jones, writer and educator, who was chaplain to General Lee; John E. Ward, American minister to China; John Elliott, and Alfred Iverson, United States senators, Governors Howley and Bronson of Georgia; Generals John Scraven and Lincoln McIntosh; and among contemporaries, Senator A. O. Bacon, Judge William B. Fleming, and Dr. P. H. Mell, Professor Stockton Axson of Princeton University, and his sister, Ellen L. Axson Wilson of New Jersey. It is hardly necessary to remark here the long connection of the names Axson, Wilson and Woodrow with Columbia, and particularly with the Presbyterian Seminary here located and bearing the name Columbia.

There has been indicated here only a little of the intimacy of association which inquiry shows to have subsisted from the earliest times between important families of this region and the vigorous stock of the Dorchester Puritans. It would be a work of personal pleasure and of usefulness to posterity to seek out the treasures of unpublished information which are still to be found, and at least to collect the materials for a history of this congregation and its descendants.

*—The State*

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THE VARIETY THAT exists in the solar system is something wonderful. The planet Mercury, for instance, has one side perpetually in light and heat, the other in cold and darkness. Venus, identical in size with the earth, has days 24 hours long but its poles are as warm as our equator; its whole face is steaming

hot with clouds and furious tempests. We all know about the earth. Our little companion, the Moon which is about the size of North America and South America combined has days and nights 336 hours each, is covered with ice over the mountains and plains, and even in the valleys has only what we would call an arctic vegetation. Mars, our next door neighbor, like the Moon, has no oceans, but unlike the Moon has flowing water, and green fields, days of the length of ours but years as twice as long and people who must be very wise and brave and mathematical. A whole host of little planets of all sizes from 20 feet in diameter to 500 miles, and probably with scantiest chance of life upon any of them, but possibly thousands in number come next. They are only so many interrogation points to the astronomer. Are you getting tired of this? Well, stop and glance at that great Sun, Jupiter, with nights and days each only 5 hours long, if the words day and night can be used of a world which is itself a sun, slightly cool however and with at least four real worlds, probably with life planted on them, circling like our Moon about him. Great old Jupiter, 80,000 miles it is in diameter, a thousand times bigger than this little earth. Then, more wonderful than all comes Saturn, fit companion for Jupiter, but with ten satellite worlds circling about him several of them big enough to afford a theatre even for Alexander or a Napoleon; and more wonderful still, with a great ring of little points spanning his heavens and visible this far away in little telescopes. Saturn rings! What are they? Are they raining down upon the planet? Are they growing or perishing? Are they fated to fall in some center and to become another Moon, made while we wait? We have not mentioned Uranus or Neptune because nobody knows much about them, except that thew are both provided with moons, and both of them apparently lighter than cork, which means of course, that a great but dense atmosphere surrounds the core of each planet. Such is the curious variety of this little universe of ours. God has a million such universes in His vast spaces. Our souls ache with this unsearchable infinity. We see and wonder. We cry out before the mighty creator, Behold, O God, Thou only art great.

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IN OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY Atlanta is to have a great Presbyterian institution which will be representative of the entire South and its scope will extend over the 16 Southern States instead of over Georgia alone. Presbyterians of the Southern States will be called upon to aid in building this school.

This move was made Tuesday night at the first meeting of the incorporators when the institution was made a certainty.

The meeting followed a brilliant banquet at the Piedmont Hotel where the first hundred men to subscribe $1,000 each to the project gathered and elected a board of trustees and various committees. Dr. Thornwell Jacobs presided at the meeting.

Dr. Jacobs read the names of the 100 men who first subscribed and told of pledges that had been received from other parts of the State and also of assistance promised from the east and west. Every Presbyterian church, he said, that had been approached had offered to give at least $1,000 and such cities as Macon, Augusta, Savannah, and Columbus were yet to be visited.

George W. Watts of Durham, N. C., famous for his college work and philantropy was elected president of board of trustees. This board is composed of the first 100 men who subscribed and are really the incorporators. The first Vice-President is Senator Hoke Smith; second Vice-President, C. E. Graham of Greenville, S. C.; third Vice-President, Henry K. McHarg, of Stanford, Conn.; and fourth Vice-President, L. C. Mandeville of Carrollton, Ga. John K. Ottley, the Atlanta banker, was named treasurer, and Rev. Thornwell Jacobs was given a rising vote of thanks for his untiring efforts for the university, and made secretary.

From those 100 men was named an executive committee whose duty it shall be to attend to all preliminary details. In the absence of the full board they will hold *ad interim* meetings with power to act. The committee is authorized by the board of directors to obtain a charter for the university and prepare and present it to the board in May, 1913. The committee is further authorized to enact by laws and any and all action necessary to carry out the contract for the site.

On the executive committee, the following gentlemen were named: Senator Hoke Smith, J. K. Ottley, Frank M. Inman, Wilmer L. Moore, J. K. Orr, Dr. Hugh K. Walker, Edgar Watkins, E. G. Jones, W. Woods White, Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, Capt. James W. English, Dr. K. G. Matheson, E. J. Spratling, James R, Gray, Hugh Richardson, J. T. Anderson, Marietta, and J. W. Hammonds, Griffin.

The president of the board and treasurer are ex-officio members of the committee.

At any time that the committee may see fit, it has the power to increase the board of directors, but not to exceed 200 members.

The officers elected are to serve only until the next meeting in May, 1913, when the university will be incorporated.

The most enthusiastic moment during the meeting was when Maj. Varnadoe, an alumnus of the old Oglethorpe, made a motion to extend the scope of the university to the entire South. The vote was carried with enthusiasm and the whole South will have a hand in the great school.

Fifty-five acres of land on Peachtree Road, running back to Silver Lake, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in this section has been transferred as a gift to the corporators of the university by the Silver Lake Park Company, of which William Owens is president, and by C. H. Ashford. The site of the university will be on this land and perpetual use of the 80-acre lake has been granted. The work will begin in May, 1913, and the first $100,000 will be expended on the first building.

Dr. Jacobs, in giving a brief summary of what had been accomplished in the way of subscriptions, aside from the original $100,000 subscribed, said:

"In my canvass for contributions I have not been turned down by a single church and less than 20 men have declined to help. Marietta has given $2,000, Griffin $3,000, Elberton $1,000, Dalton $1,000, Milledgeville $2,000, Valdosta $1,000 and there are yet hundreds more to see. One man, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, has pledged from $25,000 to $50,000 alone. There are more who can and will give larger amounts, even as high as $5,000, and if the Presbyterians of the South care to, they can build a university costing upwards of $1,000,000."

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IN THE YEAR 1866, the editor of this magazine brought the first type to Clinton. He was fond of the art typographic and had learned something about type-setting in his boyhood days in old Charleston. The type that he purchased for the first newspaper venture for this little city consisted of some fifty pounds of pica, 25 pounds long primer, a dozen job fonts, and a little hand-quarter medium press. On this, a small four-paged weekly paper entitled *The True Witness* was printed for one year. In July 1867, the weekly paper was discontinued owing to the fact it failed to pay. Instead, an agricultural 16-page monthly was issued, known as *Our Monthly for the Fireside, Farm and Garden.* Several years later part of the name was dropped and

*Our Monthly* was retained to the present time as its appropiate title. in 1878, the *Clinton Enterprise* was founded by the citizens of Clinton as a weekly paper, the paper being owned by a stock company. This was succeeded by the *Clinton Gazette,* which has continued to the present time. In 1885 Clinton's citizens again formed a joint stock company, raised 6,000, bought out the *Southern Presbyterian* and continued the publication of it, here, for several years. However, the enterprise failed through lack of nourishment. It was finally sold to Jacobs & Co. who changed its form to the magazine style, and published it for five years, when it was sold by them to Dr. T. E. Converse and moved to Atlanta, Georgia. It is now one of the component parts of the *Presbyterian of the South* published in Richmond. This same company established 12 years since the *Clinton Chronicle,* selling it a year ago to a stock company and that company placed Mr. Wilson Harris at the head of its editorial staff. During all these years, various efforts have been made to maintain a college journal, sometimes called *South Carolina Educational Journal* and afterwards the *Palladium* and again the *Collegian* under which name it is still published. The opening of the Thornwell Orphanage in 1875 made *Our Monthly* both a necessity and a fixity. It has been printed continually and without losing a number, since January 1st, 1876. The number of pages was later on increased to 68; its subscription was fixed on one dollar, every number has been more or less illustrated and with this issue it enters its fiftieth volume. The subscription list is now a very solid and faithful one, made up of a great body of friends of the Thornwell Orphanage. It has 4000 names on its roll. There is no reason why there should not be 10,000. We are aiming at half of that for this year. And with this issue it appeals to its many friends for each to send at least one new subscription to help make up that number. The Thornwell Orphanage press publishes two other papers. One of these is the bulletin of the institution known as *Orphan Work,* now in its 10th year and which is printed every other month. And there is the *Thornwell Messenger* of which Mr. Branch is general manager and which has just entered into its 4th volume. From this little history it will be seen that Clinton is now the center of quite a publishing enterprise. This current season has seen the beginning of yet a new and important weekly named *The Inter-Church,* an inter-denominational weekly, 16 paged, four column paper, edited by a joint stock company consisting of Revs. Bennett Branch, T. Ellison Simpson, L. E. Carrigan and D. T. McKeithan. Several other minor enterprises besides those mentioned have at various times appeared. For three years, the *Gospel Forum,* Rev. C. L.

Fowler, editor, was published and quite lively while it lasted. The *Store News* is a mercantile monthly illustrating the business enterprise of four of Clinton's best firms. For thirteen years the *Clinton Presbyterian Weekly News* was published as a church leaflet by the First Presbyterian Church. The College prints a bi-monthly bulletin; while several annuals are published regularly in connection with the College and Orphanage work. Not much book publishing has been done. Two or three volumes have been sent out by the Orphanage press; Jacobs & Co.'s Advertising Agency has published quite a number of tracts, essays and addresses. Scores of pamphlets, consisting specially of sermons, reports, minutes and similar publications have been issued, most of which were of an ephemeral character. There are now four printing offices in Clinton. In course of time, perhaps *The Inter-Church* may have its own office, and some well equipped job and book office may be established.

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## 1913

THE WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE for last month is bubbling all over with Oglethorpe University. Things are getting ready for the bud to burst and presently to form the ripening fruit. Oglethorpe is more than in the air; it is put down in good round thousand dollar subscriptions. The young man who is doing the talking and pushing the good work on, is a live wire. And there is going to be nothing dead about Oglethorpe. A million is a big sum of money but with Houston, Texas and Nashville, Tennessee, and no doubt a little later on Louisville and New Orleans, Jacksonville and St. Louis, Richmond and Memphis all helping to push, Oglethorpe will have a local habitation as well as a name. Go right on your way, Oglethorpe University; clear the track and watch for the engine when the whistle blows. Atlanta means business. Very shortly and perhaps quite unexpectedly, the great city will be set in a stir and will put down a quarter of a million of clean cash, where the masons and the carpenters can get hold of it.

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UNION IN SPIRIT, if not in concrete reality, was the feeling expressed at the luncheon given the Presbyterian editors and press representatives by Rev. Thornwell Jacobs at the Capital Club Friday.

The writers and editors, however, were not in favor of organic union.

"In many ways it is better for us to remain divided in organization, and there is no need for us to rush into talk of organic union", D. S. Kennedy of the Presbyterian, Philadelphia declared.

That the Presbyterians are one in heart, if not in organization, was the feeling expressed at the luncheon. Rufus W. Miller, of the Reformed Church Messenger, of Philadelphia, expressed the policy this way:

"In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

The fine spirit of the assemblies was praised by James A. McDonald, managing editor of the *Toronto Globe*, and Dr. W. P. Jacobs, father of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, made an interesting talk. Other speakers were David M. Sweets, of the *Christian Observer*, Louisville; Noland R. Best, *The Continent*, New York; William T. Ellis, *The Continent*, Philadelphia; C. W. Welsh, *The New York Tribune*, and Oliver R. Williamson, *The Continent*, Chicago.

Resolutions which paid a tribute to Rev. Thornwell Jacobs were offered and unanimously adopted.

*The Atlanta Journal*

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The great meeting in Atlanta of the three Assemblies and synodical conferences of the Associated Reformed Presbyterians was one long to be remembered. The editor of *Our Monthly* spent several days in the city of Atlanta, and had it not been for a severe attack of sickness that sent him home earlier than he wanted to leave he would have had still greater enjoyment. It was a great thing to be in Atlanta on that epoch-breaking occasion. It was the first time that such a thing had ever taken place in such magnitude. The meetings in the Auditorium when the brethren all came together sent a thrill through the hearts of the thousands of Presbyterians who felt what a joy it was to have a share in such a gathering. All who took part were glad even if only to join in the volume of song that rolled heavenward. Our own Assembly had a delightful opening. The Communion was administered in a sweetly solemn way that touched every heart. On the next evening all of the four assemblies met again

in sacrament typical of the time when we all shall be one. The spirit of union was in the air. Everybody felt that it was a great pity we could not all be one; and the truth is that out of this pentecost, there shall assuredly be devised a closer gathering together of the Presbyterian clans. We see no reason why there should not be two great assemblies, Northern and Southern, united in their benevolent and publication work, and each giving up all contested territory to the other with Mason's and Dixon's line for limitation or boundary. At present we exchange ministers and with full recognition of their ordination and also, we receive or dismiss members to the other without any compunctions of conscience. The Northern Assembly is even now struggling with its unwieldiness owing to excessive numbers. This trouble is bound to increase. There is a way out of the present situation and with waiting on the Lord Jesus the trouble could soon be ended.*

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We talked Oglethorpe, of course. Rev. Thornwell Jacobs who has been engaged by his conferees to promote this scheme, is alive to the necessity of a University for the Southern Presbyterian Church and has succeeded already in securing 150 subscriptions of a thousand dollars each and is proposing to secure 50 more, taking in every Southern State. In addition a beautiful site has been given, including a fine lake, on which boating will serve to put the pleasures of the University along side of Oxford on the Thames and Cambridge on the Cam. One gentleman has already pledged $35,000 and just as soon as the 200 one-thousand-dollar subscribers have all put down theirs, Atlanta will be approached for a little contribution of $250,000. It is earnestly to be hoped that this will come soon into the promoters' hands and that Oglethorpe *redidivus*, will not be any longer a beautiful dream of pinnacles and towers and oriel windows and arched doors and polished columns but a great living, moving and active machine for making men and for spreading the truth as it is taught in the mysteries of God.

Our stay in Atlanta was with relatives and hence exceedingly delightful, and it gave us a fine opportunity for seeing the great and flourishing city. One thing that impressed us on this visit more than on any previous occasion was the fact of the great multitude of trees, open spaces, unoccupied lots and thick

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*At the first joint gathering of the Assemblies held in the City Auditorium Dr. Thornwell Jacobs was invited to open the session with prayer, but instead he requested his father to speak the first word of their united services.

native woods to be found in the city. Atlanta is built upon a rolling and very hilly piece of territory; the grading of the streets is very, very heavy work and naturally in multitudes of places they cross ravines with sheer descents of 30, 40, 50 and even more feet, making many building lots unusable at present. These ravines are grown up in trees and one sees them in every part of the city. The city extends out into the country four or five miles and these wide places are not as yet built up. One side of the street may be closely built upon while the other is without building and is park-like in its effect. This makes Atlanta a very pretty city indeed. It is destined to be a very great city. The citizens do not seem to think of their city as having any particular boundary lines. The Agnes Scott College, for instance, is nine miles from the railway union station, as far away as Laurens is from Clinton, and in a different corporation but it is in Atlanta for all that. Oglethorpe University will be twelve miles away from the Union Station and in a different county and yet Atlanta claims it and is grading streets and laying off splendid drives and running street lights and electric cars out there, and wherever she pleases. Present appearances are that she is about to annex such little suburbs as Athens and Augusta and Macon and Rome, and if we do not watch out she will cross the Savannah and take in the best part of South Carolina. Indeed, she is doing something of the sort now. Down in the center of the city, however, there is nothing of country life evident. Broadway, New York has nothing on Atlanta. The streets are crowded with vehicles from curb to curb and the side-walks, crowded with people. Thirty or more sky-scrapers testify to the profusion of wealth and business; new sky-scrapers are going up, with ever greater crowds filling the streets. There is no doubt that Atlanta is a mighty and thriving city. Two thousand buildings have been erected within the past year. Think of that! One year adds to Atlanta the population and construction of a city of 10,000 inhabitants.

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The 28th of May is known in the annals of the Thornwell Orphanage as founder's day. It was first celebrated on the 28th of May, 1874, just 39 years ago, by the laying of the cornerstone of the first building (the Home of Peace) and the one that occasioned more anxiety of heart than any succeeding one. That special day was fixed upon very graciously by the Board of Trustees as a memorial of the tenth Anniversary of the ordination of their first pastor, Rev. Dr. Jacobs (President of the Orphanage) then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. It was also or-

dained that the day should be called *founder's day*, and should be observed by being made a school holiday forever afterwards. Later on other stones were laid on the same day, specially the Nellie Scott Library, The Technical School, the Edith Home, the Fairchild Infirmary, the Mary Jacobs High School and the Assembly Memorial Hall. This latter occasion occurred in 1888 and commemorated also the 100th anniversary of the organization of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. It was also the 234th anniversary of the death of John Calvin. This year has again made the day conspicuous by the laying of the cornerstone of the Lesh Infirmary. The exercises were held in the Thornwell Memorial Church building, Dr. Jacobs presiding. The choir rendered some beautiful and familiar hymns, specially "Rock of Ages", "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name", and "My Country 'Tis of Thee". Rev. Frank D. Jones, pastor of the First Church, gave a beautiful and appropriate address; the President announced the gift and touchingly referred to Mrs. Lesh as herself suffering physical anguish, and yet at that very time presenting the $10,000 necessary to begin this gift. The plans were the gift of Mr. Wachendorff of Atlanta. They were very much to the point and will certainly give the Orphanage a most satisfactory building. After the church exercises, the whole congregation moved accross the campus to the proposed site, where the Orphanage children surrounded the stone. Rev. J. B. Branch, presiding, read I Peter 2: 1-10 and offered the benediction prayer. Each cottage of the Home had provided a memorial to go into the tin case. These were read and after the box had been locked it was deposited into the cavity by little Elizabeth Pryse Branch, two years of age, in a very pretty and graceful manner, her photograph being taken during the process. The masons then sealed up the stone and the children sang the dozology. The builders are proceeding diligently with the construction of the work and we hope it will not be very long before there will be something to show.

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## A DREAMER OF DREAMS

THE ATLANTA ASSEMBLY, or rather assemblies, marked a great epoch in the history of the Church, and it was a common remark that history was being made. Never before were there gathered together in one place as many men of great reputation, men who have left their impress upon the history of the Church and also the history of the State.

No particular section enjoyed a monopoly of talent, for every section was represented, and thus influences were set at work that in time will bring about mighty changes in the affairs of the great Presbyterian Church of this country.

The hundreds who gathered there from far off Alaska and Florida, from Maine and California, saw a perfect organization that, like some great machine, looked after the comfort and welfare of this mighty throng; but there was a time when this whole scheme was without form and void, and the people of Atlanta, in their wildest dreams never thought of undertaking such a plan.

There was however, a young man, who belonged to that period described by the prophet Joel, when the young men shall see visions. He saw this vision, and it was granted to him to see it realized. Like the son of another Jacob, he had a dream, and unlike other dreamers, he saw the dream fulfilled.

Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, once pastor in Morganton, in this State, and now the brilliant author, poet and editor of *The Westminster Magazine,* a dreamer of dreams it may be, yet also a doer of deeds.

Oglethorpe University, the ante-bellum institution of the South, the period before the war, is now another dream of his, and he is now trying to re-establish it.

He has in sight nearly one-half of a million dollars, and if we may judge the future by the past, he is going to succeed.

J. R. B.

—*Presbyterian Standard*

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## 1914

Visitors remark upon the beautiful grounds about the buildings of the Thornwell Orphanage. The growth is altogether that provided by nature. And we are, so to speak, in the woods. There are many shade trees on the campus, possibly 2000 in all, but these are the native oaks, pines, hickories, gums, maples, several varieties of each. A few cultivated trees have been set out here and there and they take on the wild look and look as if they were to the manner born.

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## MARY FEEBECK

Now here was a girl one could trust in every walk of life. She was born in Kentucky and came to Thornwell Orphanage as

a little girl, and was ever studious, obedient, and faithful in her work. She did everything well, having won the medal for the best housekeeping in 1902, but she seemed to be specially talented for nursing the sick. Many a sick one has cheered up when Mary came with a tempting tray of delicacies, or smoothed the pillows and cooled the fevered brow. So nursing is her life work; she being one of the best trained nurses in Georgia. Long may she live to bless the world with her Christ-like service!*

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There is so much said in our daily papers about our excellent Governor, more for the purpose of getting "good copy" into the hands of the printers than for the making of exact statements, that we do not know how much truth there is in the report of his recent speech before the cotton mill people of Aiken county. It is so easy to misconstrue a remark made on the stump or in the pulpit, and too often some little hurried remark is magnified and stretched out of all proportion to its real value. However, it is reported that the Governor attacked the church and the ministry and that this talk seemed to be applauded specially by the mass of his hearers. It isn't of the Governor's speech, but about the report of the attitude of the cotton mill operatives toward the church, that this little note is concerned. The cotton mill population in South Carolina constitutes about one-fifth of the white population of the state. Among them, there are a great many church and noble people. The membership is mainly Methodist and Baptist; Presbyterians, Lutherans and Episcopalians claim a very small membership among them. But we have studied very carefully and earnestly the religious condition of this great mass of our people. The very conditions of life among them tend to destroy their zeal for the Church and for religious things. The danger on their part of drifting into a position of hostility to religion is great, for the second generation of non-church-goers will do more than neglect the church, they will revile it. It is said that the statement that elicited the most applause in the Governor's speech was that he seldom went to church. We can fully understand the reason, for the majority of our mill workers are non-church-goers and we understand what that means among any people whatever, whether they are mill people or millionaires. It means, eventually, the breaking down of the religious and even the moral sense. That this state of affairs is a menace to the well being of the State goes without saying. And the evident,

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*Since 1920 Miss Feebeck has been in charge of the Oglethorpe University Infirmary and for the last few years has acted as Dean of Women.

the absolutely compelling duty of the Christian people of the State, demands the correction of this state of affairs. Mill owners and mill officers are in deadly danger both to their property and to their souls if they fail to consider the highest, nearest and dearest interest, *the religious interest* of their people. There cannot be too many churches and Christian workers among the mill-folk. Every Christian is under obligation to furnish them this privilege, but the men who own and run the mills should realize that good Christians make good workers; that bad men will slight work as they slight God and religion; that the prosperity of the mill community, like that of every community, is dependent upon its religious privileges and that when a population cheers aloud slighting remarks about the greatest privelege of the human soul, it is an evidence that something ought to be done and done quickly; for the very fact that men turn aside from the call of conscience with a sneer, is evidence that they are not going to estimate very highly their obligation to their country or their employer. Religion is the safeguard of society, whether it be in the mill or the market or the boulevard. They who build and own and run mills cannot avoid their responsibility for the souls of their operatives and they should encourage with their money and their personal zeal every effort to establish and forward the spiritual interests of the people who are pitifully dependent upon them. This article is not written to condemn the Governor of the State, for we do do not know that the things charged against him happened as they are described in the papers; he is himself a member of the Church; and he often declared his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and his belief in the Holy Scriptures, but as will appear by carefully reading this article, it is written for a very different purpose. We want to see our mill people helped up to a high moral and spiritual plane and in this particular made the peers of anybody else everywhere.

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The Ad-Interim Committee will report to the General Assembly recommending in regard to our Presbyterian colleges that we recognize only those that conform to the following conditions: (1) 14 units (about 12 school grades) reqiured for admission. (2) Six full professors and four full years of college work, all college graduates. (3) $200,000 endowment by the year 1917. (4) No college permitted to confer degrees except the above. There are some other items which the Church has a right to dictate about in regard to the teaching of the Scriptures, the Christian profession of the teachers and library and laboratory work.

It strikes us that while the points above mentioned are good and every college should seek to conform to them, yet these points are not such as come into the purview and right of control of ecclesiastical bodies. They are of the political and not of the spiritual sort and our Church which is a great stickler for abstaining from political matters had best let these matters alone. The Church should recognize as a college just those that the state recognizes. As to "standardizing", we see no earthly use in it any more than in "standardizing" hats and coats and shoes. Different institutions must meet their different conditions. We do not wish our colleges cut off of the same block. They should have individuality about them. All of that sort of thing our Assembly should leave to Andrew Carnegie's Education Board, whose fine Italian hand is rather boldly displayed in this report. Let Dr. Carnegie boss the state and "independent" colleges but he should keep his hands off of our church schools. We hope the Assembly will have the good judgment to say to our committee: "Your plan is quite good and deserving of being worked out but you people can work that out for yourselves; it is not in our line. We handle only things that are "ecclesiastical". We rather think the colleges themselves will resent this proposed interference. They do want a little independence of action, and their boards of trustees feel perfectly competent to deal with these particular matters. It is right enough for the Assembly to say to all half-way colleges, "Unless you come up to standard requirements, we will not help you." But is it really the part of the Church to help the strong only and to sit down upon and crush out the weak? Of our 22 colleges, only *four* come up to the Committee's requirements in the matter of money and the other eighteen would have to go by the board. What our colleges need from the Church is *protection*, not *direction*. The General Assembly had better let the "tin-dipper" business alone.

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A good deal has been said lately about the decay of country churches. There is a reason for this, (for that it is a fact cannot be denied) and that is the removal to town of families and the drifting away of the young people especially, leaving the church to die out with the dying old folks that are left behind. But a very fine suggestion has been made, which, if adopted, will surely stop the exodus to the city and will make for a higher social life in the country; and this is the return to the old times, when the pastor and the school teacher lived alongside the church. Place the country school and the country church in close relation. Put the parsonage and the teacher's home side by side with these

and you have a splendid "civic center" for that community that will give it something of the city or community life that all men crave. Necessarily there will follow the debating society for the boys and the book club for the girls. The farmers will organize their discussion assemblies. There will be a singing school and a choir meeting. The church will then become a gathering place for the entire community. A strong attraction for the people of all classes will be the result. The church will grow. The farms will develop. The school will prosper and the community will be an ideal one for real social happiness. How many such "settlements" are there in South Carolina? It is true now that the pastors of our country churches for the most part live in the towns, and that there are very few country churches open every Sabbath.

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All you good people, listen.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

Christmas, the delight of the children; their hopes and expection for the whole year.

Other children will think of Christmas as the time of toys, of tops and balls, of fire-crackers, and pop-guns; of drums and fifes and tin-trumpets.

Santa Claus and his reindeer and his sled over-flowing with the delights of the season just means "a good time" for the common lot of little folks.

But, for these orphans, it means a great deal more than that. It means the one good dinner of the year. It means warm clothing, shoes and stockings and caps; it means a full storeroom and a full treasury.

It was the bright loving holy genius of the Christmas times that blessed children. And it would be a shame to forget Him, the great giver of the best gift that man ever had, the gift of salvation. Him personally we cannot reach, but of His little ones, he said, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.

Every Sunday School should take up a collection for the orphans.

Every rich man should send a splendid gift to help on the good work.

And the poor men can do their little which is just as gratefully accepted to help forward the support and protection of these children of the King.

"Christmas gift", good friends. "Christmas gift, every one of you."

On the first day of October we asked the Lord to put it into the hearts of His people to give $3,000 during the month for the support of His little ones at the Thornwell Orphanage. Was it just an accident that the amount received was $3,000?

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In sending Christmas gifts, do not neglect to put in a few good books for the Library.

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The last Sabbath afternoon in November was a very dark one. The sun left us early; and the dripping rain, hardly enough to wet one, was enough to give one that sticky, uncomfortable feeling, that made one feel as if the weather was almost too bad for church-going. But the bell rang and the whole Orphanage was on the move. To the surprise of all the electric lights were on at 4 P.M.—Clinton does not usually run its electric plant in the day-time on the Sabbath—and there was comfortable warmth from the furnace. When we were all together, and some fifty or sixty young people from the outside, we made a congregation of from 300-400. The singing put fresh life into everybody and it was decided that the Sabbath evening services were the most delightful of the day, and the church was the most comfortable spot we had found.

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Atlanta is proposing to raise a bonus of $250,000 for the Oglethorpe University movement. She will do it, and that will mean success and a beginning. We are proud of the Gate City. For Atlanta to propose is to do. The Oglethorpe movement is the greatest thing in the history of Georgia Presbyterianism. The founders who saw Oglethorpe die must be rejoicing with a great joy.

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The city of Atlanta is making preparations for the great campaign in the interest of Oglethorpe University. Recently a hundred gentlemen met in an enthusiastic meeting at which it was decided to push this business right on to the raising of $250,000 in the city as a bonus to the institution. The university has a beautiful site on a lake some miles from the Union Station, but easy of access by rail and trolley. The lake covers

80 acres and will make a magnificent boating place for the university students. In addition to this, $200,000 is pledged by churches and individuals all over the southland. If the financial end of the proposition is well taken care of, the university is a fixed fact and our Southern Presbyterian Church will soon have an institution of national importance. We congratulate Atlanta on its proposed plan for the putting into it of a quarter million dollars, which we judge will be used for building. Within a few years, we have no doubt the university will be in active operation. Of course it will not grow up like a mushroom. It takes time to bring into existence a good project like this. But the passing years will bring the good work steadily forward. Sooner than we now think, Atlanta will be thronging with Oglethorpe boys. Oglethorpe University will have risen from the dead.

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"COL. WAGNER'S GOODS have come." That means Santa Claus for the Thornwell Orphanage. Col. F. W. Wagner of Charleston is not a Presbyterian; he is a great deal better to the orphans than lots of Presbyterians that we could count. We think he is due the love and gratitude not only of our orphan children (he gets that in unbounded measure) but of our Presbyterian people at large for the wonderful way in which he looks after the Santa Claus and of our Orphanage business. When his stock of fruits, nuts and other good things come pouring in, it looked as if he had decided to change his headquarters and open up business at the Thornwell Orphanage. The goods go around, there is no doubt of that, and plentifully, with enough to spare. One good Presbyterian firm from Athens, Ga., the Talmage Bros., Co., look out for the Christmas dinner and supper and their gifts are coming to the rescue of our children, which they do most successfully, for before Christmas they provided a wagon load of good things for the table and at Christmas put in the trimmings. We just wonder if any other institution anywhere has such good friends as this one has. The wonder is that our children all kept well.

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But these two were not all that gave with boundless liberality. Florida oranges reached us, many boxes of them and they helped to give the children a fresh start physically. Only an orange or two daily for so large a family for say the ten

days of Christmas holidays calls for a very large number. It takes three boxes just to go around. But they are not surfeited by any means and would be glad to have their fruit last for a week or two longer.

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WE CONGRATULATE the people of Atlanta, especially the Presbyterians of that great city, for having risen in their might to resurrect and develop the university of the good old times known by the name of Oglethorpe and which is to be a great Presbyterian institution of learning which in the long years to come will be worth its millions and which will be an honor to Georgia and a blessing to the Southern Presbyterian Zion. To do this they have pledged themselves to the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, independent of the splendid site which had been previously given. The shouting is over, now comes the long steady pull of busy work. Stone upon stone and stone upon stone, and great dormitories, lecture halls, library, observatory, administration building and gymnasium will go up and within the next few years, the doors will be opened and the class work will be in full operation with a magnificent plant. We rejoice that the heroes have done this work. We are grateful to have had a very little share in the work itself, and count it an honor to transmit to our children's children. We want to be at the first meeting of the board of Directors, and to see launched then and there, the brave ship that will sail out on the great sea of education for a thousand years to come, bearing its precious freightage of blessing to church and state. Viva Oglethorpe!

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WE REGARD THE preservation of the Sabbath day as the most important duty bearing on the Christians of this generation. We do not ask, nor would we be pleased to have the Jewish Sabbath restored, with its sharp enactments against transgression, but that the day should be preserved as a day for the maintenance of religious worship and that everything that worked against such preservation be prohibited is not only the ardent prayer but should be the purpose of every Christian. The tendency of the present generation is to destroy the Sabbath wholly and entirely. The world of sport, the claims of business, the means of travel, the designs of the government will have no place for the Sabbath in their schemes. Just at present, the party in power quietly favors the abolition of the

day. It has hardly been a year since the good people of this country succeeded in securing a day of rest for the post office employees and along with it, and very happily, though unexpectedly, a better observance of the day in the business world. But now even the head of the post office department is crying out against the *innovation*, inherited from the party that preceded them, and pities the poor postmasters, declaring that their work unnecessarily accumulates by neglecting it on Sunday and they will probably shortly abolish the Sabbath day in all our post offices. The *Boston Transcript* is hurrying on the movement; and its ideas are quoted with approval by daily papers all over the country. The *Transcript* affirms that not only is the post office cramped by this unnecessary observance of the Sabbath, but it declares that business people must have their mail on Sunday as on other days so as to keep up with the race, and that their business might go on on Sunday *as on other days*. This is the meat in the cocoanut. "What is the use of the Sabbath any way. It is a relic of the barbarous past. People ought not to be forced to be religious. Let them do as they please. This is no age in which to burn witches."

Such editors have not caught the least idea of what the Sabbath is for. The day is a means to an end. The object of it is to save the country from the unspeakable abominations that are now threatening it. So long as the Word of God is preached and the Sabbath kept free from ordinary business, so that every man may have opportunity of hearing the Word, there is a chance to leaven the nation with righteousness, and to make ours a God-fearing and God-blessed people, for great multitudes, having the opportunity, will receive the truth and will obey its precepts in spite of the wickedness about them; but if the Sabbath is abolished, this righteous seed will grow rapidly less, until eventually our country will be like some of the countries of the Old World, a people without religion, and the nation itself will slide down into the pit, as did ancient Rome.

For its own sake the nation, (the organized government,) cannot afford to let the day fall into disuse and should guard it faithfully. It is a better safeguard to our country than all the jails, reformatories, penitentiaries, law courts, criminal indictments, judges, juries and codes, criminal or otherwise, that can be piled around it as a wall of safety. We warn our Southern people that they should beware against any letting down of the bars no matter how slight it be and instead of entertaining the arguments of those who would do away with Sabbath restrictions, should laugh them to scorn.

## HOW AND BY WHOM ATLANTA GETS A COLLEGE

Probably some people are still calling Rev. Thornwell Jacobs of Atlanta a dreamer. And for the matter of fact, with the sneer left out, that is doubtless what he is. But being so, he makes an admirable example of how useful a citizen a dreamer may be. It was this same restless and dauntless Jacobs who first saw the possibility and value of having three Presbyterian General Assemblies meet simultaneously in one city. As nobody else had seen it, he must have dreamed it. But how tangibly and impressively and helpfully and hopefully it all in due time came true!

It must have been along about the same time that Mr. Jacobs dreamed his other dream of building a splendid Presbyterian university in Atlanta—the resurrection of ante-bellum Oglethorpe, which would be memorable, if for nothing else, because it educated Sidney Lanier, who sang of the faith he learned from "the marsh-hen's nest." This reviving of the old school had, indeed, been the purpose of a commission of distinguished ecclesiastics a little earlier, and they planned and palavered at the job a good while but finally concluded it could not be done. But Thornwell Jacobs still thought it could, and he worked ahead. When he could he got help; when he couldn't he plodded on alone. And at length he achieved. Oglethorpe University is surely going to be; builders will begin on its college structures next spring.

Lone-handed, Jacobs got the gift of a $100,000 campus, and raised $150,000 besides. And that was enough to induce Atlanta in a whirlwind campaign to add nearly $200,000 more. That's enough to guarantee a creditable college, and Jacobs dreams there's more to come. Its a great piece of service for so young a man. May he live long and keep it up.—*The Continent.*

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South Carolina, we admit, has had some rough times in her past history. But the perusal of Simms' History of the States creates an ardor of patriotism in the heart of her sons and daughters—the true spirit of love for their native soil that is of an intense and earnest sort. The true South Carolinian never forgets his native land. Of multitudes of her sons she is justly proud. Since the War, she has had many trials and at times most extraordinary events have occurred such as the time of the two legislatures, the Darlington war, and the "year of a thou-

sand pardons," but it was also in this same period we have had the rise of the colleges and orphan schools, the founding of the cotton mill business, the superb growth of her towns and cities, the years of the graded schools, the prohibition campaign. Sometimes we hear a man drone out "poor South Carolina!" We always feel like politely asking him to move his carcass somewhere else. We love the State; we love its people and we are proud of its history.

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Our great Democratic Party is in danger of breaking away entirely from its ancient principle, of the "more law, the less liberty" and is meddling with private business in a way that bids fair to make it a party of tyranny. We are now so hedged in with one kind or another of "laws" that even an Angel would be in danger of breaking them. We are looking for our beloved party to pass laws on the cut of one's hair, and the color of one's soap. There will be a revolution after a while, and all laws of every kind will be overlooked.

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The general opinion seems to be that the larger the salaries paid the more and the better the work as the result. We rather doubt this proposition, but certainly it is right that all persons working on salaries for the church of God, ought at least to be made comfortable. We have known ministers that did their best work in fact, than they did later on when their salaries increased and they were comfortable in every way. When they were poor and poorly paid, they were at the period in life when the buoyancy and enthusiasm of youth was sustaining them and when their vital force was greatest. In later years, when they lack this vigor of body and of mind, and when their salaries are larger, their employers are paying for something else, for the great name they have earned and for the experience which has increased in proportion to their ages.

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OF ALL ERRORS, the hardest to eradicate are statistical errors. Over and over again we see it printed in Church papers that there are 68,000,000 non-Christians in the United

States, two-thirds of its entire population. There being thirty million church members, and 98,000,000 people, what is easier than to subtract 30 from 98 and leave 68. But about half of these 68,000,000 are infants too young to go to Sunday School and too young to be members of the church, but they are in no sense heathen nor even non-Christian. They will form a part of the mighty multitude of 32 to 33 million, probably half are in some sort of connection with the Christian Church, attendants on the Church, adherents of some Church and at least well disposed toward it, but they ought not to be classed with those who revile Jehovah. In this connection there are in all probability fifteen or twenty million who must be set down as ungodly and rebellious to every form of religion. That is enough in all conscience. And that mighty multitude is large enough to cause the church itself to shudder at the thought of so many perishing at their very doors. The proportion of Church members to the mass of the population is greater in South Carolina than in any other State of the Union, and yet in this State, the proportion is as 1 to 2½. That makes South Carolina practically a homogenous Christian population. The proportion could possibly be made a little better, but not much, for the other 60 per cent are largely juvenile and will be brought in by the Gospel call when their turn comes. Leave off your hysteria, gentlemen, and look facts in the face. For figures sometimes lie.

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The liveliest thing of the season now is baseball. We strode down on the farm a day or two since and found the boys practicing. They are going to whip somebody before long. They insisted that we should act as umpire for them. We accepted the honor but decided that the umpire's duty was to get away just as soon as he could.

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A good many years ago, we happened to be standing on the steps of Grand Avenue Presbyterian Church in the City of St. Louis, when a good Presbyterian minister offered his hand and said "You are the Orphanage man, are you not?" He received an affirmative answer. "Well," he said, "I have been thinking of helping out your Orphanage some, and so I have found a couple of little boys, whom I am going to send you." We were struck with a similar sentiment in a sentence that fell from the lips

of a lady who stopped us, a day or two since, saying "I have four little children, and I have been trying to get my consent to let you have them." We hastened to urge the good woman not to give her consent, but to keep them at home just as long as she could. We counted our roll of applicants for admission, this day, and found that there are just 181 on the waiting list, while a score of application blanks have been sent out within the past week or two, from which we expect a return, of a little over 200 in all. There is not much chance of helping us by sending more children till more cottages are built on our campus.

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As, each morning, the President takes his seat at his office desk and takes up his daily mail, he is led to feel that the Thornwell Orphanage has behind it the best body of supporters that any institution ever had. Expressions of love for the work, prayers for its prosperity, earnest wishes accompanying every donation, and monthly donations from scores upon scores of loving friends, make us bow the head in silent entreaty that God would pour out his choicest blessings upon these noble souls. Letters came on the same day, one from a little girl who had sold her pet chicken to help her little orphan sisters, and from an aged brother who wrote, "I am 92 years old, too old to work and living on the interest of a very small savings;" and from a man who began his gifts as a little boy only a few summers old, and now at the head of a household of his own, is supporting one of our orphans. For thirty-two years he has remembered us in gifts every month. And these are only samples. Thousands of our helpers we have never seen face to face but we know their names, their handwriting, their methods, and as soon as a letter is deposited on the desk, we know from whom it has come and what are its contents. And very often we send messages for them, by the wireless lines of prayer, to the throne of God. God bless them and give them grace, prosperity and peace.

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We are much pleased with the outlook for the magazine (being this one you have in hand) and the weekly paper, the *Thornwell Messenger*, both of which are published at the Thornwell Orphanage. There is but little difference between the numbers on the subscription lists of the two. The subscription list

is barely sufficient to pay for the publication expenses. Any one can see at once that the printing of a weekly paper for 25c, which is what our subscribers pay to the *Messenger*, is an impossiblity.. The support beyond that comes wholly from the advertisers. Without the help of Jacobs & Co., the weekly paper would long since have collapsed. And yet it is now on a firm footing, is increasing its list of readers and is a solidly established paper. Jacobs & Co., is a firm whose business it is to provide the religious advertising. Clinton is their headquarters, although their business is represented in every important city in the South, North and Central West. This firm has just completed a splendid business house in this city, fitted up in perfect style, practically fireproof, and with every convenience for doing perfect work. They have really a great publishing and banking house combined, keeping in touch with the entire body of the religious press and a great host of business men in the North and East. This firm controls our advertising and it is to them we have to refer all parties desiring to make contracts for the same.

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We had the pleasure, very recently, of spending a whole afternoon in the company of some of England's distinguished writers of the 18th century. First, there was Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard; then an hour or two was given to Johnson's Rasselas; we passed the afternoon with page after page of Addison's Spectator. When the evening mail was brought in we took up that very chaste paper (in style at least,) the *News and Courier*. We felt ourselves suddenly presented to new language. It is evident that Johnson and Addison, if living now, could not have read that paper with any conception of what the subject under discussion might be. Our language has greatly changed in these 20 decades past and much more have the subjects that we talk and write about. As for the sporting pages, they are as intelligible as if written in purest Zulu. Our language is losing the beauty of smoothly flowing sentences that it once had. Style now calls for short sentences and many a hiatus to be guessed by the imagination of the reader. What the language has gained in force, it has lost in expressiveness. It has certainly gained in directness but it has lost in intelligibility. The words are the same, and they mean pretty much the same thing, but they are put together differently and this change in construction is not to the advantage of clarity.

The awful war that is raging all over the world,* is not only bringing untold distress to a multitude, uncountable, of mothers, aged fathers, sisters, and wives in half the nations of the civilized world, but is disturbing business relations in all the nations that have arranged to keep away from the belligerents. Even the Thornwell Orphanage is suffering from its dire consequences, and that not only in the rise of prices in all commodities from the greed of speculation, but also in the neglect of the orphans themselves by virtue of a greater excitement. Pastors are urged to call this matter to the attention of their people, and not to allow home orphans to suffer through the multitude of sorrows in lands flowing with blood.

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If, when this present European War closes, some power could see to it that no nation involved in it should profit by it to the extent of one square inch of somebody else's land, it would do more to prevent war than anything that could happen. But the present outlook is for a considerable redistribution of the land surface of Europe. Germany wants the great German Empire to include such nations as Belgium and Holland and parts of France and Austria. The erection of a Servian Empire is among the possibilities. If Russia carries out her promises, Poland will be reinstated and will become one among the nations. England will get no benefit unless she chances to smash Germany's fleet. But if all these schemes could be set aside and the status quo preserved, it would be seen that war does not pay and the result would be discouraging for any more wars.

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And here we sit, we of America, under our own vine and fig tree with none to molest us or to make us afraid.

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The world at war! At the opening of this month of September, of the 1,600,000,000 people living on the face of the earth, 1,000,000,000 were at war. It indeed, staggers humanity. And how fervently we utter a prayer from the depth of the heart, "Thank God for America and for Woodrow Wilson!"

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*The reference is to the war of 1914-18.

The baleful influence of the war is felt in this fair and happy land of ours. Our people think and talk about very little else. The price of cotton, which has dropped down to an impossible figure has affeccted every department of our business life. But our mills and railways and shops are all running, our schools are full, our streets are brisk with gay equipages, our tables are well supplied with the necessaries of life, and it is fear and not fact that dominates us. We need to have a great store of sympathy for war-stricken Europe. The condition there is fearful in the extreme. No such war has even been known upon this world before, but it only differs in magnitude from every other war that has gone before it. The war is making American people love their country as never before. They thank God for it and its isolation from the rest of the world and for the wise man that He has brought to the kingdom for such a time as this. These United States will not be dragged into the conflict. It will abide by the stuff and after a while will be called on to umpire the game. The world will be thankful that they have such an umpire and we do not hesitate to express it as our belief that our country will be trusted and our President accepted as judge by every one of the warring peoples. They may all select him as their umpire with the full assurance that no nation will be outlawed by him and that justice will be done and lasting peace the result.

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While lodging once in Old England, in the city of London, we indulged in a conversation with our landlord. He told me that the house he occupied had once sheltered the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson. "Well," said I, "it must be very old." "Not at all," he said, "I hardly think it is more than 300 years old. It was built in Queen Elizabeth's time." But he added, "there are houses here as old as the days of King Alfred." The house was neat, clean, and evidently had new floors laid over the old. But the sash were small and the panes of glass perticularly so. In the great hall the rafters were all black, but were polished by the passage of centuries but it was thoroughly comfortable and though not up to date, we think it was all that good housekeeping could make it. It is this lesson that we try to impress upon our matrons, that our houses are mere children as houses go and must have on their best bib and tucker at all times. We have heard a matron say, "I cannot keep this old house clean. It is full of dust." As the house was hardly 20 years of age,

we could not refrain from saying, "the house is about half your age, Madam. Can you keep yourself clean?" Houses grow old not from the lapse of time but through careless housekeeping.

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There is some comfort in being deaf. One does not hear the foolish sympathy of one's friends. It is said by scientists that ants are both blind and deaf and yet they are patterns of industry for all the world. Deprivation of some physical sense does not destroy opportunity. It is rather the promoter of greater endeavor.

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## OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY*

If patient continuance in well-doing makes a man great, our old friend, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, of Atlanta, is undoubtedly a great man. When he undertook the resurrection of the old and defunct Oglethorpe College in Georgia, it was considered the dream of a dreamer, and failure was everywhere predicted. In season and out of season, in every section of our Church, he went proclaiming his mission, and by his faith and enthusiasm, he kindled faith and enthusiasm in others, till the dream began to take shape in the minds of others, besides the dreamer; and now the work is about to begin. Of course there are still a few Sandballats, who would hinder the work, and many critics will tell you that it must eventually fall through, but we, who know the unbounded optimism and energy of the man, believe them not. Already we can see in imagination the buildings looming up, and the beautiful grounds filled with the choicest sons of the Southern Church, while from its walls there will go forth an influence for the propagation of a pure Gospel.

The world is full of men who talk things, but those who do things are rare. All honor then to this man who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before.

*Presbyterian Standard*

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Here is a prophecy. Fifty years hence the Thornwell Orphanage will have a hundred buildings, a thousand children,

*Reprinted in *Our Monthly*.

and a million dollars of endowment. It must go right straight on in its development. There is no end to poverty and orphanages and if the church grows it must needs grow in accordance with the Saviour's promise, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." We are neither aiming for nor expecting these things in the immediate future, but they are coming and many a little fellow now in the orphanage will live to see it.

Here is another prophecy which will be surely realized if we do our duty. Fifty years hence, the Synod of South Carolina will number 100,000 members; Georgia 80,000 and Florida 30,000. With figures like these, the former figures will undoubtedly seem easy to accomplish. This prophecy proceeds on the basis of the same development for the Presbyterian work in the next 50 years that it has had during the past 50 years. We ought to do better.

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ONE OF THE difficulties connected with the editing of this department of *Our Monthly* consists in the fact that while the effort is made to deal with current events, the articles must be written several weeks before they reach the eye of the public. In these kaleidescopic days, tomorrow may at any time reverse today's news and drop into hopeless obscurity the editorials that are now so vivid and so apropos of the times. For instance, just at this time, the Germans and the Allies are still vigorously wrestling along the lines between France on the one side and Belgium on the other; in the legislature, the discussions concern the $35,000,000 bond issue. What will be the conditions in late November when our readers get hold of this magazine, they will be able to judge. However, among the anomalies of the month that will bob up seriously many years hence, and are always therefore in season is the plan of the Georgia legislature to resurrect the "blue back spelling-book." We wish that they had tacked on to their requisition "Smith's Grammar," a fitting companion for the blue back speller, and not badly out of mate are Toon's Analysis and Davies' Algebra. After all, the boys and girls of today do not get much more out of their latest illustrated and wonderfully beautiful school books than we old fellows got out of ours. Even Mitchell's Geography with a picture of a diabolical South Sea idol on its final page, did quite a good deal to encourage the school boys of "our time" to a desire to

see the whole of the great wide world. It is not the book, my boy, but what you do with the book, that is going to make a scholar of you.

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In our dealing with our children we do not try to fool them into believing that there is a real, truly, truly Santa Claus. Not much. In the morning after Christmas they usually get informed where all the good things come from. We have to wait until then, very often, to know ourselves, though we can generally make a wonderfully good guess. We lay awake last night and thought over a half dozen men who never fail us on Christmas, and most of them are getting old. As we thought between the dawning and the day, we asked ourselves the question, "when the Master sends for them to come to see Him, as He surely will, who will take their places?" And the question worried us until the answer came of itself and soothed us back into dreams. He raised up these. Surely He will raise up others. And the blessed Master whispered into our ears, "yes, child, yes, you are troubled and worried about many things; leave the future to me." And we have left it there.

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We do not know whether this awful world war is prophesied of in the scripture or not; we do not know whether the battle of Armageddon (the valley of slaughter) is being displayed before our eyes or not; we do not know whether the entry of Turkey and Persia into this war is the "opening of the way for the King of the East" as prophesied in Rev. 16; we do not know whether the 1000 years of peace prophesied of are to follow this war or not; but there is one thing that we do know, and that is that Almighty God has the whole matter in hand, that the nations of the Earth are to Him but a very little thing, and that He intends that all these things shall work together for good to those that love Him. So let us rest in that glorious truth and wait until He explains the mystery of the ages to us.

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## A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

### 1914

THE WORLD IS growing old. But as for that, there is not a living creature on earth that is not growing old. Time unrolls its years and we add just one more unit, for only twelve

months ago it was 1913 and in twelve more months it will be 1915; but all the living things on earth will be getting gray-headed and then will perish. What a pity it is, that the idiot and the wise philosopher have the same fate. They both alike die. But there are some things, man-made, that do not follow man's fate. They live on, after their founders are dead; colleges, churches, universities and cities. These make it a glorious thing for the founders. They perpetuate illustrious names. If rightly founded they move on their way growing greater and the world grows better for them.

Let us hope that such may be the life story of the Thornwell Orphanage. It is growing in reputation, in ability to do its work, and in steady development. Let us notice what it is, and then what it proposes to be and to do.

Look around you. The institution owns and is occupying a lot of 133 acres of land in the little city of Clinton. Of these 133 acres, 33 only are devoted at present to the various buildings and the other one hundred acres are reserved for the farm, and for poultry and for instruction in home life; the boys who have *wanderlust* may tramp all over it and there find many a juicy berry in the summertime and catch many an old rabbit in the winter.

We call it the campus, these 33 acres. It is more properly the yard, for a yard is full of houses, while campus means a plain. The first building on the place dates back to 1875, the old original home, and it rightly bears the name of the Home of Peace. While close by it, Faith Cottage is as worthy of its name as the other. It was planned from the very beginning that the Thornwell Homes and Schools for Orphans should be not one but many and that the sentiment of Home should stand out above all others. So these homes grow in number. There are the McCormick and the Harriet Homes, the Edith Home, the Virginia and the Anita Homes, the Gordon and Fowler Homes, all of them the gifts of dear mother McCormick. Then there are the Georgia and the Florida buildings built by godly men and women in honor of their respective states; there is the Sherrod, the Silliman and the Augustine homes, memorials all of beloved dead.

Of schools, there are three: the primary, the high school and the College, each well and properly housed; there is the technical school for training in mechanics. An industrial school for girls' work includes dairy-work, cooking, tailoring, dressmaking and laundry, all fitted out with suitable machinery.

There is a thoroughly equipped Infirmary in which the sick are cared for, and close by a nurses' home, where the girls are trained for the higher form of usefulness, caring for the sick. There is an assembly room for morning worship and a regularly organized Church with its handsome granite walls, stained windows and pipe organ. And attached is a farm, a garden, a herd of cows, and because of this the boys learn the business that serves even the King. Three hundred are cared for by this institution, all their expenses paid and every need supplied. They are received just as soon as they are able to enter school and remain as long as they can be benefitted by us, and until they are able to take care of themselves out in the great and untried world.

It will be seen from this description that the Orphanage is trying to do a good work. It recognizes the boy and girl as made up of spirit and mind and body, and to this it seeks to give a physical, intellectual and a spiritual training. To accomplish this there must needs be a material plant, equal to the undertaking. There must be an endowment fully equal to the current expenses of the Home, independent of the strictly personal expenses of each child. As to these personal expenses it is thought that it would be wisest and best to leave the care of each child upon the great heart of the church of God, fully assured that this will be good both for the church and the child. But fixed charges such as the salaries of all employees, the expenses of insurance and repairs and betterment of buildings; improvement of property and addition to the same should be provided for out of the interest of the fund. The Board of Trustees have decided to fix the number of children at 300 until these heavy fixed charges are provided for. Any new building for extension will be erected only as the funds are wholly donated, either through direct contribution of some benevolent soul, or through legacy for this special purpose. All legacies, not specified as to direcction, will be placed to the endowment fund above described.

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## LAURENS COUNTY PRESBYTERIANS

From Laurensville Herald

DR. RAMSEY, IN his History of South Carolina, states in regard to Laurens County that the Presbyterian denomination was then (1820) in the lead, (supposedly in point of numbers),

in this county. I have seen the same statement made with reference to the whole State of South Carolina, and the complaint brought against the denomination that its retirement to the third place in numbers was a disgrace to the denomination and could not be accounted for except on the ground of indifference to duty. It is probable that there were many Presbyterians in the county at an early date after its settlement and certain it is that many of these were leaders fighting on the side of the Colonials and were bitterly hated by both the British and Tories. There was a considerable number of them here and about Charlotte as there is today, but the proportion in this state and in Laurens County was probably about the same in the days before the Revolution and ever since as now. The population of Laurens County in 1790 was 10,000 in round numbers, against 40,000 in 1900. The proportion of whites to colored was different then from what it is at the present. There were about 7,000 whites against 21,000 in 1900;—just three times as many. In 1790 there were but four Presbyterian Churches in the county. Duncan's Creek was the first organized (1760), then followed Little River, 1764); Rocky Springs, (1780), and Liberty Springs, in (1790). The combined membership of the four churches in 1790 was only 200 against 1,600 at the present time. In other words, while the increase in population has been three fold, the increase in membership has been eight fold. Apparently therefore, the charge of inertness against the Presbyterians does not hold good.

No more churches were organized, up to Friendship in 1820. It was in this long period of 30 years that the Methodists made their great gains in this state and county, and a large number of Baptist Churches were already organized.

It was in that same period that the Presbyterians lost ground, many of their "population" having gone into these churches. However, about 1830 the Presbyterians waked up. In that year Old Fields, and two years later Laurens Courthouse were organized, and in 1833 Bethany Church. Major Sam Lewers entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church about that time. He was a very zealous, vigorous and successful minister and it was to him that the organization of these churches was due. Bethany Church became the largest and most vigorous Presbyterian Church in the county. About the latter part of the 40's, Major Lewers moved to Mississippi and carried 150 members of the Presbyterian Church with him, almost destroying Bethany and injuring adjoining churches. In 1844 old Father McKittrick organized a church at New Harmony, while under

Rev. Z. L. Holmes' zealous labors, Clinton First was organized in 1855, and Shady Grove in 1859. I came to this county in 1861, assuming charge of these two latter churches and of Duncan's Creek as pastor in 1864. At that time there were eleven Presbyterian Churches in the county, and these eleven churches had a white membership of 602. The denomination had increased three-fold since 1790, while the white population of the county had scarcely more than doubled.

In 1861, I spent my summer at "Laurens Courthouse" as it was called. My father was President of the Laurensville Female College which had been organized by the citizens of Laurens in the 50's. Rev. A. A. Pearson, a young minister from Abbeville County, was canvassing agent, and succeeded in securing some assistance from the people, especially the Presbyterian people, of upper South Carolina. The life of the college, however, was of short duration. While Rev. J .Y. Fair was pastor at Laurens, the Laurens trustees decided to sell out the college to meet the small mortgage, a very trifle in comparison to the value of the institution. Th college did a wonderful amount of good, not only for Laurens County and Laurensville but for the whole up country and made Laurens a center of Christian education for the up-country. I yet hope to see Laurens and Clinton unite in the founding of a Christian college to be located between the two places, when it can be reached by trolley from both towns.

Since 1870, ten other Presbyterian Churches have been organized. One of these, Brewerton Church, is no longer connected with the Presbytery, while the churches of Waterloo and Clinton Second, are I hope, eventually to wake again. There are Presbyterian Chapels at Goldville and Lydia which have never been organized as churches.

The growth of the Presbyterian Church in this county, however, is not to be measured solely by the number of its churches. The organization of the Thornwell Orphanage and the Presbyterian College at Clinton have both contributed greatly to the speed of the church elsewhere. Many young Presbyterians have gone out from the Thornwell Orphanage and have scattered all over the world. It has sent out 14 ministers; 12 missionaries; 35 trained nurses, and 135 teachers and a thousand church members. The methodists double the Presbyterians in the county and the Baptists treble them, but for zeal and activity, the Presbyterians may claim that they are not left far behind. For seven years a great Presbyterian newspaper, the *Southern Presbyterian,* was printed in Clinton by Rev. J. F. Jacobs; while *Our*

*Monthly* and the *Thornwell Messenger* are still doing a vast amount of printing for the benefit of the cause.

We close this sketch by regretting that the Presbyterian Church is not doing better. There are two of our townships in which it has no church; and there are several very interesting little towns equally destitute of Presbyterian preaching. It is hoped that the brethren will awake to a sense of the responsibility resting upon them and that quickly.

1st. For the aid of the weak churches in their communities, of which there are several.

2nd. For the organization of themselves into a separate group of Presbytery to work within the bounds of the county exclusively.

3rd. To lend aid and to press forward in the organization of new churches, where there are Presbyterian people needing to be linked together.

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THE QUESTION WAS raised during President Roosevelt's* time as to the future of the Orphan's Home and the champions of opposing views succeeded in persuading the convention (that the President was influenced to call,) that the one and only thing to do with orphan children was to find a home for them and make them stay in it. Some institutions crushed by such mighty opposition closed their doors and undertook to scatter their children broadcast among the appreciative public, and others adopted the plan of pensioning orphans in the homes of their kindred. However, most of the institutions kept on the old way and the number of them has greatly increased since the convention.

However, we do not hesitate to say, that the question of the best way of making provision cannot be answered dogmatically or even categorically, but has to be handled with what the backwoods' philosopher calls "a great many ifs and ands". Once, many years ago, I was attending a conference held in the city of Washington and there I heard a lady rise to a point in question and in her excitement she announced that she would just as lief see her child in hell as in an orphan institution. Evidently she had a very bad spell of hysterics, or had had a very trying experience with some orphan asylum. We imagine the latter, for on that very day we had visited a reformatory in

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*The reference is to Theodore Roosevelt.

Washington under the control of our National government in which a little negro boy and a little white girl sat side by side at the same desk; and in which the teacher informed us that the Bible was an unknown book in her department. We have also known of cases in which the same thing occurred in the binding out system so that honors were even. While we were discussing the topic now under consideration, a morning newspaper happened to be at my gate, and on opening it, my eye lighted on a paragraph descriptive of the suicide of a little boy who had pinned on his coat a note, with the sentence, "I do not want to be a bound boy", and he had slipped the noose around his neck and hung himself. On the other hand, we have known a few cases in which a most dreadful state of affairs has resulted from the taking into a private home of a fatherless boy or girl. Likewise some orphan homes have been abominably corrupt.

It is well known that the Thornwell Orphanage does not give out children for adoption or for any other purpose. It is right to ask the question, *why not*?

I propose to answer that question. Nor is the answer far to seek. The Thornwell Home & School for Orphans has itself accepted the care of fatherless children. It is willing and able to care for them, *can do better for them than the average family* and does not care to shirk its responsibility. Now, it is the plan of this institution to do for the orphan girl or boy, not only all that a kind parent can do; but all, also, *that a good school could do for them.* In some families, an adopted child is made in every sense of the word a child of the heart, is provided for lovingly and effectively and becomes an heir along with other members of the family to the property of the parents, is raised to a good position in society and provided with education, travel, culture and comfort. But for one such child so provided for, a hundred receive most indifferent care, are made to feel the difference between themselves and other members of the family, and very, very often an antagonism of feeling develops and some action is taken to get rid of the child. Many, many times this institution has been appealed to by people who have legally adopted some destitute child to take the child off their hands and when it was found that we would do nothing of the sort, trickery has been used to foist the child upon us anyway.

We regard the selection of a child for adoption as a delicate piece of business, as much so in fact as the selection of a wife. Unless love pre-exists between the child and the party adopting it, the result will invariably be danger to the comfort of both parties. Moreover, the orphans' home is a permanent institu-

tion. The child usually remains under its protection until approaching the adult age and is fitted for self-care. It is best for the child to face this eventuality, and to prepare earnestly for life. It brings out all that is good and tends to repress a tendency to indifference, idleness and carelessness.

Some of us consider religious training a very important matter. Any school, college or orphanage in which religious culture is regarded as a matter of no importance, is destructive in its tendency and unless counterbalanced by home training will sow seeds of evil, that will be the doom of the pupil. The denominational college, orphanage or private school is therefore preferable to any school that is managed without reference to the highest moral and religious needs of the scholar. It is this class of orphanages that we regard as being preferable under ordinary circumstances to the private family. Unfortunately the great majority of private families have no religious influence over its inmates. The Sabbath day is disregarded, the Church is looked upon as a social event to be discredited or not as suits the convenience of parties; family religion does not exist, and even the Word of God is known by its cover and position on the library table, but not by the meaning of its words or the message it contains. Otherwise the family may be respectable, moving in the best society, neighborly and nice, but it is no place in which to train the inquiring young soul. In the denominational orphan homes, whether Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, or Masonic (I do not know anything of other secret orders) the Bible is respected and the child is given some positive ideas in regard to God and duty. To train up a child without some positive religious convictions is a crime that no amount of bread and butter can atone for.

There is a reason why I, as the head of the orphan institution, should not be a participant in the giving of a child to any family desiring it, which has always appealed to me. It is the unwillingness I have felt to turning over a young mortal to people, no matter how well vouched for, that I do not know as thoroughly as I know myself and whom I vouch for to the limit. I have so often been deceived and disappointed in people whom I have brought together in wedlock (I have married over a thousand couples) and have seen so many disappointments even in a matter of such careful prearrangement and inquiry, that I must hesitate even far more in the disposal of a helpless, fatherless and motherless child. Every child has faults and some very grievous faults that do not appear upon the surface. But in the close relationship of the family circle, these faults appear, much to the distress of the parties who have received the child. Fault-find-

ing is responded to by wrangling, and soon the child breaks loose from and disappoints those who proposed only kindness. The child is a big thing in the family until you are used to it, and then it becomes too often a burden. Burden or no burden, the orphans' home must put up with these disappointments and labor to remove the difficulties; but in the family the question at once arises, how shall we get rid of the incubus.

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We must conclude, therefore, that the good and successful orphanage has its place and it fills the place of the home, of school, of church and of training institution. As a parent, I would say that no better place can be found for the thoughtful, studious orphan child than a well-managed orphanage.

In President Roosevelt's conference in Washington, it was decided that for some classes of children, for example the idiotic the criminal, the illegitimate, a home institution of some kind was better than a private family. I ask, why? Think just a moment and you will see the why and the wherefore. It is that such children *are not wanted* in private homes. And yet they are the very class that will be better protected in the *home* than in the institution. In a large school, the illegitimate child is marked from the very beginning and its shame known to and discussed by all. In the private family, the child's misfortune is concealed because it is known only to the family itself. Idiotic children should always be provided with special training which can very seldom be given in a private home and must needs be placed in a school specially designed for that class of children; but criminal children speedily contaminate the whole school with their own faults and ought not to be found in an institution. Penologists have found that the very worst place in which to hope for reform is a jail. There is hope in a private family where special attention and love can be bestowed upon the faulty one. It is the healthy, wide awake, active-minded youth who is benefitted most by the college, school or orphan institution where it finds home, school, library, church, training in arts and trades and music. On the whole, therefore, we think that a first class orphanage of the sort described here is the best place for the normal orphan child.

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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., in giving his reasons for not interfering in the Colorado trouble, gives one that deserves notice. There will be need of a strong army some day, or Uncle

Sam will have to turn over his Capitol building to the Labor Unions. It seems that Mr. Rockefeller had granted, even before being asked, every request of the miners except one, and that was their demand that no person who was not a member of the Union should be employed in the mines. Not only should such a demand be refused but it should be met by the whole power this government is able to exercise. The right to work for a living at such wages as a worker can get is an inalienable one, and he should be protected in it by the whole force of the nation. A good workman deserves good wages and whereever he is in demand he will get them; but a poor workman's life is as precious as a good workman's life and he should not be trampled upon and driven out because he is not a Union man. He will not be employed by men under the domination of the Union but if his work is needed he should have employment. As we see it, the greatest danger to this country is the tyranny of the mob by whatever name that mob calls itself. The very government itself is being cowed by the demands of the labor unions, especially in the North and North-West. In the South we are having nothing of all this. When it does begin with us, it will be the end of our prosperity. The goose that lays the golden egg will lay no more.

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We were rather cut down by a letter from a lady friend, who wrote to us that is was not to be expected that we would be plentifully supplied with funds when *more needy and more deserving causes* were calling so loudly for help. That other causes are calling more loudly for help is self evident. Our church papers are full of their claims, but whether they are more needy or deserving is quite another matter. In the blessed Book we are told that it is not likely that a man can love God whom He has not seen and yet forget his brother whom he has seen; that there is not much faith in saying to one's brother, "be ye warmed and clothed" and then send him away empty; in fact that pure and undefiled religion before God consists in love and pity for the widow and the fatherless; that the Master himself refuses to count as his brethren those who neglect his little ones, and warns us that this rejection would hold through all eternity. We pity from the depths of the soul those who turn a deaf ear to the plea of the child at the door even to hear the wail of the perishing millions of heathen lands. The old saying out of God's Word holds true "This ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone."

Our readers must not imagine that we often receive such letters. No, indeed, the writer's heart sings a glory-song every day as the letters that come in from the mail are opened, and such a multitude of them bring sweet and blessed comfort to the workers for the fatherless. Is it not wonderful that not less than $30,000 a year reaches this office, not through the plea of agents, (for agents we have none,) but just because hearts are full of love for the orphan and will not be still, until they sing that song in the hearts of their co-laborers for Christ. Every morning, our teachers, matrons and children assemble for prayer to God, and it is seldom indeed that a prayer ends without a plea to God to pay back a hundredfold each mite that has been dropped into the Orphans' treasury. And the hearts of all respond, Amen, Amen.

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A year ago it was reported in these pages that Mrs. Mary Lesh, of Massachusetts, had most kindly and lovingly donated $10,000 for the erection of an Infirmary on the grounds of the Thornwell Orphanage, a building that would serve its purpose amply for many long years to come. Mr. R. M. Wachendorff prepared the plans for us, in his mother's name, his mother being a devoted friend of the Orphanage. The building is a large one, the total outside measure being 65 x 105 feet. The building is brick on a granite foundation, roof of tiling, and a basement for the furnace. Indeed, it seemed that the general idea among contractors was that the house could not be built for less than $30,000 to $37,000. However, the work proceeded with what money we had, omitting no particular of the plans, but it became evident that the sum given would not complete the building. Mrs. Lesh has most generously come to the rescue and has sent us another check for $2000, with which sum the building will be completed throughout, omitting only the room furnishing, which we feel sure many generous friends of the Home will consider it only a pleasure to provide. The work is going right on and very shortly we hope to have the house ready for use. It is a building of which the friends of the Orphanage may be justly proud.

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WHATEVER CONCERNS THE child, concerns *Our Monthly*. If there is any proposed law that is dangerous, it is the proposition to have Congress decree that cotton goods made by "children" under sixteen years of age shall be barred from interstate commerce. We do not think that the passage of such a

law properly administered will destroy our cotton mill industry as some think, for there are plenty of adults over 16 years of age that will take up the work. The greatest harm that it can do the mills will be to deprive it of trained workers. If the mill is to have experts, the training of these experts *must* begin at an early age. It is an education in itself to run a cotton mill. But that question does not concern us. Neither are we concerned specially in this article by the evidences of paternalism on the part of the government, by which it meddles with things with which it has no concern, for it is doing the same thing in other matters. In another generation this country will be the greatest despotism on earth. Russia will be a gloriously free republic in comparison. We expect yet to see the government interfering with our cooks and our washer-women; managing our fashions and clothing and telling us when we must get up in the morning. But this is a question aside from the main point we have in view, and that is, *if all avenues of making a LIVING ARE shut off from children, what will become of the children?* A multitude of parents, both men and women, are getting tired of child-raising business. Fathers are running away and leaving their defenseless families to starve and mothers by the hundreds are turning to the orphan institutions to take care of their children. It is "not a theory, it is a condition that confronts us." And it is one that must be met. Already the orphan institutions are looking helplessly at the situation. This Institution, for one, will be compelled to confine its "welcome" to orphans (those without father or mother) pure and simple. Practically it has reached that stage already as the number of applications is far beyond our ability to receive. Still, the question presses sore, what is to become of all these little boys and girls who will not be privileged to work for a living and will not be compelled to go to school. If this bill is passed and the government is made responsible for placing hundreds of thousands of boys and girls upon society as a burden, where will the thing end? The whole business of restricting child-labor is a desperately dangerous thing.

And now, gentlemen, what do you say to passing a law to prohibit from the mail and from interstate commerce all newspapers on which our little boys work, whether as newsboys or otherwise? Please answer. A law applying to one kind of business and not to another is forbidden by the Constitution of the United States and very wisely forbidden.

ON THE FIRST day of September two incidents occurred in the history of the Thornwell Orphanage, both of which were of intense interest and well worth recording.

The first of these was the dedication of the Lesh Infirmary. The building is beautiful and commodious. It is a three-story structure of granite with brick upper-structure and tile roof. It is lit by a hundred electric lights. It is heated by steam with radiators in every passige and staircase and in every room large or small. It has nine-bath-rooms, all beautifully furnished with enameled baths and basins. There are three sun parlors, a main kitchen, with secondary kitchens on the second and third floors. It is provided with speaking tubes and clothes chutes, dumb waiter and elevator. The operating room is finely skylighted and provided with all accessories. This noble building is the gift of Mrs. Mary Lesh of Newton Center, Mass. On the first day of September, with only a few rooms furnished, Miss Cassie Oliver, a graduate of our Thornwell College for Orphans, and afterwards of the Grady Hospital, took charge of the great building, with a brave heart. At 10 A.M., the Thornwell Memorial building was opened and all the Orphanage family with many visitors were addressed by Rev. Thornwell Jacobs in a very interesting address. After which the assembly adjourned to the building to examine it from top to bottom. The first class of nurses consists of Carrie Bradley, Viola Kimble, May Tinsley, and Cleone Love. Some of these have already had considerable experience in the Fairchild Infirmary in the art of nursing.

Received on the opening day from Mrs. Lesh:

My dear Dr. Jacobs:

My little family join me in thanking you for your very kind invitation to be with you Tuesday, and regret as much that we are not able. We are glad, however, that Thornwell can represent the family; there is none better, and none whose interest can be deeper. Our one hope is that the Infirmary may be of service and prove its blessing to the little ones for whom it was built. With the very kindest remembrances and best wishes for Dr. Jacobs' health and work,

I am sincerely,
Mary Lesh

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The history of Charleston began with the year 1670. Counting from that date the old city is therefore 244 years of age.

It lacks only six years of having reached the 4th of a millenium. Within the past few years, it has taken on new life. There was a time, just before the Revolutionary War when it was the greatest city in the colonies. Had it kept the pace with which it started it would have been probably the greatest city in the world, larger than New York, larger possibly than London. And now, having left its days of careless youth behind it and having begun its forward growth, under the spur of the Panama Canal, there is no telling what the next 250 years will do for the old city. The conquering of yellow fever has moved one tremendous obstacle out of its way. Whether Charleston can conquer its fall cyclones and its earthquake remains to be seen, but this generation has even forgotten those things, and Charleston is on the move. But the old city has unfortunately failed in one thing. She is letting the good old religion go. Racing and gambling and liquor plenty and broken Sabbaths never make a city grow. New York and Chicago have had some bitter experiences along that line. But Charleston is too good and too great to venture upon it. Her citizens should wash the whole city of her pollutions and get back into the old paths when she was a God-fearing place and her churches were her only places of Sunday amusement. What business is it of ours and the rest of us? Well, it is easily understood that a corrupted metropolis means a corrupted nationality. Yes, dear old city, we are all interested in you. We all want you to grow, but we want you to grow straight.

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Two scenes have touched us very much of late. One was the orphan's communion on the first Sabbath of December. Quiet, solemn, in the late afternoon hour by lamplight, the Lord's Supper was administered. Sweet songs were sung, prayers offered, and the boys and girls in silence and solemnity partook of the elements. It was a touching spectacle and appealed to all that were present. And the other was an orphan's funeral. The boys and girls were sorely touched and their tears flowed freely. It was held by lamplight, as the afternoon was dark. Jesus was present in sympathy with his dear children and each young heart was comforted by the love of One who promises to wipe away all tears from all faces.

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We felt a little envious for our children when we read of the fine way in which the North Carolina people were filling up the 500 Thomasville orphans with apples. But we kept our

mouths shut and said nothing. Latterly, however, we have begun to smile. Some North Carolina apples came dropping down to Thornwell; and then Georgia tried her hand, until two, three, four, five barrels reached us; and then suddenly down rolled a whole twelve barrels all the way from Boston. We are in hope that the stream will not cease to flow, and that our children will get their Christmas, well saturated with apple juice, and feeling as happy as little people can be at the thought that without a single apple tree on the Orphanage grounds, the very oaks and pines seem to be full of them.

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Then came OUR FATHERLESS ONES and taunted us with the idea that their North Carolina people had just turned loose chickens on their campus by the hundreds, while the children caught them and got up turkey dinners out of them. Good for you, little tarheels. Apples and chickens we have always heard are North Carolina products; we will get something good for Christmas too, and you may just count on that.

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## 1915

## OGLETHORPE NOTES*

THE EDITOR HAD the pleasure of donning college cap and gown and sitting on the platform in the North Avenue Presbyterian Church on the occasion of the exercises preparatory to the laying of the cornerstone of the first building of Oglethorpe University. The exercises were varied and very interesting and sedately conducted. The program printed in a recent issue of the *Messenger* was carried out to the letter. Dr. W. J. Martin, president of Davidson College presided and conducted the exercises in his admirable manner. Dr. Vance's splendid address was very highly praised by all who heard it, and the newspapers of Atlanta published it in full. The poets were there and their poems. There were also the alumni of ancient Oglethorpe, and the Oglethorpians who first raised the Atlanta quarter million were there to report. The exercises occupied about three hours before everything was done decently and in good order. The great congregation attended to the end and just as soon as the benediction was pronounced the trustees were handsomely entertained next door with a splendidly prepared and most delight-

*Not content with founding a college of his own, as well as an orphanage, Dr. Jacobs interested himself deeply in Oglethorpe University, of whose Board of Founders he was a member.

ful lunch. Automobiles in abundance were ready and after lunch the trustees and founders and invited guests were taken out to the site where the foundation of the great building had been laid, the massive cornerstone was set up, and the box placed under it.

The first building will be fifty feet wide, 190 feet long and five stories high. It is expected to cost about $100,000 and will be ready for the opening of the college in October of next year.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees that afternoon, Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, Litt.D., LL.D., was unanimously elected President of the college and it is expected will proceed to solicit funds and to arrange a faculty for the opening in October. He has not yet signified his acceptance, but it is thought that he will do so eventually.

So begins this great work that will glorify Atlanta and will be a blessing to the Presbyterian Church, resuscitating Georgia's most famous Presbyterian Institution.

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THE GREATEST TROUBLE we ever have at this Institution is the securing of good women to look after our children. Any woman thinks she is competent to manage a family of 24 boys or girls even though wholly unfit to govern her one little boy. Many of these boys are here because their mothers have despaired of them and thought their only hope of being made into anything would be the discipline of some institution. One such boy can ruin the whole of a family if he is allowed to stay. We necessarily have to get rid of him, not by expelling him, for that marks his forehead with a black mark, but simply by saying to him that we have done all we can for him. And we tell him to go home to his mother who must find something for him to do. Now when a lady comes to us with no experience even in training her own boys, and expects to be able to manage and control and improve a group such as is found in a lot of 24, we wonder at her ignorance or her folly as the case may be.

Even our brethren of the ministry fool us sometimes by describing women as just the kind we want and we find that they have utterly misunderstood the situation, and that the specimens of womanhood they recommend are failures, utterly and absolutely, without grit, without judgement, without patience, without determination, without steadfastness, without unselfishness, and sometimes even without good hard sense. So we get

dismayed with the situation and have no recourse but to ask them to resign. We want a couple of good ladies at present but they will have to be a little out of the general line, with no romantic ideas of what an Orphanage is, realizing that it is neither a mission field, nor a play house, that the "dear little people" will try her to the limit if there is anything in her and will make her life a burden, unless she strikes them favorably within the first 24 hours.

Sometimes a lady with four or five children of her own wants work and wants to bring her children with her. Sometimes where these women are sensible enough not to imagine that their own children cannot be allowed to take up any of their time, and can realize that they are working for the orphans and not themselves and not even for their own children, they may make good matrons. But in any case they must have physical strength and patience far beyond the common measure and must be willing to have their own children turned over to others, with whose discipline of them they are not to meddle, or they will fail entirely. As a rule the matron has to be made for her job and she must be made before we ask her in.

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A friend seeing in *Our Monthly* a paragraph in which we censured the late legislature by passing a law restricting the planting of cotton, wanted to know why we objected. We answer, simply because laws of that character interfere with the liberty of the farmer and proceed upon our ignorance of the laws of trade. We would class it along with laws said to have been passed in ancient Connecticut forbidding a woman to kiss her baby on Sunday.

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The secular papers in Charleston and Columbia, about Christmas times have a great deal to say about people out of employment. That too, is another case of ten cent cotton. In a country where so many jobs are lying around waiting to be done, every man with good character, good habits, good muscle, and up to his job, can get employment in South Carolina and always can and always will; perhaps not in Charleston nor yet in Columbia; but then there are other places. As long, however, as the various labor unions keep the prices of labor at a certain fixed sum, some of these high-priced workmen may suffer.

Hard times! Of course there are hard times! Don't we know it? But economy is good and it helps hard times wonderfully. For a multitude of people the times will never be anything else than hard. They are made that way.

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Certain writers in our city dailies are rejoicing over what they call the dethronement of King Cotton, and the calling for a diversification of crops. We heartily endorse the latter but *we* must say for King Cotton, that there never was a cleaner and nicer and better and more sensible crop to plant. The South in wonderfully blessed in having it and unless Malthus's views prevail and Europe and Asia and Africa proceed to kill out all their people, King Cotton will rise again, and the South will some day be placing 30,000,000 bales of cotton on the market, instead of only half of that. May the day come. The South will be better for it. Instead of curtailing the cotton crop there ought to be prizes offered to the farmer that can make the most of it to the acre.

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Three times in a single day, the editor of this paper has received printed appeals from the promoters of all sorts of social and labor or benevolent schemes asking him to flood our Representatives in Congress with urgent home appeals to vote on a certain side on certain questions that may come up in the House of Representatives. This is a sort of proposition to bulldose the men whom we have helped to elect to represent us. We most respectfully decline to take any such step. No men are more sensitive to public opinion than the very men whom we are asked to bribe with a tacit promise of support or to threaten with an equally tacit pledge to oppose unless they take our views of the matters before Congress. The whole thing is wrong. If a man really is deeply interested in some matter which he fears may be overlooked, he may ask his congressman to help him in that particular case, but the abominable rush on Congress with innumerable letters and circulars is out of all reason. The thing ought to be stopped. We are in favor of prohibition; we are opposed to excessive child-labor, we have not the least objection to Woman Suffrage, but we are perfectly convinced that our representatives in Congress have the matters at heart and they may vote just as they think right, so far as we are concerned.

Some ten thousand years ago according to the judgement of the scientists there was a glacial epoch covering all Northern Europe and America. The ice cover reached down as far as the middle of Illinois, Ohio, New York and New England. The evidences of its existence are indubitable. Now, not at all akin to the topic, apparently, is the fact that there is in Greenwood County an old Presbyterian Church called the Rock Church. It was so named from the great boulder or series of boulders near the site of the church. An old elder of that church told us that these boulders could be found in a curve through Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. One of the buildings at the Orphanage was constructed of one of these boulders. The question is, how did they get there. They do not belong to the country. Their weight in some cases reaches hundreds of tons. They were certainly brought here and deposited, but how? The only satisfactory answer is, by the lifting power of a great iceberg. We do not say this theory is the true one, but it tallies in with the theory of that glacial epoch. A glacier certainly produces icebergs. Icebergs frozen around a great rock, could lift it easily enough and when an iceberg melts, the stone must drop and stay where it drops. There are multitudes of these stone boulders scattered through this country, some above the ground and some buried or partly buried in the clay. The only thing that militates against this theory is that for icebergs to float, there must be water to float in, and if this country were ever covered by the sea, there would necessarily be remains of sea animals in the soil, but such remains are wholly and entirely absent. However, we have told the whole story as we recognize it, and others must give us the explanation.

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SOUTH CAROLINA IS ninth only in size of the States of the Union, counting from Rhode Island, which is the smallest. It has only 30,900 square miles of territory and a million and a half of population of which only 700,000 are white and something over 800,000 are black, and colored, but small as it is and weak as it is in population, it is historically speaking, one of the most famous States of the union. Its history reaches back to 1670, a period of only 245 years. But it is a State most precious to her noble sons, who glory in the unique position she has held in the history of the new world and of the American Union. Few States can boast of a population so devoted to her as this State of South Carolina. Her laws, her fields, her rivers, her many towns and cities all and each have their advocates and are

lauded to the skies. In every one of her libraries, public and private, there should be alcoves devoted to South Carolina. Other States can boast much of the excellence and quality of the products of her great men. The period of her history between the years of 1840-1875 might be called the Elizabethan era in South Carolina products when orators like Calhoun, Andrew Jackson, McDuffie, Thornwell, Palmer; Poets like Hayne and Timrod; novelists like Wm. Gilmour Simms; historians like Ramsey, Caroll, and Johnson; scientists like Bachman, McCrady, Agassiz, Holmes; artists like Alston and physicians like Dr. Sims have made the name of the state famous. There should be somewhere in this state a great library devoted solely to South Carolina literature, where the thousands of books that have been issued from the press in this state might be gathered into one. Who will found such a library?

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## NOT ONCE HAS HE FALLEN SHORT*

We verily believe the most remarkable money-raising campaign ever worked in any part of the country for Christian education is the single-handed endeavor by which Dr. Thornwell Jacobs has raised the preliminary endowment for reviving in Atlanta, Oglethorpe University — an institution of honorable memory that died amid the troubled days of the Civil War.

The enterprise is wholly Dr. Jacobs' own conception. So is his method of financing it. On more than seventy-five different Sabbath mornings he has told his dream of a great Presbyterian educational institution to as many different congregations of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Each time he has asked his hearers to subscribe $1,000 to help make his dream a reality. In not a single instance has he failed to get what he asked. In many cases the sum has been largely exceeded. And the enthusiastic sponsor of the effort was not protecting his record either by going only to favorable places under favorable conditions. He has taken congregations of a hundred members and less when cotton was an unsalable drug on the market and yet his plea was always won. Surely this is unique service.

It was the magnetism of Dr. Jacobs' personality, too, which organized Atlanta's business men for a "whirlwind" campaign that netted $250,000 for buildings, after land had already been given. It is not strange that the trustees have chosen the courageous founder to be president of the school. The election is

*Reprinted in *Our Monthly* from *The Continent*, of Chicago.

a pledge of still larger achievements ahead. College work is to begin next autumn.—*The Continent.*

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In 1876 there came to the Orphanage a lady whose life has been interwoven with its interests from that day to this. This was Miss Pattie Thornwell, youngest daughter of Rev. Dr. Jas. H. Thornwell, Sr. Miss Pattie took charge of the schools of the Institution and after school hours was our devoted and most faithful helper in this work. She left the stamp of her life and character on the minds of many fatherless and motherless children and as a worker in the Sabbath School of the First Presbyterian Church, on multitudes of young and impressionable minds, who will never forget her and do not forget her now that she has gone and they have grown to manhood and womanhood. Miss Pattie left us to be united in marriage with Mr. J. C. Hague of Thornton, Ind. After his death she returned to North Carolina and made her home at Morganton, N. C., with her sister, Mrs. R. B. Anderson. There ought to be some memorial of this godly woman on the grounds of the Thornwell Orphanage, for she was the first though not the only one of the Thornwell family to become a member of the Thornwell Orphanage family and identified with its work. Her death was a gentle falling asleep,—a bright smile upon her face, and a look of rapture in her eyes.

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"The authorities are much disappointed at the small return made by the income tax." Of course. The pickings and stealings are mighty small, and that is quite disappointing. The legislatures and congress seem to have had one idea and that is to pile up taxes and squander the receipts. Our great government has not a man with the courage to tackle that enormity, the pension law. It is the most monstrous swindle that ever was perpetrated upon a free people. We do not oppose rewarding our old *soldiers* for their courage during the Civil War or any other war. But we do not favor pensioning either old-age widows and their uncles and nieces and nephews and other representatives to the latest generation. We are opposed to all laws for maintaining any troop of blood suckers, whose sole service to the nation has been to draw pay from the treasury for what they did not do. But even our state governments are going

wildly into the business of levying State taxes. It is said that South Carolina has the lowest per capita tax of any state in the union. But even South Carolina is coming! The taxes are pretty heavy as it is. It takes a rich man to be able to own a 6 x 10 cabin and a broken bicycle these days. And it is growing worse every year. If South Carolina has the lowest per capita of any state in the union, we are sorry for the balance of the states. We really think that there must be some mistake about South Carolina. As for the national government, it is now spending its thousand million per annum, and the expense is growing rapidly. And the wild-eyed legislators are looking everywhere to find something else to tax. The political papers are discussing the possibility of a wreckage for the present party in power. The "common people" are discussing what is the matter with the rise in prices and the increase of taxation of everything in sight. And there is where the wreckage is most needed.

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We had the pleasure a few days since, of visiting the magnificent group of buildings that now constitute the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. The lawns about them which are nearly 40 acres in extent were lovely in their robes of green; the beautiful trees helped to make them things of beauty. Memory went back to the days of the childhood of the College, when it had only a name to live. We recall the meeting of the High School Association in October, 1880, when the President said to the discouraged but faithful members of the body, "Gentlemen, our trouble is that we are not aiming high enough. High schools are plentiful; colleges are rare. Our people cannot be enthusiastic for a High School; they will have a college. Is there any one of you with courage enough to move to change the name of this Institution from High School to College." Then Mrs. M. S. Bailey answered, "I will." And the President said, "All in favor of this motion say "aye." All "aye." And there we were a little body of men, half a dozen who had created a college by vote, and who had not any money nor any better building than the little two-story school house; nor any more students, nor any more teachers. And more than that, we had a town to face that would surely laugh at us.

But it was not long before some of these things were bettered. A part of the present campus was a portion of the result. And now there will rise up the thought "What hath God

wrought!" Clinton has done her part and done it faithfully. And the more she does, the better she loves her College.

The building that was dedicated on June 1st at 4 P.M., the new Science and Library Building is one to be proud of. So is the new dormitory, and the Administration building. Any college may well be glad to show them and as for the campus, it is growing lovelier every year. The refectory is a gem. The Laurens Hall is a fine structure and even the Alumni Dormitory lacks only a front portico to bring it in line with the other buildings in the matter of good looks. A little touch from the architects' hands would better it wonderfully. Well, the college is growing old. It is finishing its 35th year and as it increases in years, it increases as every man should, in grace and worth.

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Dr. Thornwell Jacobs is pushing forward his work is President of Oglethorpe University. The first building is a very handsomely constructed one and is a type of what the rest are going to be. The amount subscribed toward the building of Oglethorpe increases from day to day. Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Dr. Gaertner and Dr. Shive are all working confidently for the success of the institution and are pressing the subscriptions for the endowment. A million dollars is almost in sight and when this is secured greater endeavors farther away from home are proposed that may produce great results. All of our Southern people are taking hold of Oglethorpe and we venture to say that some day we will all be glad that we had a hand in founding it. Clinton furnished the founder and first President and was the first South Carolina town to subscribe its $1,000.

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At the time the Frank trial was on, in the Georgia courts, we did not pay any attention to it, simply because it was a trial of a kind that one does not like to read of or discuss. Consequently, we are not acquainted with the details of it. But the behaviour of a lot of hoodlums, for such we reckon they must be, in the city of Atlanta, after Governor Slaton had commuted the punishment of the convicted man, is enough to convince any reasonable man, that Gov. Slaton did the right and wise and noble thing. The howling of the mob and their threats show clearly enough that the man never had a fair trial and that until his

innocence can be proven, the only best thing to do was to give him a chance. As to the punishment itself, we think that almost any reasonable man would prefer death to lifelong imprisonment and only the hope of being cleared could make any man willing to endure it. The worst thing about the exhibition of mob law was the making of it an occasion for abuse of the Jews. It reminds one forcibly of a similar incident in recent French history, when the convicted man, protesting his innocence, was stripped of his military honors and sent as a prisoner to Devil's Island. Fortunately, he lived long enough to have his disgrace removed and his innocence proven.

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Last week, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs and the writer were kindly taken out by Mrs. Link, in her automobile to Oglethorpe grounds. The new building, which is to be known as the Administration Building, was in process of construction. The walls are of Elberton blue granite, which is if solid color and the color does not change with age. The great Gothic windows and doors are of dressed Indiana limestone. The building of the walls is almost completed. The roof will go on before winter. The whole building will be fire proof and will serve the purpose of the undergraduate school for a long while. The grounds are beautiful and will lend themselves finely to the call of the architect. It is now certain that the College will open in September, 1916. Three very large and handsome structures are to go up at once. This editor also enjoyed a visit to Silver Lake, which is a pretty body of water and which will be a charming summer resort, and winter athletic call to the young oarsmen. Some day it will be crowded with college boats, college pennants, and college boys. Oglethorpe is moving. It is not a dream. It is the real thing.

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The last issue of the *Westminster Magazine* contains some interesting plans for the development of Oglethorpe University. The buildings form a quadrangle, which will occupy some twenty or more acres. The first building is now approaching completion and will be fully ready by the fall of 1916 when the first Collegiate work will be done. Work on the Graduate School which is another large and handsome structure will proceed immediately. Some $600,000 of assets are now to the credit of the Institution. All the workers for this "Princeton of the South" are hearty and enthusiastic. Nothing will stop them till they

have secured their first million; and it is the first million that is the hardest always. The Dr. who is at the head of the institution and its promoter, was born in the Home of Peace, northeast corner, second story. His mother, a sweet and gentle woman, but as courageous as is possible to women, died in the same building, two years later.

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THE EDITOR REMEMBERS back in 1864 when he was ordained to the ministry and became a member of Presbytery. At that time Charleston and Columbia were about the only cities in the State. Columbia was then very little larger than Clinton is today. Clinton has 5000 population, Columbia in the outstart of the war had only 6000. There are now 25 cities in the state larger than Clinton, though this little city has grown amazingly, and has climbed up from nothing to the 25th place. Fifty years ago, our Synod was no small that it met in a country church, Mt. Zion, Sumter District. It had about 8000 members, a fourth of whom were colored. It was even then understood that the Presbyterians were a town folk. It was sometimes held up against them as a reproach. The strongest churches in our county-seats were Presbyterian. Strong country churches of our faith were very rare. All of even the strongest of our country churches have. with few exceptions, grown very feeble. It is well that we did not shrivel up in the town as we did in the country. Fortunately for us, the Baptists and Methodists moved to town also. Our reproach was lifted and now, we are all on the same footing. In fact, even in the cities they are running ahead of us in fine style. There always were more of them than of us in the country, and they caught the town-fever. It has been good for them. They have dropped their intolerable bigotry of fifty years ago, and have developed into a zealous company of godly Christian workmen. They always were, even in the old fighting days, good neighbors. But we want to impress it upon our people, that we are naturally townspeople. Before the other churches moved in, such towns as Clinton, Greenwood, Laurens, Rock Hill, Yorkville, Winnsboro, Chester, and a host of others were as thoroughly Presbyterian as Due West is today A. R. P. We are writing this item to let our people know where their strength is. We should find and secure in every little hamlet in South Carolina a good site for a Presbyterian Church. In many little villages, there are people, who from business motives, would donate lots for this purpose, and deed the same to Presbytery. Delay destroys opportunity. We need an explorer

to discover all of these opportunities and seize them. Our Home Mission Committee should have a regular bureau for this business. Business always enters the open door. It would not be long before a church would occupy the building site. And so, our Synod would follow its destiny. Brethren, listen to this suggestion to you from an old man, who is not tired, and who believes in a divine commission given to the Presbyterian Church.

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IN THIS ISSUE of *Our Monthly* we present to our readers a bird's eye sketch of the future Oglethorpe University. It will be seen that the dream of the promoters is a great one, and a beautiful one, and is in every way worthy (when worked out on the ground) of our great Southern Presbyterian Church. The editor of *Our Monthly* happens to be a member of the Board of Founders or Trustees, and has therefore the right to speak with some little knowledge of what is proposed. The building now under course of erection is in every way up to the beautiful plan which is to be carried out. It will be noticed that the buildings are Cruciform in shape. They are all of the Tudor Gothic style, and agree beautifully one with another. There are 18 of these structures proposed. We regret very much that some of our church brethren are unwilling even to hear what our Atlanta friends have in view, and place obstacles in the way of its promoter. All Georgia is aroused to an enthusiastic degree in behalf of this enterprise and specially rejoices because it is a resuscitation of the ancient Oglethorpe University that died in Atlanta, and is now to rise again. It will be remembered by those who have studied the history of our Synod that there was a compact between the Synod of Georgia and South Carolina, that South Carolina have the Theological Seminary and Georgia the University. Our Synod worked hard to raise a Professorship for old Oglethorpe. The minutes of the Synod before the war will show that our people were very urgent in the promotion of both enterprises. South Carolina still has the Seminary, Georgia lost her University through the bad management of the trustees appointed by the two Synods. Now that Georgia is making an effort to reestablish on a grander scale than ever, her ancient privilege, every church in the Synod of South Carolina should do something toward helping her accomplish her undertaking. We are still calling on Georgia to sustain the Theological Seminary and we expect it of her. Our other institution, the Thornwell Orphanage, is dependent upon Georgia for nearly half of her support. If we shut Georgia out of our territory,

what can we expect of Georgia in return? An objection raised to Oglethorpe University is the lack of church control. We venture to say that church control is a small matter compared with church support. Oglethorpe is as full of Presbyterianism as is any church in South Carolina, as is more sure of staying with the Presbyterian Church and doing its work than any church in our Synod.

Another thing that we would like to suggest is that aid given to one institution always increases the amount of aid that is at the service of other institutions. We are much more deeply interested in the Presbyterian College at Clinton, than we are in Oglethorpe, yet we are glad indeed that the very first church in South Carolina to subscribe its thousand dollars to Oglethorpe, was the First Church of Clinton. The amount subscribed though looking large in the aggregate is small in reality, being only $10.00 per annum to each of ten individuals. Our College needs at least $30,000 today, to clear it of debt. It is much more apt to get this money, because of the subscription to Oglethorpe, than if that latter subscription had never been made. We are giving largely to Home Missions and to Foreign Missions and that with pleasure and this Editor often urges to his readers those causes, for he believes that the more that is given to them, the more will be given to the support of the Thornwell Orphanage in which he is supposed to be profoundly interested. Brethren, we want Oglethorpe University and we want our other institutions. As sure as you live the stumbling blocks that you put in the way of one, are going to cripple the others.

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Within the past six months quite a number of our Cotton Mills have gone to the wall. All of them are more or less crippled. One-fifth of the white population of South Carolina is dependent upon these Cotton Mills for their daily bread. If our cotton mills perish, there will be woeful times for South Carolina. Our farmers who raise cotton, and who make such lamentations when its price is low, would feel much more severely the loss of price, were it not for the fact that South Carolina is next to Massachusetts with the largest number of spindles of any state in the Union. How unfortunate it is that the mills and the railroads do not have the justice accorded to them that every private citizen demands, as his right when taxes are to be collected. The whole state looks on these two, the mills and the railroads, as prey for all demands. The private citizen living in a $10,000.00 house does not hesitate to put it in the tax at one tenth its value. Should the cotton mills do anything of this

kind all the power of the state would be brought to bear against them. Most people imagine that because these institutions are in apparent bulk and handle much money, that some rich man is getting all the proceeds. A day in the office of the Thornwell Orphanage would convince them differently. Widows write to us that they cannot help us any more. Their cotton mill stocks are not giving any dividends and the mills themselves are likely to go into the hands of a receiver, that is the mills in which they have their shares. Even the orphans suffer when the mills suffer. "The King himself is served by the field," and certainly the orphans are. They are dependent upon cotton mills and cotton fields very largely for their daily bread. Every demagogue in the land imagines himself great because he can rail out at the cruelty of the mills and the child slavery supposed to be present in the mills. These demagogues know better, but there is nothing so unreasonable as a mob. We appeal to the sense of justice in our fellow citizens and to their judgement as to the value of the cotton mill in their own community to oppose this sort of balderdash. For our part we think it shows a lack of appreciation of what our men of means are doing for their country. We deserve to have every mill in South Carolina transplanted to New England, and that we should be left to dig out of the earth.

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The interest of the people in this state in the progress of Oglethorpe University is very great. Each month information is sent to *Our Monthly* in regard to the progress of the work there. These items of interest are read by our subscribers. The latest information is that the great steel roof is going on the first building which is to contain the Academic work of the University will be fully completed by the 16th of October, and the University is expected to open regularly. The street car line is now being arranged to reach the campus so that Atlanta students can make the trip very comfortably. The campus is nine miles from the Union Station, but Peachtree Street is built up pretty well clear out to the place. We do not know what exercises are planned for the opening occasion but they will be interesting and something worthy of so great an incident in the Presbyterian History of the State of Georgia.

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Years ago at the very inception of the work at the Thornwell Orphanage, we had for our teacher in charge of the education of our children, Miss Pattie Thornwell, who was a sister of Dr.. James Thornwell, the second, and daughter of Dr. Thornwell,

the first, for whom the Thornwell Orphanage was named. She was a most efficient teacher and all her pupils seemed very much to appreciate the work she did for them, and look back to their school days with affection.

Miss Pattie left us after five or six years of hard service, to become the wife of Mr. J. C. Hague, of Thornton, Ind. On his death, she returned to the south, making her home with her sister at Morganton, N. C. A few months ago, as was noticed in these pages at the time, Mrs. Hague left North Carolina for a better home on high. Her executor has just paid over to our endowment fund the sum of $1,000.00 as a permanent gift, the interest only to be used. Mrs. Hague was always a devoted friend of the Orphanage, and her gifts while living were very many.

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In a very few days it will be 1916. It makes an old man shudder to write down the new era. It reminds him that it is not far till the sun setting, and that what he does, he must do quickly. Fortunately the world will go right on. Fifty years hence, others will still be urging through the brethren who follow us, church and college, Missions and Orphans, and perhaps some new things that we do not even think about, for as the years go by the Church grows. If it only grows wiser and better and purer, as it certainly will grow more numerous, and liberal, the outlook in the future will be bright indeed. Happy the man that will be living in 1965. Our present enterprises are all being thoughtfully managed. We predict a great future for the church itself, and for its Theological Seminary, its Presbyterian College, its Thornwell Orphanage, and possibly for some standard Presbyterian Hospital. The only cause that by that time will be less frequently pressed on the attention of the church, will be Foreign Missions, for the church will grow in China, Japan, Korea, the Congo, and Mexico, just as it is growing in Clinton, Columbia and Greenville. Perhaps the whole world will call itself Christian and when that comes to pass the distinction between the Home and Foreign fields will have come to an end.

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## 1916

1 9 1 6 — — — — A NEW YEAR. It is not too late even yet to pray to God that He would make the whole year a blessed year to each one of our readers. For the year will

surely end, so also will life. *Finis coronat opus.* God bless your year. God bless your life.

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## THE THORNWELL COLLEGE FOR ORPHANS

(This paper was prepared for and read before the Board of Trustees at thei annual meeting, June 14, 1915.)

A YEAR AGO the President of the Thornwell College for Orphans who happens also to be the President of the Board of Trustees of the Thornwell Orphanage, was requested by this Board to state specifically and in writing to the difference between the course of study in the Thornwell College for Orphans and the Presbyterian College.

Now as to this point, namely, the comparison of the courses of study in the two institutions. It strikes me that it would be a little indelicate in me to do anything of that sort, except to state that the courses are not parallel. The Presbyterian College is graded for a male institution of the highest class. The Thornwell College is graded as a young woman's school of the ordinary sort, the kind now classed, I suppose, by our Committee of Education as a *Junior* College. The courses of study in male colleges such as Hampden-Sidney, Davidson, and Clinton are graded for young men who are seeking afterward to take a scientific, professional or engineering career and are not suitable for young women whose ambition may be to become Graded School teachers, or efficient trained nurses, or just to fit themselves to fill a good place in the church and home.

The Thornwell College course of study, after leaving the 10th grade behind, which is about that recognized by the State Board of Education, is arranged to suit the purposes of the orphan girls under our care with a view to giving them the above requirements. We have therefore, nothing of the wide elective courses, arranged for in our higher grade male colleges, of which, I am proud to say, Clinton has one. The course is compulsory throughout with no option in any department. This is necessary, simply because our orphan girls, being all under one direction, must take our advice as to their studies. We select therefore the best course we are able to provide and allow no deviation from it. Moreover, the money at our disposal is too little to provide any other way, and the number of pupils to be instructed do not require anything else.

Without comparing ourselves with other institutions un-

pleasantly, I may say that quite a number of our girls have left the lower grades of our school, and have almost without exception entered the next succeeding grades in the schools they have entered. This statement refers to those seeking admission to girls' colleges and not to male colleges.

The course of study we require calls for two years of Greek, required; 7 years of Latin, required; 7 years of Mathematics, (after the Arithmetic classes), and there is a 12 years' course in history; a nine years' course in the sciences; a full Bible course; and a four years' College course in English, and a three years' course in French.

Now I have stated this matter so succinctly because I wish specially to call your attention to four points of very great importance to our future work.

(1) It is needless to say that while I planned this course, it has had the endorsement of the Board of Trustees since the organization of the Thornwell College for Orphans in 1883. The institution passed into the hands of the Synods of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, in the year 1892. In presenting the Institution to the Synods, I personally attended the meetings of the Synods and I clearly outlined the plan to make this Institution a very high grade institution of learning and for this reason we would be developing the Thornwell College for Orphans. It was and is embodied in our charter, and it was accepted by the three Synods. As all of the Synods of the church are involved in the doings of this body, it would really have been unworthy of us to have offered to do a great thing for the whole Church and then to have done a very little thing.

(2) You will notice that while there are 12 other orphanages under the care of our Southern Church, this is the only COLLEGE for Orphans, and indeed there is no other denominational College for Orphans in America or anywhere else. This institution has grown to be the largest Presbyterian Orphanage, as far as we know. These two facts ought to give us great encouragement. It has been a part of our plan and one that I am trying to advance, that our Orphan College ought to afford a chance for an education to all orphans who desire a higher education. We have several from other homes with us. If this College is made what it ought to be by that proposed endowment, it will be undoubtedly a wonderful blessing to orphan girls and would put the Orphanage in high standing among useful educational institutions. As the industrial course is a part of

its curriculum, the young women who graduate from it are self-sustaining, self-reliant as well as educated.

(3) The College should be both thoroughly understood and thoroughly sustained by this Board of Trustees. The only objection ever made to it is that it gives a degree of A.B. to its full graduates. As they have fully earned their degree by their long course of study, they ought to have it. Without the degree, the Institution would be meaningless and while I live and this Board sustains me, I am perfectly willing to pocket all complaints. I know full well that the ORPHANAGE that gives a College course to its students shocks the public. Let it be shocked. We know we are doing the work and we ought to have the backbone to stand by our orphans, in spite of public opinion. It is evident that any adverse opinions have not hurt us.

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WE HAVE RECEIVED from the Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va., a pamphlet entitled "The Southern Presbyterian Church and a University." It is forwarded to us, as to one of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. It is sent out as the opinion of the Presbyterian Educational Association of the South. The purpose is to condemn Oglethorpe University, and is a plea that ministers and sessions of our Church should not give it the right hand of fellowship. The gentlemen whose names are signed to it as a committee, seem to think that Oglethorpe University is the work of a single individual, whom they condemn sharply for his zeal in the matter. Inasmuch as a copy of this pamphlet was sent to the writer and addressed to him as a pastor of the Southern Church, he feels that he is not going beyond his rights in giving a short expression of his opinion. This Association acknowledges that in their condemnation, they are acting on their personal judgement, and that they are not giving an official opinion as for the Church itself. The argument of the paper is to show that Oglethorpe University is not under the control of the Presbyterian Church in the way approved of by the General Assembly, that it is not endorsed by the Assembly and that the canvass of the Church by the Oglethorpe trustees is injuring the cause of education as represented by schools and colleges under the control of the Synods, that the people are giving their money under a misrepresentation. We do not think that the committee has proved any of their points, but our space is too limited to argue with them on the subject. Certainly the General Assembly has strongly approved of the idea of a university, and

this is shown in the paper under considerataion. The Assembly did ask its moderator to pray for a blessing on the University. This paper seems to think that the blessing was something of a sour grape in the mouth of the one that prayed. He was asked to bless, but all he could do was to ask the Lord to bless the Institution, if it was under the care of the Church. Our good Moderator must excuse our tendency to smile at this. The trouble with these brethren is that they do not realize that what they are fighting is not a proposition, but a fact. The question is not whether we shall have a University, but shall we *kill* Oglethorpe University? Already nearly $700,000.00 has been raised for this Institution. A beautiful site has ben secured in the suburb of one of the greatest cities in the South. A magnificent structure is about completed and a President and several Professors *have already been elected,* and the University is appointed to be opened in October of this year. It strikes us that to attack Oglethorpe University now or to put obstacles in its way is as great a mistake as it would be to destroy Davidson College or the Southwestern University. Oglethorpe has won its right to live. Moreover, it ought to be understood that the representatives of Oglethorpe University could not find their way into any pulpit which is closed to them by its pastor or session. The party to be blamed, therefore, by Synods who desire to shut their doors against the institution, is the pastor or session that favors the Oglethorpe enterprise by giving its agents a welcome. This ought to be very clear to the Presbyterian Educational Association of the South and to this Committee. The fact that the Association intends at some future time to push a canvass for church education is not in our judgement interfered with by the Oglethorpe canvass. A move to raise some millions for education is not hurt by the fact that ten gentlemen in some congregation of any church, agree to give $10.00 a year, for ten years to found a university. That sum is a very small sum, and for any object really desired by the church at large, it ought not to mean the least interference. Certainly we do not consider that the Presbyterian College of South Carolina in which we are most deeply interested is interfered with in the least by the subscription made in Clinton to Oglethorpe University. Clinton in the course of a very few years when a new canvass is started for our College, will do as they have done twice already, pay down $15,000.00 or $20,000.00 cash. The brethren have gotten scared unnecessarily. Old Dr. Adger used to say that if you want a cow to give good milk and plenty of it, you must milk her regularly. We are prepared to pray most

earnestly that God will bless Oglethorpe University, and make it a great success.

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Perhaps the greatest occasion in the history of Presbyterianism in Atlanta will be the great Oglethorpe jubilee which is being planned for Sunday morning, September 24th. The Presbyterian Minister's Association of the city has unanimously endorsed the idea of an immense union service, not only of all the Presbyterian Churches of the city, but a special invitation will be given to each of the thousands of Founders of Oglethorpe University from every church and creed in Atlanta.

The program committee of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University are now at work preparing a fascinating program for the exercises. The plan includes an address by a distinguished and brilliant orator, special Oglethorpe hymns, short trenchant speeches by a number of distinguished men, special music and a number of other attractive features.

The great Oglethorpe jubilee will immediately follow the opening of the institution which will take place on September 20th, next. The first Oglethorpe catalogue is now being printed and will be ready for distribution in a few weeks. Already students are being matriculated and a brilliant faculty has been formed for their instruction.

Interior work on the first splendid building of Oglethorpe has already been commenced and the architects have promised it for the opening in September.

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Few people do more literary work than the average editor, yet very seldom does an editor acquire a literary reputation by his work. His editorials are all of a transient character. They are never gathered into volumes, and as newspapers are very seldom bound and placed away in libraries, it is safe to say that the work of our most famous editorial writers, perishes very promptly. It is a pity that this is so, for very often, even in our country newspapers, which are admitted to be of an ephemeral character, we have often seen some very fine writing well worthy of living to benefit after ages. Some of our larger libraries make an earnest effort to collect and bind for preservation the papers and magazines that are sent to them, but the

very vastness of some of these great libraries adds to the security of oblivion that befalls the unlucky editor. There is one consolation, to the diligent and careful editor. While he lives and works he wields an influence among living men and women, that makes a deep impression on the living tablet of human hearts. There comes a time when the earth and all that is therein shall be burnt up. Even the most valuable libraries, the most ancient manuscripts, the noblest treasures of art will all perish, but the record stamped on the human heart abides forever. The editor's fate, then is not so bad after all.

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We have received a copy of the Houston Post, containing a half page presentation of the work of Rev. Wm. States Jacobs, D.D., for the cause of Presbyterianism in that city. When Dr. Jacobs went to Houston, he took charge of the 1st Presbyterian Church, with a resident membership of 375, and a non-resident membership of 125. He has now completed his 10th year, and in those ten years, has membership has grown to 2024, of whom 1607 reside in the city. This is the largest church membership in the Southern Presbyterian Church. More than a score of Presbyteries in our church have fewer members. His church is the only one with over 2000 membership. During the past year, ending April 1st, 1916, the gain in membership was 571. This number of members, if gathered into one church, would place it among the larger churches of the denomination. It is twice as many as were brought into any church of our faith and order, last year. The Post speaks of him as "both preacher and Pastor, in the fullest sense of the words" and gives this as the secret of his success. It says that the humblest, the most lowly, the most deeply distressed all approach him with the same assurance of relief, as the wealthiest; that his social interest in the people has made him the best known man in Houston. Our city of Clinton has an interest in him as he was born here, and was educated in our schools. People here hardly know him as anyone else than just "States." We are all happy in his success; and felt that in his success, his training here may claim some of the credit.

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When in Atlanta, Rev. Thornwell Jacobs took us out to see the magnificent new Oglethorpe building, now rapidly approaching completion. It is certainly a beautiful structure. We do

not know how to compare it with other edifices, but we can say that it is in every way up to the promises made, and is worthy of the great denomination, in whose interest and with whose money, it is being constructed. It is not the gift of one man, but is the peoples' College. If the building program can be completed according to the plans, the construction will vie in taste and beauty, and be far superior in the matter of comfort, to the great English University buildings at Oxford.

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We often wonder how long the Thornwell Orphanage will preserve the same general plan as at present. That Institutions, no matter how wisely planned, do change with the lapse of time may readily be seen from the experience of the best and strongest institutions in the world. The Thornwell Orphanage being a protest against current views of orphan-care seems in danger of reaction on one side, and of pretentiousness on the other. There are several things, which, we trust, it may always stand for; these are briefly:- Its Presbyterianism; its exaltation of the school; its cottage system; and its resistance to the binding in and binding out system, so prevalent in other institutions. As to its external form, if those four ideals are preserved, the rest do not matter. We believe in manual training for the pupils; in unpretentious edifices, in thoroughly good public buildings; in the village community idea; in Church, College, Library and Museum; in regular daily family worship; in a School endowment; in farm and garden; in physical care; in music and drawing; in love as the great, ruling principle of the establishment, and in fogetting that the pupils are orphans and in excluding the idea of "asylum," wholly and entirely. Whether we have succeeded in those things or not, others must judge, but our humble hope is that future leadership may improve upon all of these theories.

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## DESERTING THE COUNTRY

We recently took a ride through some 25 miles of road in Jacks township. It was only here and there that a white person could be seen. All the old family homes built before the war had been turned over to negroes. It is true that the farms were well cultivated, showing that the white man's direction was still there, but it is woeful to have the whites desert the farms.

The end of it will, if continued, be the deterioration of the business of farming and of the business of Clinton accordingly. We need a great loud trumpet—*go back to your farms.* If our land owners would build beautiful homes on their farms, provide them with water and electric lights, and telephone, get the rural route to run by their homes, buy a Ford, and provide their homes with papers, pictures, books and good fare, and in addition to all this, fight for good roads to town, they would live a hundredfold happier, better, more comfortable lives, than in a crowded little cabin, on a 50 foot lot in town. Our city people should urge this upon all the rural community about it. The profit to the city will show up in the great increase of farm produce offered for sale, through improved farm methods. The auto, the R. F. D., and good roads will work the reform.

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Some twelve years ago when we had only two or three cases of pellagra in our family, Dr. Dillard Jacobs, now of Atlanta, gave them a careful examination, and urged upon us then, what he called a well balanced diet, specially urging the substitution of milk, eggs and poultry for salt meats and corn meal and corn products generally. He had some correspondence with Dr. Goldberger. That latter gentleman, experimented with this line of prevention and cure. In the meanwhile, our cases increased until we had some 25 or 30. We then determined to give a thorough test to the "well balanced diet" idea. We worked out the idea of the general relation of the disease with scurvy, beri-beri, and other half-food diseases. In one year, the disease disappeared entirely. This is the second year in which we have been free of it. Epworth Orphanage that suffered with it, even worse than we did, was made a test case, by the Government and Dr. Goldberger put in charge. It is now stated that there is not a case at Epworth. These facts seem to prove that the right track has been found at last, and that there is no reason why institutions should not be wholly freed from this terrible plague.

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We have received from the Oglethorpe University Press, a copy of the Oglethorpe Story written by Rev. Thornwell Jacobs. This book of over one hundred pages gives an exceedingly interesting account of the genesis and development of the Oglethorpe University idea in the mind of the young divine who is now, not only its active agent, but also the President of the Institution.

Dr. Jacobs has met and overcome difficulties in the promotion of this ideal which would discourage many a man but which in his case have served as wings, not to weigh him down, but to bear him up. It would be impossible to write in brief the story as he tells it and we cannot undertake therefore to do it, but so interesting is his account of the matter that one reads it with interest and lays it down with regret. It is one of those books that bring us nearer to God and gives us a conception of what can be done in time through faith in a living God. In the history of enterprises for the unseen Master, there are some that awaken within us a realization of the divine hand in the movement. Among these we count as foremost the great work of the Reformation in Europe in the sixteenth century. The wonderful awakening to a higher sense of religion known as the Methodist movement in the eighteenth century. On a lesser scale the guiding hand of God is seen in the encouragement given and the success accorded in the Oglethorpe movement. The Lord has not done yet with Oglethorpe, while this story is astonishing, we believe that its success will be commensurate with it. We congratulate the founders on the fact that they are approaching the opening of the Institution on the 20th of September next, only a month away. We pray God's blessing on the great enterprise and that Georgia may be blessed in its success not only in this movement but in every department of its Christian work.

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The month of August was a very trying month in all business circles. The war in Europe was in full blast with one or two new kingdoms rushing into the fray. Primary elections were convulsing the people of South Carolina while President Wilson was tackling the "strike" and doing his best to bring it to an end. There is an old saying that "all is well that ends well." There is no doubt that the strike is only postponed. The forces are arrayed against each other. Railroad employees are in very bitter opposition. The action of Congress which seemed to be a surrender to the Labor party will undoubtedly be fought by the Railroads. The result will be worse than ever. It seems to us that the whole difficulty lies in the organization of different branches of labor against their employers. That is the rottenest thing in our nation today. No party of citizens should ever organize against another party, much less when dependent on each other. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Combinations of companies against labor or combinations of

labor against capitalists, should both be put down with an iron hand. Unless this is done, and it certainly has to be some day, the destruction of this Union will be inevitable. Congress is already conquered. There is not courage enough in the whole body to pass a law forbidding such organizations and debarring them from the privileges of court. We believe in organizations, an organization of preachers to spread the gospel or of shorthandists to promote the study of science, or of Railroad men to promote protection for their families, but whenever any of these resort to violence in promotion of their plans, the law should lay hold upon them. However, all such sentiments have come too late, the harm is already done, and, we regret to say it, the country will have to pay the bill.

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*The Atlanta Journal* is urging very successfully upon the people of Georgia the giving of a "Book Shower" for the benefit of the Library of Oglethorpe University, as we have mentioned on another page. It strikes us that the Presbyterian people of South Carolina or of any state, for that matter, would do the Thornwell Orphanage a great good by making its library the recipient of many a good, new book at Christmas time. The book, or books or set of books ought to be valuable and worthy of a place on the library shelf that is expected to be a permanent institution. It should have the name of the donor on the title page and a post card should accompany the gift. We thank the *Atlanta Journal* for this suggestion. We hope its efforts for Oglethorpe will be a mighty success and that the example will be contagious in behalf of our own and other institutions.

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THE FOUNDER OF the Methodist University was one of the principal speakers on Oglethorpe Day. While in private conversation the President of Oglethorpe said that he regarded the Emory University as one of their greatest assets. It would help make of Atlanta a University city. It would naturally attract a large body of the finest men of the South to it, and would give to Oglethorpe a stronger hold on Presbyterian patronage. Hearing these things led us to think how utterly short sighted is institutional jealousy. When the Thornwell Orphanage was founded it had the whole Southern Church at its back. Very naturally when another Orphanage was started it cut off many

interested friends from the number of its subscribers. The President of Thornwell felt for a little while that it was a pity the field should be divided. He knows better now. The fellowship and companionship of other institutions has given Thornwell a warmer place in the hearts of its patrons while the growth of the church has increased the number of its patrons many fold. As to the orphans, they are reaping the benefit. Every Synod in the South now has its institution either singly or in co-partnership. A few churches and Sabbath Schools in other than our own field still stand by Thornwell. Children come to us from at least ten different Synods. We get no help from beyond the waters but we do get help from almost every state in the Union. This is only a relic of our ancient inheritance but we believe it is the blessing of God upon the fact that those who love and maintain the Thornwell Orphanage have laid aside from their hearts jealousy of others. Institutions under the care of our Almighty Father cannot die. He will not let them live, if they cherish malice, or hatred, or jealousy towards other workers in His own field. This is the meaning of the Master's saying "Forbid them not; he that is not against us is for us."

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We had the pleasure quite recently of being in a very great and wonderful audience of Presbyterian people. Over five thousand were present. The meeting was held in the Auditorium of Atlanta. It was an out-pouring of the great Presbyterian forces in the most Presbyterian City in the South. Their purpose was to thank God for the opening of Oglethorpe University. Two hours were spent in exercises suited to the occasion. The President of the United States honored the assembly with a special telegraphic message. The Mayor of the great city of Atlanta himself a founder of a great University, was present and addressed the body. Our own Theological Seminary in Columbia through its President Dr. Whaling brought greetings. Oglethorpe will become a feeder of this Seminary. If those who kick at this institution had been present they would certainly have halted before they gave another kick. One cannot easily kick down a mountain. The Oglethorpe movement is growing. Its plans are magnificently beautiful. Its success is commensurate with the hopes of the founders. That it is to succeed is sure. Atlanta is behind the movement. Its people are gratified with the beginning of things. You will hear more of Oglethorpe.

## GOOD NEWS FROM OGLETHORPE

THE FINE FRIENDSHIP of the Synod of Georgia, and her interest in the great undertaking of the founding of a Southern Presbyterian University, was never more fully illustrated than at the recent meeting of the Synod, held in Dalton on November 14th-18th.

At this meeting, three separate resolutions of encouragement and approval were passed by the Synod, and one fine deed in the form of a gift of cash, was recorded on her minutes. This latter consists of instructions given to the commission of the Donald-Fraser High School, authorized them to turn over to Oglethorpe University a fund of something like $3000.00. The Commission on Donald-Fraser High School reported that they found it to be the opinion of the stock-holders of that institution, including the Synod's trustees, that their Corporation should be dissolved and its business settled in a legal way. In their report they recommended the following resolutions which the Synod adopted:

1st. That the Synod's trustees, S. L. Morris and I. S. McElroy, be and they are hereby instructed to unite with the other committee of the Donald-Fraser High School in securing a dissolution of this corporation and the settlement of its business according to the provisions of the Law of the State of Georgia.

2nd. That the aforesaid S. L. Morris and I. S. McElroy be and they are hereby instructed to receive a receipt for all funds due to this Synod as a result of the dissolution and settlement of this business of the Donald-Fraser High School, and said trustees are also instructed to deliver all such funds to the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University as a foundation for an endowment fund in said Oglethorpe University, to be known as the Georgia Professorship.

In the report of the Permanent Committee on Christian Education and Ministerial Relief are to be found these good words:

"Especially do we note with gratitude the auspicious opening of Oglethorpe University, a new Southern Presbyterian University, and pray that this may yet be the earnest (beginning) of a long and uninterrupted career of increasing service to the Church and world of this Institution now by the grace of God made alive again."

And then, after the President of the University, by invitation of the Synod, had made an address outlining the history and ideals of Oglethorpe, the Synod, by a unanimous rising vote, adopted the following resolutions:

"The Synod of Georgia has heard with pleasure the admirable address of Thornwell Jacobs and takes this occasion to assure him again of our sympathy with the great work of refounding Oglethorpe University for our Southern Presbyterian Church to the Glory of God. We assure him of our great pleasure in the remarkable success that has attended his efforts in securing subscriptions that already aggregate more than $700,000.00 and in building one of the largest and finest fire-proof college buildings in the South, and in selecting a faculty conspicuous for scholarship and Christian character, and in attracting that remarkably large Freshman class of choice young men with which the University began its first session in September, 1916. We commend most cordially to the liberality of our people the claims of Oglethorpe University with the hope that the endowment fund of the Georgia Professorship may soon be completed and that other Synods may follow the example of this Synod in the endowment of Synodical Professorships in this great Presbyterian University."

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## 1917

The latest fad in semi-religious circles is the discussion of the question why do not ministers want their sons to be ministers? There are several kinds of preachers. One kind prefers that their sons should go into business, another and a much larger kind prefer that they should go into the ministry. A careful examination of the ministerial rules of any of our denominations will show that the sons of ministers are in the ministry to numbers out of all proportion to the sons of the congregation. The answer to the questions therefore is simple enough, a great many ministers do prefer their sons to enter the ministry.

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The editor of *Our Monthly* is a sort of crank on some subjects. He believes in trees for instance. He thinks that trees which have had two or three generations of growth ought not to be cut down because somebody imagines them to be in his way.

Trees in the inside section of any city are a blessing to everybody in that city. He will admit that telegraph poles, electric wire poles, and possibly even trees are in the way in narrow streets in the business part of the city. But every sidewalk in the residence part of the city should be lined with trees. New York actually takes a census of her street trees. Charleston holds conventions to discuss hers, but there are cities in which some heady councilman with no knowledge of the value of a tree, moves to cut down all the shade trees on a certain street, and as nobody raises a protest, down they go. The city council of Clinton has devised a plan and will execute it, to lay down cement sidewalks on the principal streets of the city. We hope the good sense of our council will keep them from allowing the shade trees to be destroyed, but will keep them growing and increasing in numbers. We want the side-walks, but we had rather have the trees than the side-walks. There is no reason why we shouldn't have both. In fact, in part of our city there is room for the setting out of thousands of shade trees.

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A very pretty little incident occurred while Dr. Jacobs was absent in Atlanta for surgical treatment.* He received quite a number of letters from the various children of the Harriet Homes, as well as other homes of the school. Among the letters received was one from a sweet child recently arrived during his absence, from Virginia. The little girl wrote to him that she was a newcomer at the Thornwell Orphanage, that she loved it at the first, and her love increased the longer she stayed, and then she added some sweet messages to the absent President, messages of affection for one whom she had never seen, but who was nevertheless become responsible for her while she remains at Thornwell. It was a beautiful illustration to the one who received these lines of that Scriptural expression, "Whom not having seen we love." Friends, is not that all the essence of true religion? We love God whom we have not seen, though with many tears we search for Him. After a while the love will be returned in copious measure and we shall be able to see Him face to face.

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## PERSONAL NOTE

The editor of this paper, who is also President of Thornwell Orphanage, has received from the Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Augusta the following letter which is remarkable in several

*Written by a contributor to *Our Monthly*.

particulars. It is the letter of a Presbytery to a private individual showing deep sympathy both with him and the work which has been upon his heart and hands ever since his early manhood and then again it is the first letter that any Presbytery has ever written commending heartily the work in terms such as is to be found in this communication. Occasionally a Presbytery and even a Synod has expressed approval of it and three Synods have adopted that work as their own, but the fact remains that this letter breaks the record in this particular line:

Union Point, Ga.

April 14, 1917

Rev. W. P. Jacobs,
Clinton, S. C.
My Dear Brother:

Occasionally we are glad of the duties we are asked to perform. It is so now with me. As Stated Clerk of the Presbytery, I have been directed by that court of our church at its recent sessions of regular Spring meeting in Lexington, Ga., to write you in the name of the Presbytery and express the deep and unwavering interest of ourselves and of all our churches in your great work and our constant sympathy with you in your untiring efforts for the orphans of our Southland.

I am especially instructed to do this also in order that we may speak our affection personally and thus express our regret that you have had lately continued illness, and to say our hopes and our prayers are that you may soon regain your full health and strength and be used by our gracious Lord for many added years of happy and valuable service in His kingdom on earth.

Sending you my own best wishes with those of the brethren, I am as ever,

Most sincerely and fraternally yours,
EUGENE P. MICKEL,
Stated Clerk of Augusta Presbytery

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The President of the Orphanage has not been ill in the sense that word has ordinarily been used. He takes this opportunity of explaining to his many friends and correspondents what the matter with him has been. There have been so many kind

letters to answer and sweet good words written like the one written above, that he feels he is due to make this public explanation about a private matter:

Last September his eyes failed him entirely. It became impossible for him to read or write and though there is still light enough in his eyes to enable him to get about the grounds of the Orphanage, he does not venture upon the streets where an automobile or horse and buggy might rush upon him at any time, for having only one ear, and that not a very good one, his hearing gives him very little assistance as to the direction from which sounds come or the character of its sound. Toward the end of September he went to Atlanta and placed himself under the hands of a specialist who knew his business and knew it well, to be operated on for cataract. The operation was at first entirely successful and for four weeks he had the hope of being shortly able to see again with comfort to himself and his work. He was under the hand of the surgeon for an hour and a half. Only local anaesthesia was used and this had to be reapplied four or five times. This and other difficulties brought about a condition in the eye that at the end of four weeks resulted in hemorrhage and his hope of sight was entirely gone as he thought. This disaster occurred just before Christmas and for two months his faithful surgeon worked with him day after day to secure some hope for at least partial sight, for the other eye was failing very rapidly, and had already lost its services to him. Of course the confinement to the house and the various remedies used, some of them affecting his physical condition sharply, and the inability to take exercise of any kind during the violent cold of February, made his health deficient but he was never confined to his bed and the confinement to his room was simply for fear of further accident. He has, therefore, not been seriously ill. The eye seems to be very slowly regaining vitality and in a year or two may be of some service to him.

He found it necessary to place a large amount of his work upon the broad shoulders of his Vice-President and devoted friend, Rev. J. B. Branch, who offered to do anything within his power to relieve the situation. Mr. Branch conducted the entire business of the Orphanage during November, December, January and part of February. The President has resumed so much of his work as was in the pulpit in the Thornwell Memorial Church, this being three sermons per week. He has also resumed the editorial work with the aid of his stenographer of *Our Monthly*, also the writing of the various circulars and appeals

that go out from the Institution, that are made to various papers, but the Vice-President is looking after all of the discipline of the Home and its internal management. The consultations of the matrons are held with him, as a rule, he conferring with the President in all matters that seem to require his personal attention. This explanation is made in view of the fact that hundreds of letters are constantly coming to him. He wishes his friends to know that his health is comparatively good; in fact, as good as can be expected under the circumstances and that what a man can do without sight and with only partial hearing, he is trying to do for his orphan household. The letters of acknowledgement that they receive are written by him. If there are failures to answer any letter it is because the bookkeeping of the Institution is now wholly beyond his power to manage as formerly and the eyes of others must do the work that was done by him. He warmly thanks his friends for their interest in him and he begs pardon for intruding his private and personal affairs upon their attention as in this note.

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## SAYS OGLETHORPE SECURE OF FUTURE

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY, with the hearty endorsement of the general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, but free from the control of ecclesiastical courts, is now in a stronger position than ever before, according to President Thornwell Jacobs, who explained the action taken by the general assembly at Birmingham in regard to the institution on his return to the city yesterday.

"Many friends of Oglethorpe," says Dr. Jacobs, "have asked me what the meaning of this action is, and many of them have misunderstood its purport and bearing upon the institution. Believing that a Presbyterian University could be best maintained when operated by a board of directors composed of Presbyterian men, but not subject to the control of ecclesiastical courts, we founded Oglethorpe on that principle. There are however, many members of the Southern Presbyterian Church and friends of Oglethorpe who think that it would be advantageous both to the church and to the university for the General Assembly, which is the highest court of the Church, to own and control it. After conference with a special committee of the assembly, a report was unanimously agreed upon looking toward this end. In the Assembly, there were many men who did not want a university at all, and many others who wanted one, but did not

want the Assembly to own and control it, and even friends and supporters of Oglethorpe University, who believed it to be for the best interests of the university that no ecclesiastical court should ever have any power over it. When the vote was taken it stood 111 to 117 against the ownership and control of the university by the Assembly.

"Dr. C. M. Richards, of Davidson, N. C., who offered the resolution that was passed by the above vote, and which declared that the Southern Presbyterian Church at this time neither needs, desires, nor is in position to establish an educational institution of the university grade," explained his opposition to the university idea by saying that if the Presbyterian Church establishes a university, it would become a center of heresy if operated outside of the control of the church, and if operated by the church, would lead to innumerable trials for heresy. It was for this 'fear of learning' that tipped the scales in the matter. The Assembly later passed a substitute for Dr. Richards' motion, which contained the following words: "That the Assembly commend the zeal and energy of the managers of Oglethorpe University, and wish them great success in building up an institution in Georgia, which we trust will be a blessing to generations." Oglethorpe will, therefore, proceed with its work as heretofore, with the good will and commendation of the highest court of Presbyterianism in the south, but with no official relationship thereto.

"This vote and action leaves the university in a stronger position than before. It means that no change whatsoever will be made in its form of ownership and control, and yet gives the school a most favorable position among thousands of Presbyterians who now know that its originators were willing to offer their institution to the highest court of their church.

"The management of the university is planning an aggressive campaign for funds, friends, and students. Oglethorpe is closing a most remarkable year of splendid success. Students, who are loyal and enthusiastic, are planning to bring one hundred freshmen back with them next fall. Subscriptions to the university are being paid with most gratifying promptness, and the commencement season, which will begin next Sunday morning by a special sermon from a distinguished minister of North Carolina, will open most auspiciously another brilliant chapter in the history of the institution.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF. Some twenty years ago the writer and his Board of Trustees tendered the Presbyterian College of South Carolina to the Synod of South Carolina to be their College forever. The request was refused and it was ten years later before the Presbyteries undertook the promotion of the Institution. This College is now one of the most interesting and beloved works of the Synod. At the last General Assembly the writer's youngest son and his board of Trustees tendered Oglethorpe University as a free gift to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The gift was declined. We suppose that opposing interests of an educational character had considerable to do, in both cases, with the refusal to accept so gracious a gift. Our Assembly is the loser. As to the gentlemen who have the University movement in special charge, they are by no means discouraged. In fact, they view the situation with considerable optimism. First of all, they are delighted with the idea that they had a multitude of friends in the Assembly, but most of all, they feel that the responsibility is now upon them and their fellow laborers to make a great Presbyterian University out of Oglethorpe. Perhaps, even financially they will not lose, for Atlanta is a great city. It can have a five million dollar fire without running to the mast head, the flag of distress. Likewise, the Presbyterians of that city can build a couple of five million dolar universities at the same time and be the gainer by it.

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DURING THE WHOLE PERIOD of the Civil War the Editor of *Our Monthly*, being then a Theological student, attended some Presbyterian or other church, two and often three times a day for every Sabbath day of the whole War, and yet in all that time he never saw a Confederate flag spread over the pulpit or used as a decoration, either within or at the door. Shortly after the War ended he went North and the very first Presbyterian church entered, he found the flag spread above the pulpit, another equally prominent in the Sabbath Schools and he passed under another in getting out of the building. In several other churches, he had the same experience. This illustrates a great difference between Northern and Southern views of what the flag is for. The church in the South may not be used for the promotion of patriotism. The church in the North considers patriotism akin to Godliness and at times even superior to it. The appeals sent out to forty-two thousand American ministers to urge on their people the purchase of Liberty Bonds appears to a multitude of Southern clergymen as a most grotesque affair,

and to many of them even an impious affair, and yet these latter clergymen are just as true to their Country as are the most zealous political preachers, but they give unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's. This will explain to some of our Northern friends a very pronounced point in Southern Presbyterian Theology. We are intensely opposed to mixing religion and politics, regarding the pulpit as intended only to win soldiers to the army of Christ and the recruiting station to win soldiers to the army of the country. We may be wrong, but we are forever and eternally wrong. We are open to conviction, but we would like to see the man who could convince us.

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One of our papers tells us that the Oglethorpe University business was the most exciting item of our Assembly's work. It certainly was a strange piece of business to an outsider who thought that one object of our great Church at this time was to build up its educational institutions. The University, however, will grow, and, such is the perversity of human nature, may actually gain in friends by the opposition of the Church. But such a state of affairs is always distressing to one who loves the Church and all its causes and desires to see them prosper.

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IN 1876 THERE WAS a revolution in South Carolina under the leadership of Gen. Wade Hampton against the plundering of the treasury of South Carolina and the so-called enormous taxation laid upon our people. Times have wonderfully changed. The amount of taxation today is so far beyond that of the Republican Epoch that even good democrats stand still and wonder where all this thing is to end. Our legislators and our people have taken the idea that there is absolutely no bounds to their resources. A proposition to tax is always met with numbers of boosters and whether it be to increase the taxes for education or for buildings or for new offices, the people march up to the polls and cast in their ballots for it. A few vote in the negative, but those who disfavor additional taxation sit back and say nothing. In Congress the last session has proven to be one of extraordinary spending of the people's money. Our leaders have taken the idea that we can't spend too much money for military preparation. Everybody knows that is an unnecessary proceeding at the present time. Nobody wants war. If war comes, and it

may, it will be against the best judgment of our nation and all of this expense to make ours the greatest Navy on earth is wholly uncalled for at the present time. Certainly, events have come about in such a way as to make *preparedness* the leading idea in Congress and out of it. Well, we will have to pay the bill and it now looks as if we would not have much left when it is paid. Our Solons are looking about to see what new thing they can tax. They are actually taxing the possessions of the dead and cutting off the income of the living. A good lady leaves a legacy for the orphans. The state comes in for a grab and gets one hundred or five hundred dollars out of it, which the orphans have to pay. For our part we regard this as one of that class of taxation which comes mighty nigh to being robbery. The States are advancing the idea and getting closer every day that their mighty selves have a right to confiscate a man's property if they think he has a little more than he ought to be allowed. Of course this is populism pure and simple. The country is drifting to it. Hundreds and thousands of our voters believe in Government ownership of all sorts of great enterprises. Railroads in particular. They forget that the Government in taking possession of the Railroads would have to pay a mighty nice little sum for them and that this must come out of the pockets of the people, but then a million or more of new offices would be created, many of them on enormous salaries and there would be a chance in the grab game for all. We need some wise, great man to call a halt to the nation, or rather to the people who compose the nation in their effort to make of our government a big business machine instead of a comfort and a protection to its people.

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AT THE LAST MEETING of the State Press Association held in Beaufort, S. C., Dr. Jacobs was re-elected chaplain of the association. The only business of the chaplain is to open the first day's proceedings with prayer and after that if he can't look pretty, to look as pretty as he can. During the meeting the chaplain was so afflicted with a violent cough and cold that he could not attend the meetings of the body except the first one. He really sees no reason why he should have been given this honor again, but we would like to suggest that when this body meets again next year the chaplain be put on the program for a ten minutes' exhortation to follow immediately after the opening prayer. We do not advise this to give the present incumbent of that office an opportunity to express some of his innumerable thoughts to the wisest men of the State, but simply to glorify the office itself and to enable the brethren to decide whether the officer should be his own successor.

# Resolutions and Memorials

Published in *Our Monthly* following the death of Dr. Jacobs Sept. 10, 1917

WE WISH TO EXPRESS for the Thornwell Orphanage the deepest appreciation for the numerous letters and telegrams expressing sympathy for the Institution in the death of its beloved President. We are told that the little telegraph office of the Western Union in Clinton handled over 800 telegrams on the day of Dr. Jacobs' death. The usual daily number of telegrams is probably not over forty or fifty. The Southern Bell and Telephone office had to put on additional help to handle the messages of sympathy coming to the family of Dr. Jacobs and to the Orphanage.

Hundreds of friends came from distant points by rail or by automobile to attend the funeral. The Thornwell Memorial Church, into which about 1,000 persons can be crowded, was filled to overflowing, and several hundred could not secure admission.

The school children of Clinton desired to attend, but there was not room, so they were lined up on Centennial Street and attended the interment at the cemetery of the First Presbyterian Church. For all the great interest and sympathy expressed by word and deed, and for the honors done in memory of our beloved President, we feel a deep appreciation.

The General Board of Trustees of the Thornwell Orphanage, after hearing the will of Dr. W. P. Jacobs read at the last meeting, oredered that the will be spread upon the Minutes of the Board and that a copy be requested for preservation in the Nellie Scott Library building. We are publishing in this issue of *Our Monthly* those sections of the will which are of general interest and which set forth Dr. Jacobs' prime interests in life, aside from his own personal affairs.

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## MASONIC RESOLUTIONS

MONDAY MORNING, September 10, about six o'clock, the death angel took out of this world the spirit of the late Dr. William Plumer Jacobs. He died suddenly. There was no time

for a dying testimony. None was needed, for his had been a living testimony through a long and useful career.

As pastor of the Presbyterian church of Clinton for forty-seven years, as founder and superintendent of the Thornwell Orphanage through its entire history, as the leading spirit in establishing the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Dr. Jacobs made a large contribution not only to the moral, but also, to the material development of Clinton. Whereas this noble citizen was a member of Campbell Lodge No. 44 A.F.M., we desire not only to share the sense of loss the whole community feels, but especially to show our appreciation of the memory of one of our most honored members, therefore, be it resolved:

First, That this Lodge inscribe in its records a page to the memory of the late Dr. William Plumer Jacobs.

Secondly, That this Lodge extend to the family of the deceased its sincere sympathy.

Thirdly, That of copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased. That copies be furnished the Clinton and Laurens papers, and the Columbia State.

Fourthly, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of Campbell Lodge No. 44 A.F.M.

E. B. Sloan
L. R. Stone
J. L. Simpson
} Committee

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## RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THORNWELL ORPHANAGE

REV. WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS has been called from earthly toil to enter into his heavenly reward.

Though translated, his work abides; a work that is the glory of the Presbyterian Church, a refuge for the fatherless, a benefaction to humanity. Conceived in sympathetic love, begun and carried forward in dauntless faith, the Thornwell Orphanage bears and will continue to bear the impress of his devoted spirit, his ardent affection, his administrative genius, and his tireless industry.

Moreover, as a minister of the Word he was able, eloquent, scholarly, evangelical, and unusually successful, a multitude of

redeemed spirits having been born into the Kingdom through his instrumentality. His humility, gentleness, courtesy, courage, zeal, and love for children marked him as one to whom "Christ was all and in all."

In the field of education his genius, his interest and his services were responsible for the founding and the growth of a college that is proving to be a constantly increasing blessing to the Church and society.

His catholic spirit was concerned for every enterprise whose object was the redemption and uplift of humanity. More especially was he deeply devoted to the causes of evangelism, and home and foreign missions. For these his prayers constantly ascended, and to them he freely gave of his time and means.

The Board of Trustees, therefore, would put upon record the following:

Resolved, 1. That in the death of Doctor Jacobs the Church of Christ loses an illustrious servant, the fatherless a powerful friend and champion, and the world a great philanthropist.

2. That we extend to the pupils, teachers and officers of the Thornwell Orphanage our tenderest sympathy, praying that the God of the fatherless will, in this sad hour, intensify the devotion of old friends and raise up many new ones for this Institution.

3. That we offer our sincere condolences to the people of Clinton, to his congregation, and to the Presbyterian College in the loss of one whose life was interwoven in the life of the entire communtiy.

4. That we assure the children of Doctor Jacobs of our fellowship with them in their grief, conscious as we are of the deep and reverential affection that bound them to him, and of his passionate and sacrificial love for them.

5. That these resolutions be inscribed on a page of the minutes of the Board devoted to his memory, and that a copy be sent to the children of Doctor Jacobs, to the officers of the Thornwell Orphanage, to the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, to the President of the Presbyterian College, and to the secular and religious press.

D. W. Brannen<br>
A. R. Holderby } Committee<br>
W. B. Y. Wilkie

Board of Trustees, Thornwell Orphanage

## DR. WILLIAM P. JACOBS

On Monday, September 10, the Rev. William P. Jacobs, D.D., was called to rest after a long and useful life. For forty-seven years he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Clinton, S. C., and for forty-two years he was president of the Thornwell Orphanage, which he founded with faith and with no money. It now takes care of three hundred boys and girls, and is one of the finest Institutions of the kind in the South. At our annual meeting of the Tri-State Conference Dr. Jacobs was always the central figure, and no one who attended the last meeting at Barium Springs in April will soon forget the impression he made. So blind and so deaf as to need the constant care of an attendant, he yet spoke with such vigor out of a great and loving heart as to thrill his hearers through and through.

Our sympathy goes out to those who were nearest and dearest to him, and who will miss him most.

—THE CAROLINA CHURCHMAN

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## SOUTH CAROLINA SYNOD'S MEMORIAL TO REV. WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS, D.D., LL.D.

In the decease, on Sept. 10th, 1917, of William Plumer Jacobs, the Synod of South Carolina has lost one of its most revered, beloved and useful ministers. A native of this State, educated chiefly in her schools, and spending his whole long, diligent and successful ministry at Clinton, he has filled a large place in our Church's history and performed a very important part in its work and progress.

Dr. Jacobs, the son of Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, D.D., long a pastor and prominent educator in this Synod, was born at Yorkville, S. C., March 15th, 1842. He was thus brought up in a religious and literary atmosphere, and early consecrated his own life to Christ and the ministry of the Gospel. He was graduated at the Charleston College in 1861 and at Columbia Theological Seminary in 1864. Having been licensed by Charleston Presbytery a year before, he immediately entered upon his life-long ministerial work at Clinton, S. C., where he was ordained by South Carolina Presbytery and installed pastor of Clinton and Shady Grove Churches May 28, 1864. Serving also for many years other feeble churches in that vicinity, his pastoral relation with the Clinton Church, faithfully, devotedly and efficiently fulfilled for over 47 years, was dissolved July 28th, 1911. This pastorate was

notable not only for its unusual length, but more especially because of the unabated mutual devotion of pastor and people and its eminent success, the church having grown from a weak and struggling organization in 1864 to one of prominence and large influence in our Synod in 1911.

In 1872 Dr. Jacobs' heart, always tender and loving, especially with regard to children, was strongly moved toward the founding of an orphanage for the many fatherless little ones among us. His own mother, Mary Elizabeth Redbrook, as an orphan, had been adopted into the family of Dr. Wm. S. Plumer, whose honored name he bore, and when a child of three years he himself had been bereaved of his mother's love and care. And so, with a faith, a courage, and a purpose which balked at no difficulties or discouragements, he projected and undertook the establishment at Clinton of a home and school for the fatherless, which, in honor of his illustrious instructor in the Theological Seminary, himself left a fatherless and dependent child, was named "The Thornwell Orphanage." A Board of Visitors for the Institution was organized in 1873; the first building was begun in 1874, and the first orphans were admitted October 1st, 1875. Starting thus with a very small beginning and no endowment but the faith and prayers and energies of its dauntless founder, the Orphanage, under his loving care, self-sacrificing devotion and wise and efficient management, according to the principles and methods which he himself deemed the best, has grown from year to year, so that now, after 42 years, it has become the largest Presbyterian Orphanage in the United States, enrolling the present year 320 needy children, and during these years thousands of boys and girls, trained under Dr. Jacobs' fatherly oversight, have gone forth to serve and benefit the Church and the world.

At the instance of Dr. Jacobs, on May 11th, 1908, a commission of Enoree Presbytery organized the Thornwell Memorial Church, composed of the inmates of the Orphanage, who had become too numerous for convenient accommodation in the city church, and who seemed to require services more especially adapted to their case. Dr. Jacobs was regularly called to the pastorate of this new church, and was duly installed its pastor on the 26th of September that year. And he continued to serve both this and the First Church until the burden became too great and the city church procured another pastor. But the Orphanage church, amid the many infirmities of old age and bodily ailments. he faithfully served to the last, filling its pulpit as usual at both

the morning and afternoon services the day before his call, early the next morning, to the Heavenly Sanctuary.

Dr. Jacobs was also the real founder of our college at Clinton. By inheritance and early training always interested in education, along with the Orphanage and its school, he led the movement of reestablishing a high school which, some years later, under his continued progressive leadership, developed into the promising Institution which we now cherish as our Synodical college, of whose Board of Trustees he was for 25 years the President and guiding spirit.

And, besides all these abundant and exacting labors for the Church, to which should be added the Stated Clerkship for many years of South Carolina and Enoree Presbyteries, Dr. Jacobs, with notable public spirit threw himself behind and became the efficient promoter of every worthy enterprise of his community, making himself through all these efforts, Clinton's foremost citizen. In his early ministry there he began to edit and publish a newspaper, which in 1871 became the widely-read magazine, *"Our Monthly."* Through the spicy pages of this periodical, printed by the Orphanage boys, in addition to presenting forcibly the interests of the Orphanage, he vigorously fought the evils and promoted the welfare of Clinton, which, largely through his untiring efforts, has grown from a disreputable village when he came there to a clean, flourishing little city of which the whole State may be justly proud.

How one man of delicate body, with defective sight and hearing from his youth, and often the victim of illness, could accomplish all that Dr. Jacobs has done, is indeed a marvel. But his work, as a monument erected by himself through his constructive genius, persistent toil and well-directed efforts, is before us today, speaking for itself. And the explanation is doubtless to be found in his indefatigable industry and his rare capacity for doing things, coupled with a thorough consecration to God, faith in prayer and fidelity to truth and duty. Truly may it be said of him, as of Mary, "He hath done what he could," and now, as our Synod reviews the distinguished career of its esteemed and lamented fellow-laborer, who, like his Master, made himself the servant of all, it may record its appreciation of his inestimable service by borrowing other words of our Lord, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

In his early manhood, Dr. Jacobs was married to Miss Mary Jane Dillard of Laurens, who proved herself not only a congenial and devoted companion, but, as a true helpmate, a full sharer

in his many self-denying toils; and sacrificed her life upon the altar of service January 16, 1879. One daughter and four sons were left to the father's care and training, and still survive. To them, and to the many to whom he was an adopted father in the Orphanage, the Synod extends its sincere sympathy, while it rejoices with them all in the rich heritage which he has bequeathed to them of "A good name, rather to be chosen than great riches."

Thos. H. Law, Chairman of Committee

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## DR. JACOBS AS A PHONOGRAPHER

The following obituary appears in the Phonographic Magazine of Cincinnati, Ohio, in issue of November, 1917:

"Obituary,—Rev. Wm. Plumer Jacobs, D.D., a brief account of whose life was printed, together with a portrait in the Phonograph Magazine of October, 1914, died at his home in Clinton, S. C., Monday, September 10, at the age of 75. At the time of his death he was one of three men known to the editor of the Magazine who have been teachers of Pittman's Phonography for more than half a century, the other two being E. S. Wells of Berwyn, Pa., and Jerome D. Allen of Detroit, Mich.

These three have often been referred to in the columns of the magazine as shorthand fathers. For many years, and up to the time of his death, Dr. Jacobs was president of the Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton, of which institution he was founder, and in which a large number of boys and girls were reared and educated under his guidance to become happy and useful members of society. He was also editor of OUR MONTHLY, a literary and religious periodical of solid qualities and occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church at Clinton.

"The day preceeding his death he preached a long and vigorous sermon. A year ago he underwent an operation for the removal of a cataract from one of his eyes, which, however, proved to be a failure and the loss of his vision was a great affliction and handicap to him.

"Although he was never a professional shorthand writer or teacher, he made constant use of phonography throughout the whole of his business life in his editorial, educational and pastoral work. It was ever his constant aim to lead young people into a knowledge and practice of the time-saving art, and the number he advised, assisted and instructed would form a small army.

"He was greatly beloved by all who came under his personal influence. One of his Thornwell girls has written since his death: "It is so hard to realize that he is gone, I feel that I have lost a second father. His death is a great loss. When he was laid to rest in the Presbyterian Cemetery at Clinton 2,000 people gathered at the church to pay their last tribute to his memory."

The article above referred to which appeared in the October 1914 issue of the Phonographic Magazine is as follows:

"Wm. P. Jacobs, another of the shorthand fathers, whose knowledge and practice of phonography extend back to 1846, and who has been a lifelong enthusiastic teacher of the art, no less loyal and zealous in the dissemination of knowledge of phonography, has been Wm. P. Jacobs of Clinton, S. C., whose portrait is given herewith, and whose career as a phonographer runs far beyond the half century mark. In a recent letter of Dr. Jacobs to the editor of the Magazine, the latest in correspondence running through the entire lifetime of this periodical, he says, 'I suppose that I am the oldest phonographic writer in this State. I began to study shorthand sixty years ago in Charleston, S. C., without a teacher. I was fourteen years of age. At seventeen I reported in the State Legislature, continuing for several years. I reported the ordinance of Secession, by which South Carolina was taken from the Union (for a time.) In saying that I am the oldest, I mean that I have been writing Pittman's Phonography longer than any other South Carolinean now resident in this State.'

"The young legislative note-taker was destined to become a lifelong professional shorthand reporter, for at a later time he entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, in which he continued to this day. It is needless to say that in his professional career he has found his ability to write shorthand of incalculable value to him as a saver of time and labor in the preparation of sermons and in the manifold labors of a clergyman's life.

"Important among these in recent years has been the superintendency of the Thornwell Orphanage of Clinton, S. C., wherein, under his directing influence a large group of children of both sexes, bereft of their natural parents, are reared and educated to lives of happiness and usefulness. Needless to say, Dr. Jacobs has made a lifelong practice of encouraging the young people to learn phonography and so far as other duties have permitted he has personally taught the art to individuals and classes. The number of those thus influenced and taught by him runs into many hundreds, even into thousands.

"Among other duties connected with his Church and philanthropic activities, Dr. Jacobs is editor of OUR MONTHLY, a monthly magazine of Christian thought and work for the Lord, now in its fifty-first volume.

"In a recent issue, following a paragraph in which reference is made to the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary as pastor, the editor writes, "One anniversary that the editor of this paper has had the pleasure of enjoying was that of his sixtieth anniversary as a writer of shorthand. He began with Gould's shorthand, but quickly found that he had struck a worthless lode, and shortly thereafter, coming across a copy of Pittman's Phonography, he bought it and was so struck with its artistic beauty, its scientific accuracy, and its suitableness for the end for which it was intended, that he gave himself heart and soul to its study. Never did a boy enjoy his Christmas pie as he enjoyed Pittman's Phonography. For sixty years he has used it until it is more natural for him to write it than to use common longhand. He advises every youth to master it.'

"So much emphasis has of late years been laid on the commercial use of shorthand in taking business letters from dictation that many young people think of that as the only use to which it can be put. Far more important is its serviceableness as a working tool of scholarship, as a means of time and labor saving in all kinds of writing. The young man or woman who looks forward to a life of culture and use will do well to heed the advice born of a life-long experience of this shorthand father."

To this we may add from personal knowledge that Dr. W. P. Jacobs had collected a library on phonographic subjects, which is probably one of the few large libraries on that subject in the United States. It consists of fully 600 books and pamphlets. He was always very much interested in the art of phonography, and for a long time conducted a correspondence with Mr. Pittman in England, the founder of the Pittman system. At one time he received a very complimentary letter from Mr. Pittman, remarking on the beauty of his shorthand.

Many of Dr. Jacobs' notes were taken down in shorthand. There is a small pocket memorandum among his manuscripts containing all the notes taken on a ninety days' trip to the Holy Land. Yet the notes are quite full. For quite a while he conducted his correspondence by writing the letters in shorthand and these shorthand notes were type-written by his adopted daughter, Miss Molly Manson. Since phonography has become

so thoroughly commercialized there are few such enthusiastic collectors of phonographic literature.

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## DR. WILLIAM P. JACOBS, ORPHANAGE NESTOR

SHORTLY AFTER THE DEATH of Dr. Jacobs, which occurred at his home at Clinton, September 10 ultimo, a memorial service was held for him in the chapel at Connie Maxwell Orphanage. No single influence has wrought more directly and powerfully to shape the policies of Connie Maxwell Orphanage than that of our honored and recently deceased friend. From the establishment of this Institution and during the twenty-five years of its history this good man took interest in its progress, visited it a great many times and always brought wholesome instruction and new inspiration.

At the memorial service an address was delivered by the Superintendent of the Orphanage, noting some of the elements of power and greatness in the character of Dr. Jacobs. For one thing he was a great man because he identified himself with a single cause and stood for it during all the years of his useful and active life. A minister once addressing a graduating class of young ministers gave them this piece of advice: "Link your life with some great unpopular cause." John B. Gough, the great apostle of temperance, was a shining illustration of the wisdom of this advice. The same was also true of John Howard, the great philanthropist and prison reformer. The men who have brought about great accomplishments in the world have been those who have resolved with the Apostle Paul, "This one thing I do!" In this part of the country we are not accustomed to quote William Lloyd Garrison very extensively, and yet we must admire the spirit of the man who, in speaking of slavery, said: "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice; on this point I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch and I will be heard."

Dr. Jacobs espoused the cause of the orphans early in life. In doing this he was not a pioneer, but he was a pioneer in the principle he announced as to how an orphan should be cared for. His ideas were revolutionary, for before that time people had felt that any old thing was good enough for an orphan. Dr. Jacobs championed the opposite view and claimed that an orphan child was entitled to the best and that he was neither a waif nor an unfortunate because he had lost father and mother. He did

not find ready acceptance of his theory and soon realized that his cause was unpopular, but refusing to retreat a single inch he steadily pressed his argument and pursued his active work of caring for his adopted children on this basis. Because he has lived in this world it is no longer claimed, at least in our part of the country, that any old thing is good enough for an orphan.

Some spokesman with eloquence of tongue or pen and competent to perform the task should come forward to express the debt of gratitude that all orphan children in this country owe to Dr. Jacobs. Many realize, and it has been many times expressed, the debt of gratitude that hundreds of Thornwell Orphanage children owe to him. But a great company is indebted to him and knows it not. In all our institutions are happy children, who have been made happy because Dr. Jacobs' theories have more or less helped in shaping the policies of the institutions where they live. Many of them are enjoying conditions that are brighter and more wholesome because Dr. Jacobs has impressed the heads of our various institutions with his sympathetic and ennobling principles. He was benefactor to many hundreds who do not acknowledge him as such because they do not know it. Most of our orphanage superintendents in this part of the world have sat at the feet of this teacher and many of them have carried to their institutions almost bodily, some of his methods and principles.

At Barium Springs last April there was held a conference of orphanage workers of South Carolina and adjoining States. Dr. Jacobs spoke more than once and took great interest in the conference. In one of his tender and fatherly addresses he expressed the sentiment that he wished no eulogy to be written on the marble slab that should be placed above his head after his departure from our midst. He said that he would be happy to know that on this piece of marble there should be graven the simple and only words: "The Child."

The nobility of soul of our departed friend is in no wise more illustriously exhibited than in the attitude he assumed towards new institutions. At the beginning of his great work at Thornwell Orphanage practically the entire country was open to his appeals. By and by other institutions were established in adjoining States. This meant that he would cease to have responses to his appeals in those States and that he must turn elsewhere to look for support for his own orphans. But he was not jealous or envious because a new institution had come in to compete with him for public favor. On the other hand, he rejoiced because a way had now been made for additional orphans to

be cared for. In time additional orphanages were established in South Carolina by the denominations. Consequently, his constituency was reduced and the gifts of many of his friends were diverted to new channels. In every case he rejoiced because more orphans would be received and given care and training. He was willing to undertake the task of finding new contributors and of getting former contributors to enlarge their gifts. He was happy that more orphan boys and girls would be helped, and gave God the glory.

A great, gracious soul has passed on. He ought to have gone, for the poor, frail body needed rest. The spirit that has left us has passed on to his eternal reward, and yet it will abide in our midst, "For he being dead yet speaketh." During all the years and even the ages to come the theory of the treatment of orphan children will be different, because of Dr. Jacobs. We loved him while he lived and we honor his memory now that he is no longer with us in the flesh.

*The Connie Maxwell*

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(From the *Christian Observer*)

## A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE REV. W. P. JACOBS, D.D.

(By Rev. J. B. Green, D.D.)

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;
for the end of that man is peace."—Psalm 37:37.

I want now to give a modern instance of the man described in this text. As I sat on the platform the other day at the funeral of Dr. William Plumer Jacobs, this text came into my mind. For fifty years Dr. Jacobs lived and labored at Clinton, S. C., and I want no better example of the perfect man and upright man than his life affords. Four marks of the perfect man he had in unusual degree.

### I. FAITH

Dr. Jacobs' first message to us in these troublous times is, Have faith in God." He walked by faith, not by sight. The story of "Faith Cottage" illustrates the point.

The Institution needed another new home, and Dr. Jacobs asked the building committee to build it. They had no money, and declined his request. Later he asked them again to give him

another cottage, but as they still had no money they again declined his petition. Then Dr. Jacobs took the matter in his own hands. He said the home was needed and must be built. So the work was begun, and the workmen were paid their wages every Saturday night. The cottage was finished without debt; hence the name "Faith Cottage."

Thornwell Orphanage might appropriately be called "Faith Orphanage." By faith he founded it and sustained and enlarged it. He believed also in his brethren. Out of an experience of more than forty years he speaks to us: Have faith in the Lord and in the Lord's people.

## II. PRAYER

His first message, in the language of the Psalmist is, "Trust in the Lord at all times, ye people." His second message is, continuing the words of the Psalmist, "Pour out your heart before Him." By faith he understood that Thornwell Orphanage was the Lord's as well as his, and he confidently expected the Lord to support it. One little incident will illustrate the point. Once provisions failed, there was not enough for the next meal. When informed of the state of the pantry, Dr. Jacobs said, "Let us tell the Lord about it." After telling the Lord about it, he sent the wagon to the freight depot, and there were provisions enough and to spare. The prayer was answered before it was offered. He had two means of getting what he wanted; prayers to God and appeals to men.

## III. WORK

Never robust, often in ill health, for years handicapped by hardness of hearing and dimness of sight, yet he did the work of two or three men. He built up a church which standing alone would be a worthy memorial of his zeal and industry. He founded and fostered an institution for the fatherless, which, if he had no other work to his credit, would justly entitle him to receive honor and praise and gratitude from his fellows. More than any other man he was instrumental in building up a community from a sorry little cross-roads village to one of the most prosperous and progressive towns in the State. He started a college which has grown and improved until it is one of the best Synodical schools in the Southern Presbyterian Church. If you would see his monument, stand anywhere in Clinton and look around.

By the operation and co-operation of these three forces, faith, prayer, work—Dr. Jacobs became

## IV. A GREAT DISTRIBUTOR AND BENEFACTOR

As the funeral service went forward I said to myself that a man with Dr. Jacobs' gifts could have built up a great business and amassed a fortune. Yet he preferred to be a distributor rather than an accumulator. There are men in Clinton whose passion has been and is to accumulate. His passion was to disperse to give out, to lend. He accumulated too, but how different the material and motive of the accumulated. I thought of the church, the handsome grey stone edifice, and the congregation of more than 400 who worship there; of the Orphanage, with its forty odd houses in that leafy grove, the home and school and church for 300 happy children; of the town, with its homes and businesses and churches and schools and prosperous people; of the college, with its beautiful campus and buildings;; its devoted faculty and growing student body, of the printing press and its monthly issue of forty years, carrying instruction and suggestion, counsel and appeal to the people of the supporting Synods. What an accumulation of wood and brick and stone and mortar, of mind and spirit and life! And all for distribution and benediction!

How wide the distribution who can tell? To mention only one form of effort and channel of blessing, the former inmates of the Orphanage are now preaching the Gospel in three continents. The sum and sphere of the benefaction are continually increasing. We have seen the end of the distributor, but not of the distribution.

"Mark the perfect man behold the upright; for there is a posterity to the man of peace." Thus Dr. Alexander McLaren renders the second part of the text. A translation rich in suggestion and inspiration. Think of the posterity of Dr. Jacobs!

As I sat on the platform during the funeral service and looked into the faces of the weeping children of the Institution, and later walked about the grounds and saw them in their cottage homes, I said, "What a family has Dr. Jacobs! As I saw their tears and heard their sobs, I said, A multitude of children are twice fatherless. Hundreds of children have had, hundreds more will have the priceless blessing of his fatherly care and training and provision. For he provided a beautiful home and started a depending stream of benevolence for children that are yet to be born and bereaved.

Friends, two courses are open before you. You can rank yourselves among the accumulators or amongst the distributors; you can live in the soul or in the body; you can walk by faith or by sight; you can work with God or against Him; you can have posterity and peace or have none. Choose! "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is a prosperity and peace." "Let me die the death of the righteous; and let my last end be like His."

Greenwood, S. C.

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## A DESERVED MEMORIAL

WHEN A FEW days ago there came the announcement that God had called to his eternal reward Rev. Dr. W. P. Jacobs, the thought involuntarily rose in many minds as to what would become of the great work for God he has built up at Clinton, S. C., For many years he gave his great heart and all the energy of body and soul to caring for the fatherless ones whom God entrusted to his acre.

With no money, but with great faith and love, he undertook this work. His faith in God and his fellow Christians were rewarded by his having provided the means for caring for and training for God thousands of little ones who came to him when there was no one else to take care of them. Many a time the meal barrel and the oil cruise were very low, but his faith never wavered. God and the church honored his faith, and as the years passed he was able to care for an increasing number of children.

That his love was given them in unstinted measure is shown by their devotion to him, and by the way he influenced their lives. Few if any of those intrusted to his care left the Home he had made for them without having been led to the Saviour.

We are sure that he had done all the work God had for him to do, or he would not have taken him away from it. The worker has been called home, but the work must go on.

Sometimes it seems that God apoints one of His children to start a work which He wants done, when it has been well started he is called away. It may be that in such cases God wants to place the work in the hands and upon the hearts of more of His people.

The Thornwell Orphanage is certainly God's work. It has been well started by him whom God highly honored. Dr. Jacobs' fatherless ones—God's little ones—must not be neglected. They must not be allowed to suffer. God's church must and will take care of them.

Some one must be called to take the place at the head of this great Institution, but he cannot do the work alone. He will need the hearty support of all those who helped Dr. Jacobs, and many more.

Of course the churches and Sunday school will continue to send their help, and they ought to do more than ever before. But something great ought to be done.

We suggest that the church go to work at once to raise a fund of a million dollars, not merely as a memorial to Dr. Jacobs, but for the honor and glory of God. Let it be called the "Jacobs Memorial Fund," but let it be understood that it is to be used for the complete equipment of this home, so that it will be prepared to take care of all the fatherless and motherless little ones who knock at its doors, asking for a home and care and love. Can there be a sadder sight than that of a little child, with no one to take care of it, being denied admittance to such a home and left out in the world with no one to provide for it. Yet this often occurs, because there is no room for it in the home that is already overcrowded.

Does a million dollars seem a large amount? It is not as large as is the work to be done. The people of God in the Southern Presbyterian Church have enough of God's money in their keeping to do this, and yet not let any other cause suffer.

If the friends of Thornwell will raise such a fund as this, it will not only greatly increase the usefulness of this Home, but it will inspire the friends of other orphan homes to do likewise. The inspiration of such a deed will be felt throughout the land.

Many a loyal father is going to the front in these days to fight the battles of freedom. Think how much comfort and relief would come to him, if he could feel that if he should be killed, and his wife should be left without the means to provide for the little ones, there would at least be a place for them in the home over which the spirit of Dr. Jacobs still breathes.

*The Presbyterian of the South*

## HE FATHERED MANY FATHERLESS

A LIFE OF GOOD example as well as of abounding good deeds is ended for this world by the decease of Dr. William P. Jacobs at Clinton, South Carolina. It is not easy to express adequately what this comparatively obscure man—totally uncovetous of distinction and ambitious only to get great things done—meant in his generation. A very considerable array of enterprising endeavors could be recounted to the honor of his memory, centering in and grouped around his pastorate of forty-seven years in the First Presbyterian Church of Clinton. But the monumental achievement of his life consists in the remarkable Thornwell Orphanage, which he founded in 1873, and continued to guide and govern till his death.

Out of the most modest beginnings, dignified alone by his unwavering faith and stalwart personality, Dr. Jacobs built up an institution which has equipped for successful living thousands of boys and girls without home blessings of their own, and which at this moment houses 300 orphans to whom it signifies all of hope and opportunity that the world has ever offorded them. And it was not only benevolence but an extraordinary practical wisdom that the founder of Thornwell Orphanage brought to the fulfillment of his plans. It is noteworthy that Dr. Jacobs seems to have devised for his charges the system of cottage family life which all institutions of mercy now follow. In 1873 every orphanage then in existence was probably of the big-public-building type, herding crowds of childish inmates under one moster roof. In such places naturally institutionalism ran rampant. But Dr. Jacobs would build nothing for Thornwell children except the most home-like of small cottages, and he located a family with a housemother in every such home. He held close to this ideal of his life and long before he died had the satisfaction of knowing that his original thought on this matter had been accepted whereever orphans are intelligently and unselfishly cared for throughout the land.

He was rigid also in the determination that orphan boys and girls should not be penalized for their misfortune by shoddy education. He maintained the Thornwell school system on a high level and let no boy or girl leave the institution without a sound and practical training which in late years has reached quite a little beyond the upper line of high school. He would not "place out" boys and girls until their characters had set in the Thornwell mold. And his graduates have vindicated abundantly in adult life not only the education but the burning religious earn-

estness of the orphanage. Few indeed have been the Thornwell boys and girls who have failed as men and women to "make good" in the largest sense.

An example, we have said, this life should be, because after these forty-five years of history Thornwell Orphanage still remains the only Presbyterian Institution in the United States devoted to the care and training of fatherless and motherless children. Why has Presbyterian service—spirit not flowed more generously in behalf of "These little ones?" Is there no other Presbyterian in this country today who cares as much and will dare as much for the orphans and homeless as Mr. Jacobs, the young pastor in Clinton, South Carolina did in 1873?

*The Continent*

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## HEART-THROBS OF HIS GIRLS AND BOYS

When "our father" fell asleep, we felt as if we should like to stand by his casket,—stand on and on in a vain attempt to arouse him once more.

We felt inclined, each, to pluck a white flower from the floral offerings, which breathed out their tribute to him, that we might wear them above our hearts in one long, long "Father's Day."

Fain would we have muffled the thud of the earth as it fell, shovelful by shovelful, above his precious form, so still, so cold.

When morning came once again, bringing its accustomed early Chapel service, an ardent desire was ours that his chair there be left vacant in days to come that we might half persuade ourselves each morning that he was only absent that particular day. I fancy, we placed about that vacant chair a tablet of brass, engraven thereon, the very words so indelibly carved upon our heart when we think of "Doctor": "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep oneself unspotted from the world."

When our long rows file out of Chapel, we feel we must linger for a moment by the old, familiar spot where his custom was to stand and clasp our hands, one by one,—linger in the fruitless quest for his smile—our father's smile,—which we always interpreted to say, "I love you." That smile which had the power to lift us up to the very highest that within us lay.

When another Sabbath had come,—just seven days from the last time we saw his fragile form and heard his faltering step passing to his pulpit, and we heard the big clock sound its eleven strokes, in signal for the service to begin, almost we watched the door with breathlessness while our hearts cried out, "Oh, stay the organ a little longer,—it cannot be that he is coming again—never!"

All these countless and other heart-throbs were and are ours when we meditate upon it, all,—when we miss him, miss him, miss him as sun-flowers would miss the sun!

Yea sometimes, we just want to stand still, idly staring into time and eternity, longing for him. But God grant us to prove our love more wisely,—even as he would have us to do,—not dreaming but doing, nor weeping over our loss but moving onward, outward, upward into the path to which his loving counsel, his earnest pleading, his blessed example ever pointed us.

*By One of The Matrons*

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"Dr. Johnson suggests that they drop the "Thornwell" and call it the Jacobs Orphanage. So much better. Dr. Jacobs made the Orphanage and it ought to bear his name.

From *Our Fatherless Ones*

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As Moses felt when told to remove his shoes from off his feet, because the ground whereon he stood was Holy ground, so the writer, (the Rev. Bennett Branch, Assistant Superintendent of the Orphanage) feels as he undertakes to write for the columns which have been filled for forty-two years by the late editor, was there a more consecrated pen,—nowhere a pen driven to the expression of a deeper love for God and man, but in the wisdom of God the hand which labored with such devotion has been removed from its work and the heart of its owner has been gathered to the great heart of his Father.

The work which Dr. Jacobs began must live. His life of love will live in the memory of hundreds and thousands, but his labor of love must continue. Hence, though unworthy, the writer essays the task, praying that God's blessing may rest on the labors of a humbler instrument and that His children will not be forgotten of God nor of his people.

*Our Monthly*

The readers of OUR MONTHLY must have observed that while its circulation has been general over a wide area, its former editor constantly took note of every little improvement in his home city. The things of interest to Clintonians were of such interest to him that he chronicled them as if they were matters of importance to the world abroad. His idea of living was to live in a good wholesome, hearty interest in the progress of everything about him. He was an optimist and a friend of man. His optimism was born of a splendid hope and his hope accompanied a beautiful love of mankind and of God, and a broad charity toward his fellowmen. Hence, his interest in his little home city and the doings of her people reflected his character in an intimate way, which endeared him to those about him in a marked degree.

*Our Monthly*

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One of the South Carolina pastors who motored over fifty miles to attend the funeral of Dr. W. P. Jacobs, returned home to conduct his mid-week prayer meeting, which was turned into a memorial service for Dr. Jacobs. We learned that this pastor expressed the wish that he might have been permitted to direct the attention of the audience at the funeral to one thought—the joy of hundreds of mothers and fathers in Heaven whose orphan children had been under the care of Dr. Jacobs during the last forty-two years. It was a beautiful thought and worthy of a great heart."

*Our Monthly*

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I have read with much interest and great pleasure the many tributes paid Dr. W. P. Jacobs all of which were richly deserved; but the flower of them all is "Heart throbs of his girls and boys," by one of the matrons.

This writer was a boy when Dr. Jacobs, a little more than a boy himself, came to Clinton. Little did we dream of his latent power; but we all soon learned to love him, and regard him as no ordinary man. And, though half a century has passed and I have spent most of that time in another state, (Mississippi), I have watched with ever increasing interest the growth of the man, and the development of his great life-work. Many times I have spoken of him as the greatest man with whom I have had a personal acquaintance. And now, I had rather have the life-work of Dr. Jacobs to my credit than the fame, or fortune

of all of the great statesmen and millionaires who ever lived in the world.

Blessed be his memory,

J. H. Simpson

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## REV. WM. P. JACOBS, D.D.

(From the *Orphans' Herald,* Itasca, Texas)

We are truly saddened to note the death of that great and good man, Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs, D.D., founder and for about 40 years superintendent and president of "Thornwell Orphanage" located at Clinton, S. C., one of the most influential and successful orphanages in the United States.

In the death of this noble man of God the orphanage work of the whole country, as well as the Presbyterian Church, has sustained a great and distinct loss.

Dr. Jacobs, like our Dr. Buckner of Texas, was a pioneer in orphanage work, and looked at today by all as a leader in the work.

He originated—at least in America—what is now considered the model plan for orphanage work—viz: the Cottage System,—and was happy in seeing this plan adopted by most of our evangelical church houses, or modifications thereof, in so far as was practicable. All are seen to recognize that it more nearly approaches the ideal Christian home, avoiding the evils of the old style "orphan asylums" which have been so much criticized.

While Dr. Jacobs was a Presbyterian—having been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Clinton, S. C., for most of the time he was superintendent of Thornwell Orphanage, over 40 years—yet he was greatly revered and looked up to by the leaders of orphanage work in the several denominations.

Our sympathies go out to the trustees, officers and children of Thornwell Orphanage and we earnestly pray that a worthy successor to that great and noble man may soon be found, and that the work may not suffer, but be upheld and fully supported by a liberal public.

# THE CONTRIBUTION OF A LIFE

This address before the graduating class of the Thornwell Orphanage high school, was delivered Tuesday morning, June 1925 by the Rev. J. B. Carpenter, D.D.,* pastor of the Evergreen Presbyterian Church of Memphis, Tenn. It follows in full:

MR. CHAIRMAN, MEMBERS of the Graduating Class, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Two Americans were sending wireless messages. One was a grown man, the other a mere lad; one was a professional, the other an amateur. The boy's efforts were interfering with those of his neighbor. Then man stood it as long as he could, and finally commanded him to get out of the ether. The boy—free American that he was—replied, "Get off the earth. Who owns the ether, any way?"

"Who owns the ether?" He had raised a big question. Who owns the sunset? What lawyer can trace the abstract of the rainbow? What trust company can guarantee clear title to the autumn haze? The boy's impudent question suggests that great realm of possession which all men hold in common. You may own a house, but you share its environment with your nieghbors. You may buy a farm, but the landscape of which it forms a part belongs to any one who cares to gaze upon it. What if a New York publisher holds the copyright of a beautiful poem. You and I may commit it to memory and carry its inspiration with us the rest of our days. Who, then, can deny that in a real sense the poem is ours? In our mad rush for personal, material gain these days we are apt to forget humanity's common possessions, which embrace a vast empire and therefore deserve serious consideration.

The public has heavy liabilities, as for example, its uneducated children, its unconquered diseases and its irresponsible criminal classes. The delinquent human being is society's greatest burden. On the other hand, we are rich in our collective possessions of noble traditions, worthy institutions and exalted ideals. Beyond all doubt, the public's most precious asset is the upright, helpful citizen. The average American community has at least some whose pure character and friendly service are worth hundreds, and even thousands of dollars annually to the neighborhood. The least conspicuous virtue that shines out through human conduct enriches our common life; the smallest deed of kindness to one's fellow man raises the level of social conditions.

*Dr. Carpenter, ("Jim" to Clintonians,) is a Thornwell alumnus whom all his fellow alumni love and praise. [Ed.]

My subject this morning, "The Contribution of a Life," was suggested to me on reading Dr. Lynn's excellent book, "The Story of Thornwell Orphanage." It gives us the romance of a great achievement and reveals the soul of a noble man. In early life Dr. Jacobs sought ways whereby he might serve God and his fellow man. He chose the ministry as a calling, and while in the midst of an active pastorate, set out to help fatherless children by establishing Thornwell Orphanage. Later, with the needs of youth still on his heart, he founded another school which has since grown into the well-known Presbyterian College. He also made his pen a blessing to the world. In these and other ways his friendly, constructive nature found fruitful expression. He died a rich man—not rich in material things, but rich in the durable satisfaction of life, rich in the knowledge that he was engaged in God's work, and rich in the grateful esteem of his fellow men. A favorite text of his was, "Do good . . . be rich in good works." Not only did he acquire riches—treasure which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal, but we are a richer people for the contribution that he made to American life.

Young friends of the graduating class, I would remind you that life may be held as cheap or sacred; it may become a social liability or a highly prized asset; it may be viewed by those who come after us as a solemn warning or as an inspiring challenge. Some men go through the world as if they were on a sight-seeing expedition, detached and unconcerned, but I appeal to you who have had the advantages of training at Thornwell to make your lives a deliberate contribution to the welfare of your fellow man. Let the legacy of Dr. Jacobs' memory, and the example of his worthy successor, Dr. Lynn, inspire you to your best.

In understanding the life of service you must recognize that it is not primarily a question of what you do but of the spirit and purpose in which you do it. Some are making grand contributions to human betterment in places of conspicuous importance, while others are serving just as nobly in so-called commonplace spheres. The true spirit of service is expressed by the poet:

> "I am miller of tranquil mind,
> Content my little grist to grind.
> The simple folk in our valley know
> That my meal is pure, though my wheel is slow.
> His clouds loose the rain that turns my wheel;
> His sun grows the maize that I grind to meal.
> Though my toll comes scant to the measure's brim,
> I am content, for I grind for Him."

There are abundant reasons why you should dedicate your talents to the service of God and man. Let me suggest a few: First of all, the world needs you. If you but have eyes to see and a heart to feel you will find cases of human necessity at every turn in life's roadway. Their name is legion and their types are varied. Seek a place of service and you will surely find it. Some years ago the people of New Orleans voted a semi-invalid woman by the name of Sophie Wright as their most useful citizen. She began her career by giving night lessons to a young acrobat from a stranded circus troupe, who was eager to obtain an education, and her sphere of usefulness steadily grew until she became the helper of hundreds of needy ones in the Crescent City.

Let it be remembered, too, that all men are worth helping. Now this is not universally recognized. There is a view of humanity that cuts the nerve of philanthropy; it is the view that multitudes are so far down in the social scale as to be scarcely worth helping. This view was far more prevalent in by-gone centuries that it is in ours, and it has been more widely held in the old world than in the new. You will recognize at once that it has no place whatever in our best American thought. Wherever Christ's influence is felt the rating on human beings begins to rise. It was He who said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The world is suffering for want of a worthier expression of Christian love, and our generation needs more men and women who will take this command seriously and manifest the interest in the backward and oppressed which Christian love begets.

Furthermore, the real progress of mankind waits on the spirit of helpfulness. All of us were taught in childhood that we must attend to our own business, and so we must, but there is a wrong way to carry out this household instruction. There is an excessive individualism that narrows us and makes improvement in human affairs impossible. Near-sightedness never pays. Church and state alike are held back for lack of more men and women who, while not neglecting their own individual interests, can find leisure from personal concerns and carry on their hearts the burdens of their needy fellow men. It is to this class, and to this class alone, that we may look for better things. The future of a whole continent took on a brighter aspect when David Livingstone caught the vision of the thousand villages. He gave his life to Africa—what more could a man give?—and the worth of his service was eloquently attested when they buried his remains beside England's kings in Westminster Abbey.

On the other hand, the life of service highly repays the one who lives it. The cautious Polonius said, "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." That was a wise, if somewhat self-centered, remark. We might say with equal truth, "To thy neighbor be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to thyself." "Give to the world the best that you have and the best will come back to you."

You owe it to yourself to live a life of service. Amiel tells us that a time comes in life when the occasion bids us arise and show what is in us. You and hundreds of other young people are at this season passing out of American schools, some to enter institutions of advanced learning, others to make their way in the world. Because you are of the educated class, society is justified in regarding you as among her privileged children, and is expecting you to give a good account of yourselves. Furthermore, back of your lives is the all-wise divine purpose, so that your native endowments, your school advantages and your opportunities to render service are full of meaning and carry with them a great responsibility. To whom much is given, of him much is expected. In justice to yourselves, therefore, you must fix in your hearts with high purpose on a standard of useful living that will be a credit to yourselves and to the school which now lovingly sends you forth into the world.

Then, too, helpful living makes for personal development. You are ushered on commencement day into the great university of life. You must always be learning, and you must take with you an open, teachable mind throughout your whole career. In definitely setting out on a course of helpfulness, the very enterprise will be your school-master, your friend and companion. The very exercise of your resources in carrying out such a life scheme will make for stronger character, noble vision and larger dimension of soul.

Such endeavor will also help you to see the grandeur of the commonplace. To many life becomes a stale, outworn affair. They seem to say, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." We read again and again in the newspapers of those who take their own lives because they believe the game is not worth the candle. To do our best we must see the worth of our task. The problem that confronts us, then, is that of seeing the romance of daily routine. This must have been in Dr. Jowett's mind when he told of the lady who asked her friend to write a sentiment in her autograph album. Taking the book in hand she wrote, "My wish is that life may never lose its halo for you." How may we best

retain the halo of life? How may we be made persistently aware of the worth and grandeur of living? I have no hesitation in offering as the answer to this important query: By giving ourselves to the service of God and our fellow man.

Finally, I would point out the happiness that accrues from a life of service. The ancient Hebrews expressed their joy of achievement in the feast of tabernacles. All through the centuries those who tilled the soil have had something corresponding to a harvest festival. Slaves in the old South gave loud expression to the joy of achievement in their annual cornhuskings. Now there are different kinds of joy and it may be derived from a variety of sources, but I think you will find that there is no joy quite like that which steals into the heart when one has the consciousness of having helped a human being in some vital way. How heavenly is this joy when service is rendered in the spirit of Christ; how greatly increased is this joy when one cherishes fellowship with other toilers in the King's service; how enduring is this joy when compared with some other kinds of happiness that have failed us as the years have passed.

Young friends, this is a wonderful time in which to live. The other day in England, Sir John Simon stated that he did not agree with Gibbon in the view that the golden age of history was that of the Antonines. Said he: "If I were to choose an age to live in, I should say, 'Let me live right now!'" I bid you go forth in a kindly, courageous spirit, and join hands with those who are striving to make the world a better place in which to live. A hundred incentives should urge you forward. A thousand tasks await your worthy performance. In blessings to others, the greater blessing will be yours. He that loseth his life shall find it. Let Sam Walter Foss' spirit be yours:

> In the place of their self-content;
> There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
> In a fellow-less firmament;
> There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
> Where highways never ran—
> Let me live in a house by the side of the road
> And be a friend to man.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
> Or hurl the cynic's ban—
> Let me live in a house by the side of the road
> And be a friend to man."

# FOUNDER'S DAY ADDRESS

## PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE

REV. THOMAS WYLIE SLOAN, D.D., LL.D.
Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Greenville, S. C.

Deeply do I appreciate the privilege of being present today and the honor of having a part in this celebration. My fitness for the task assigned is not at all clear to me. One qualification, however, I may modestly claim, and that is, an acquaintance with this College and its distinguished founder that dates back almost thirty years.

It has been most interesting to watch the progress of this institution and its increasing favor with the people. I have seen skepticism give way to faith, positive opposition change to enthusiastic support.

This day invites the reminiscent mood. Some twenty-eight years ago, I made my first visit to this community. Among the things which Dr. Jacobs showed me on that occasion was "the College." As I recall, the physical equipment then consisted of one small building, that little ivy-mantled structure which still stands on the campus. No one had prepared me for the disappointment. Foolishly despising the day of small things, I said to myself. Is it possible that they call this a college?

Not long thereafter, a well-known educator came down from the North to take the presidency of one of the older denominational colleges of this State. Some errand brought him to Clinton. While here he visited the College, as I had recently done. I chanced to meet him shortly after his return from Clinton, and he delivered himself in this fashion to me: "That college at Clinton is the poorest thing I ever saw the Presbyterian flag flying over." He supplemented that statement with other remarks which I have forgotten. I only remember the substance of them. They showed that his faith in the future of the Presbyterian College was very like the unconfessed faith of a good many Presbyterians of that day,—it was not as big as a grain of mustard seed. Could that critic of things as they were return and see things as they are, he would find it difficult to recognize the landscape at all. The flag of any denomination could afford to wave over such an institution as this one has become by the blessing of God and the favor of His people.

Our thoughts turn today especially to the founder of this College—the lamented William Plumer Jacobs. It was my priv-

ilege to know Dr. Jacobs better than I knew most of the other ministers of this Synod. On the occasion of my installation as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Greenville in 1902, Dr. Jacobs presided and preached the sermon. His interest, so tenderly manifested on that occasion, deeply touched me as a young man and stranger from another communion. And that fatherly interest suffered no change during the subsequent years. I could not but appreciate and love one who in many ways showed "the kindness of God" to me.

We are here, however, not to recall Dr. Jacobs in his personal relationships, but as the founder of this College.

"Weighed in the balance, hero dust is vile as vulgar clay." That verdict of the poet may be true. But we are interested in something more than precious dust that sleeps yonder in God's acre, namely, in that imperishable thing that lives and believes, sees visions and prays and toils, *"smiles in the face of the impossible and cries, It shall be done."* In a word, we are interested in that wonderful personality that lived and labored a while here below, and then "passed into the light." "If Tell of Switzerland and Bruce of Bannockburn were heroes, if the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before is called a benefactor," then how shall we adequately characterize men who, under God, create institutions like this one, which gives mental and moral and physical training to generations of young men, thus shaping human life and destiny?

In recalling and recounting the merits of Dr. Jacobs, the limitations upon the time allotted to this memorial service make it necessary to omit many things.

Probably the most notable characteristic of Dr. Jacobs was his faith,—his wholesome faith in himself, his generous faith in his fellows, and boundless faith in God. The latter might well be underscored with double lines. The tribute paid to Stephen of old might with propriety be applied to Dr. Jacobs: "He was a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost." Many were the evidences of that faith. On one occasion, for instance, I was walking with him through the Thornwell Orphanage grounds. He was talking about that institution which was so dear to his heart. At that time it happened that the pantry was almost empty. And hundreds of fatherless children were looking to him for food. But Dr. Jacobs was not at all alarmed. With utmost confidence he said to me, "God will provide." Experience had taught him to trust. God had never failed to hear his prayer for his big orphanage family: "Give us this day our daily bread." "Thou

wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staved on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

That trust was the secret, not only of his "quietness and assurance," but also of his daring adventures and exceptional achievements. Were the story of his life-work written, it might well begin with the two words, found so often in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "by faith."

There was no alloy of presumption mixed with the fine gold of his faith in God. He never trusted God with folded hands. He never expected miracles to happen in order to get desirable things done. But believing that divine guidance and strength and blessing were assured to those who do their best, he bore burdens of work and responsibility which seem almost incredible, as we look at them through the perspective of past years.

Another notable characteristic of Dr. Jacobs was his pioneer spirit. Rather should we call it instinct, for it was that. Dr. Jacobs seemed constitutionally averse to building on other men's foundations. How unlike he was to most of us! The average man is content to find and walk in the beaten path. That is the comfortable thing to do. It is no trouble to let life run along in the grooves of established ways. Pioneering takes too much faith and courage and initiative ever to become popular. It is reserved apparently for the choicest, bravest spirits. But we all admire the true pioneer, the man who "enlarges the possible area of life, who pushes back horizons, and blazes the trail into new habitations for humanity."

The spirit of the pioneer breathes in the beautiful words which Tennyson put into the mouth of Ulysses of old:

> "My purpose holds to sail beyond the sunset
> And the baths of all the western stars,
> Until I die."

An article in the *British Weekly* a while ago, written by Dr. D. S. Cairns, contained the following words: "Oliver Cromwell, whom a great historian has called the greatest practical genius whom the British nation has ever produced, once said: 'A man never rises so high as when he does not know where he is going.' That seems a very unpractical thing to say. What did he mean? He meant, I think, that when you are following what you believe to be God's will, you have not the smallest idea where it will take you before the day's work is done; and, if you have faith enough, you do not greatly care." All of which might with propriety be applied to the subject of this sketch.

When Dr. Jacobs first came to this community as a young man, he found here a village, which has been described by some one as "one of the most miserable little cross-roads towns in South Carolina." It had a population of less than three hundred souls. With a few exceptions, the people were of the crudest type, uncultivated, unambitious, and, worst of all, living in a state of perpetual revolt against the Ten Commandments.

The church which Dr. Jacobs took charge of as pastor was very weak numerically and financially. The whole situation, however, appealed tremendously to the pioneer spirit that was in him. Overtures came from time to time from other congregations that offered easier work and larger financial compensation. These he would not consider seriously. The very difficulty of the situation here was a challenge to his daring spirit. The superb confidence and consecration and efficiency with which he met and triumphed over all difficulties are now matters of history.

The little church grew under his fostering care until it became one of the most outstanding in the Synod of South Carolina. Meanwhile he did what he could for the upbuilding of the community, and what he could was a great deal. While he had worthy helpers, he was always in the vanguard of progress, and he lived to see Clinton become one of the most beautiful and prosperous little cities in the State.

In the conception and creation of Thornwell Orphanage, we see an illustration of the pioneering spirit of Dr. Jacobs. The story of that great institution is more than a twice told tale. I shall not repeat it. Suffice it to say, that the fatherless child appealed profoundly to the fatherly heart of Dr. Jacobs; and, through many of the best years of his life, he gave himself to the work of founding and enlarging and sustaining the Orphanage which is generally recognized now as probably the most perfect institution of its kind in the United States.

Finally, Dr. Jacobs manifested his pioneer spirit in his dream of a college for men in the Synod of South Carolina, and in his untiring efforts to make that dream a reality. This institution had no Converse or Duke or Vanderbilt or Leland Stanford to start it off in a spectacular way. It was at first called "Clinton Academy." Its original equipment was a two-story framed building, containing three class rooms, and living quarters for the President. Later it was incorporated as "Clinton College." Still later, when the Synod of South Carolina assumed more definite responsibility for it, the name was changed again to "The Pres-

byterian College of South Carolina." Again last fall the Synod tampered with the name, deciding to chop off the words "of South Carolina" and to call it simply "The Presbyterian College," which is merely a description and not a name at all. There are countless Presbyterian colleges in the country. And there are those who are rather anxiously asking if this college is to remain like Poe's "lost Lenore"—"nameless here forevermore."

That's aside. The point is this, had God not sent Dr. Jacobs with his rare creative genius, this great institution would likely never have arisen on this pleasant site.

In the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, rests the body of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect who designed that magnificent structure. On his tomb is this simple inscription: "If you would see his monument, look around you." So today, I may say: If you would see Dr. Jacobs' monument, look around you—at this city, at the First Presbyterian Church, at Thornwell Orphanage, at the Presbyterian College.

William Plumer Jacobs, our friend and benefactor, is not dead. He lives not only in the presence of the Master, whom he served so long and faithfully here on earth, but also in the lives of thousands "made better by his presence."

May God make us worthy of our inheritance, and grant to this College abundant life through the years to come!

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## REVEREND WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS, DD., LL.D.

Address Delivered by Rev. Davison McDowell Douglas, D.D., at Cornerstone Exercises of New First Presbyterian Church of Clinton Sept. 9, 1930

A very pleasant task has been imposed upon me, one I esteem highly but feel my inability to perform adequately. However, I count myself fortunate to have the opportunity to bear testimony to the life and service of one of the most useful and consecrated ministers in the Synod of South Carolina during the latter half of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth.

I have been asked to prepare a statement of the life and labors of Doctor William Plumer Jacobs to be placed in the corner stone of the beautiful new Presbyterian Church now under

construction, which I take pleasure in doing. As this statement is to be a permanent record it will be necessary to pay more attention to dates and details than I otherwise would do.

We usually find the secret of a man's life and work in his parentage and early environment. The subject of this sketch is no exception. Dr. Jacobs was first, a minister of the Gospel, second, a father of the fatherless, and third, an educator. When we study the lives of his parents we find that these activities were but a natural development of his inheritance. He was born in Yorkville, S. C., March 15, 1842, the son of Reverend Ferdinand and Mary Elizabeth Redbrook Jacobs. His father was a minister of the Gospel, the founder of the Presbyterian Church in Yorkville, S. C. He devoted much of his time to educational work. While he was pastor in Yorkville, he was also head of the Yorkville Female College. His mother's father and mother were both teachers. His mother, Mary Elizabeth, left an orphan, was adopted by Doctor W. S. Plumer, a professor in Columbia Theological Seminary, who inspired the founding of Thornwell Orphanage. During the boyhood of his son the father moved to Charleston and established a school for young ladies. Later he became President of the Laurensville Female Seminary located in Laurens, the county seat of the county in which Doctor Jacobs did his life work.

We can imagine that the young Jacobs found life in Charleston peculiarly congenial and interesting. He was not a strong lad, and frequently complained of colds and sore throat. In no place could he have found a more congenial climate during his college days. He loved museums and libraries. Charleston possibly had in those days the equal of anything in this country. With a keen, inquiring mind he wanted to be where things were taking place. He certainly found them in Charleston in the stirring days between 1850 and 1860, for in those days Charleston was not only known for its wealth and culture, but also as a center of profound thought and heroic action. All of those opportunities were a delight to the young scholar. He was graduated from the College of Charleston in 1861, receiving the A. B. degree. Charleston College at that time was one of the best colleges in the State.

This completes the first period in the young scholar's preparation, but the second was to follow closely, and, if anything, was probably more important in giving him a vision and fixing the purpose of his life. In the first place, his home was broken up and probably for the first time in his life he was thrown out

in the world more or less among strangers. His father had accepted a call to the Fairview Church near Marion, Alabama. He writes in his diary:

"When I return to Charleston (he was spending his vacation on Edisto Island), I will have no home, and I must board as a stranger in an old, familiar place. How sad!"

During the years 1860 and 1861 William Jacobs was distinctly a reporter and an author. The young scholar had learned to do more than read Latin and Greek and understand Philosophy. His active mind was interested in many things. Among his accomplishments was the ability to write shorthand, a rather rare accomplishment in those days. He witnessed the Democratic Convention in Charleston in the spring of 1860, and reported the Legislature in Columbia and Charleston in the fall of 1861, the Secession Convention in the last month of the same year, and the first General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church in Augusta the following year. How could a young scholar with a keen, inquiring mind have a better opportunity to come in touch with the best thought and outstanding leaders of the day! As an author his plans for future literary work were very ambitious.

Young William Jacobs was now ready for the third period of the preparation for his life's work. In September of 1861 he entered Columbia Theological Seminary armed with a letter from Doctor Thomas Smythe, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Charleston, stating:

"William Plumer Jacobs is a most acceptable member of the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston and believed to be a most worthy and Divinely directed candidate for the sacred office of the ministry."

Columbia, the Capital of the State, was equally as interesting at this time as Charleston. Here the Legislature met and the great men of the State assembled. It was the home of the State University with its extensive library. The Seminary had an unusually strong faculty. There we find Doctor Howe, the historian; Doctor Adger, the parliamentarian, and Doctor James Henley Thornwell, probably the greatest preacher, theologian, and executive of our Church. He was a former President of the University of South Carolina. In this atmosphere the young preacher's education was completed and he was now ready to enter upon his life's work.

The days of preparation are over, and a wonderful preparation it has been,—born and reared in a beautiful Christian home, spent his boyhood days in the most cultured center of the State, probably not surpassed anywhere in the nation, educated in one of the best colleges of the State, guided by able professors and surrounded by books and works of art he received his theological education from the theological giants of the church, reached maturity in one of the most trying periods of the nation's history, a period that brought out the very best and the very worst that was in men. His own State had been reduced to poverty through war conquering part of the nation.

The question now is, where shall the life be spent, and who shall get the benefit of this training. The young minister's father a few years previous to this, as stated above, had returned to South Carolina, and at this time was President of the Laurensville Female Seminary. Of course, the devoted young son had frequently visited parents in Laurens, and the people of the community had availed themselves of his services and recognized his ability, so on the completion of his Seminary Course in 1864 he accepted calls to three churches in Laurens County, — Gilder's Creek, Shady Grove, and Clinton. Previous to this he had been licensed to preach in the Central Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C., and on May 20, 1864, was ordained to the Gospel ministry, and on Monday morning following he was on his way to Columbia to buy some books for his Sunday School library. Few men ever more keenly appreciated the value of books. The truth of the matter is, the young minister was the preacher and inspiration for practically all the Presbyterian churches in the southern part of Laurens County.

From early boyhood through life William Jacobs kept a diary. In that diary he often expressed a desire to preach the Gospel. There seemed to be a yearning for service. He wanted to do something, to accomplish something, not for his own good and glory, but for the good of humanity and for the glory of God. His opportunity has now come. He is pastor of three churches, but never did a young man take up his work in a sadder or more discouraging period. War had not only laid the country in poverty, but there was sadness in practically every home. A father, a son, a husband, or a brother had been taken on some battlefield, or, if not taken, was left maimed for life. Mourning and poverty were universal, and we can well imagine the sunshine and comfort this highly trained, deeply consecrated, sympathetic young minister brought into these homes.

Doctor Jacobs made his home in Clinton. At the close of the war and the beginning of the Reconstruction period Clinton was by no means an attractive home for a man of cultured tastes possessed by this young minister. The village was full of barrooms and gambling houses, and the entire commercial and civic morale of the town was declining under the devastating influences of the Reconstruction period, but with a great singleness of purpose and courage he went about doing his work, and it wasn't long before there was a decided improvement among the people. He declined a flattering call to a much stronger church, and, to the eternal good of Clinton, determined to identify himself permanently with the people of Clinton.

Under the guidance of such a minister, of course the growth of the church was rapid. He began his work on May 5, 1864, in the poorly constructed wooden building, with between fifty and sixty members, both white and colored and closed his work at the First Presbyterian Church in 1911 with two Presbyterian Churches in Clinton, with a combined membership of between five and six hundred, all white, and both congregations housed in beautiful granite buildings. It is unnecessary to go further into his service as pastor of the church, as that is covered in another address.

With suffering and poverty on every side and orphans in many homes with no father to provide for them, it is but natural that the active and consecrated young minister felt the call to do something to meet the situation and try to take the place of a father to the fatherless children. Yet the question would naturally arise: "How can it possibly be done? It takes money to build and support an orphanage. There is nothing but poverty and distress on every side." Doctor Jacobs had one unfailing source of help. That was an unshaken faith that God was able to do the things that He wanted done, and that He used human beings for the accomplishment of His purposes. He felt that surely it was the will of God that these poor orphan children should be taken care of, and he felt that if he consecrated himself to the work, God in His mercy would supply the necessary needs. Therefore, with practically nothing but faith and the loyal support of friends he founded Thornwell Orphanage on October 1, 1875, and undertook the work of caring for orphaned children.

It is not my purpose to write a history of Thornwell Orphanage, but probably God manifested His power and goodness to Doctor Jacobs in the building of the Orphanage more clearly

than in any other way. Beginning with nothing and living among people laid in poverty by the war, he commenced rallying the people around, land was secured for its location, a building was erected, food was contributed, and from a small beginning the marvelous work of the Orphanage and the service it was rendering to humanity was noised abroad over the whole country. The work and needs of the orphanage were given to the public through his own publication entitled "*Our Monthly*". The hearts of men and women everywhere were touched, and the orphanage grew to be the model and largest Orphanage in the country. It was guided by Doctor Jacobs as its President forty-two years. When he died it was taking care of three hundred and fifty children, was worth over one million dollars in lands, buildings and endowment, and many million in the hearts and confidence of the people.

The government of the orphanage reflected the kindly spirit of its founder, and probably that accounts for the marvelous way in which it reached the hearts and confidence of people everywhere. An orphan to Doctor Jacobs was still someone's devoted child, even though the parents were in Heaven. He was not a ward, nor a servant, nor even a beneficiary, but a trust from God to be cared for and trained. Therefore, the orphanage was a home, yea, more than a home, a christian home, and from its walls have gone out many noble men and women who have become spiritual leaders in their community, and they continually rise up and call Doctor Jacobs blessed.

You would think the spiritual care and oversight of half of the county and the building up of an orphanage and assuming the responsibility of the care of hundreds of children would be enough to take the time and thought of any one man, but not so with Dr. Jacobs. He had the privilege of a fine education, he appreciated its value, and he felt that it must be provided for others. In his orphanage he had a school, and his school grew into a college, until finally in 1886 he founded the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. The average man would feel that with the Orphanage continually calling for money there was no room for a competitor, which would certainly be the case with his college, but there was no selfishness in Doctor Jacobs' activity and his faith was never limited by the exigencies of the occasion. He felt if a college was needed, God would provide for it, and the college was established.

Soon after I became President of the College in 1911, I undertook to raise twenty thousand dollars to build a dormitory. I soon started to Chicago armed with a letter from Doctor Jacobs

to his old friend and benefactor, Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick. In the letter he not only spoke a good word for both me and the college but assured his friend and supporter of the orphanage that he was as much interested in the college as he was in the orphanage. In the strength of this letter Mrs. McCormick gave me one-fourth of the amount I was trying to raise, and, partly through the influence of her gift, another friend gave another fourth, and I soon returned to Clinton with half of what we thought necessary to build the dormitory.

It is not my purpose to write a history of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, but it certainly stands as another monument to Doctor Jacobs' faith and efficiency. From a small institution, struggling with poverty, it has grown to a well equipped institution with a strong faculty and some two hundred and fifty students. It owns forty acres of land, with some six hundred thousand dollars worth of buildings upon it, and an endowment of three hundred thousand dollars.

Though Doctor Jacobs' hands and heart were full providing and caring for others, his most sacred place where he experienced his deepest joy was in his home. He took charge of the work in Clinton in May, 1864. On the twentieth of April 1865, the night on which official news of General Lee's surrender was received, he was married at Coldwater to Miss Mary Dillard. The ceremony was performed by his father. This proved to be a most happy and congenial marriage. Mary Dillard, his wife, was beautiful in appearance, highly educated, and deeply spiritual. She, like her young husband, wanted to consecrate her life to service. They loved the Presbyterian Church and were anxious to serve God through it.

Doctor Jacobs and his wife were blessed with five children: Florence Lee, James Ferdinand, William States, John Dillard, and Thornwell. Doctor Jacobs saw these children all grow to become highly trained men and women. Mr. James Ferdinand Jacobs is head of Jacobs and Company, one of the largest printing houses in the south; Florence Lee married Mr. W. J. Bailey, one of the leading business men of Laurens County, and the son of Mr. M. S. Bailey, one of his Elders and life-long friends; William States is now Pastor in Houston, Texas, one of the largest Presbyterian churches in the south; John Dillard is a leading business man in Atlanta, Georgia; and his youngest son, Thornwell, is President of Oglethorpe University.

But this happy home was broken up in 1879. Doctor Jacobs writes in his diary:

"Mary, darling Mary, . . . how can I bear this separation? . . . .She died at 11:35 today. . . .I know she is with my Saviour. She loved Him so. He would not forsake her in this hour."

Dr. Jacobs never married again, but devoted his life to caring for his own five children and hundreds of others.

The above does not cover the activities of Doctor Jacobs. Every movement in Clinton for its good, not only spiritually and intellectually but socially and economically, was either led by Dr. Jacobs or found in him an active ally.

Some of the outstanding characteristics that made Doctor Jacobs' life an eminent success were as follows:

FIRST: He was well trained for his work.
He not only had the best opportunities the country afforded, but he availed himself of his opportunities.

SECOND: He always had an object in view.
He did not drift around. He wanted to get somewhere and was willing to pay the price.

THIRD: His strong faith in the mercy and power of God, with a well balanced feeling of personal responsibility.
He realized that God did His work through men and required them to make a faithful use of every opportunity.

FOURTH: He saw clearly what he wanted.

FIFTH: He did not recognize defeats. When he did not get what he wanted he simply accepted it as a delay and never gave up until he accomplished his purpose.

On the morning of Monday, September 10, 1917, the sad news spread over the town of Clinton that Doctor Jacobs was not, because God had taken him. "He loved God and little Children." He lived with the faith of a little child in God, and with a childlike faith he fell asleep in Christ. The previous Sunday, September 9, he had spent a very busy day,—Sunday School in the morning, two preaching services, a meeting of his session, visits to his orphan children,—a Sabbath typical of the thousands like it he had spent in the same good cause. On Wednesday, September 12, a great assemblage of devoted admirers and friends from all parts of the State gathered in the little town of Clinton to mourn his loss and do honor to his sacred memory, and his precious earthly remains were lovingly laid away in the churchyard of the First Presbyterian Church, the church he

loved so dearly and had served so faithfully, and the cemetery where he had so often offered comfort and consolation to others.

The strongest testimonials to the character and usefulness of Doctor Jacobs are found in the devotion and confidence of those who labored with him in his great work. Men and women, not only in Clinton, but practically all over the country, esteemed it a privilege that they had the honor to serve under his direction and influence.

Doctor Jacobs has become the patron saint of the town of Clinton, and no town has a more hallowed one. He lost his life in Clinton, but it can be found in the hearts and lives of the people and in the sacred keeping of the Divine Saviour he loved and served.

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## WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS

### Address Delivered March 15th, 1933

### By William Plumer Jacobs, Jr.

"For dreams and ambition are quite the same,
And Empires rise at their magic name.
There is never a blessing we have today,
But somebody's dreaming has paved its way.
Why out on the edges of endless space,
God dreamed a dream for the human race."

The material advantages of today, the opportunities which you and I enjoy, are the product of a pioneer spirit of the past.

The builders of the years gone by have made life sweeter, happier, easier; and what is more important, have handed down to you and me opportunities of greater responsibilities and greater accomplishments than have ever before been possible. For the material advantages of the day we are indebted to those who have paved the way for us, and our heritage involves responsibilities to carry on in the same spirit of the pioneer.

We have met today not to glorify a name, not to commemorate the life of a human being, but to honor the pioneer spirit which actuated a life and made it serviceable to mankind.

Had to me been committed the task of praising the life of the one whose name I bear, the task would not only be embar-

rassing, but impossible. It would be difficult indeed, if not impossible, for me to think of a pioneer in terms of the human flesh, for the spirit which actuated the pioneer in his conquests is so strong that it completely overwhelms and obscures the memory of the man himself.

I shall speak today, therefore, as any son of the Presbyterian College could speak, as any citizen of Clinton; not of the man, but of that indomitable spirit, that natural essential of his life which is responsible for what we have today.

And were he here today, it would verily be his wish, for I can hear him say in that familiar voice, as I heard him on many occasions say: "My son, man is nothing, life is nothing, except in ratio to the service which it can render. 'Seekest thou great things for thyself; seek them not', and again 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and thus fulfill the law of Christ'." This natural instinct of the pioneer was a perfect logical and essential part of his life. He could not have passed it off had he tried. It is a natural tendency of the pioneer to belittle his life; yet exalt his aims and ends.

And so, my friends, as he no doubt would eagerly agree, it matters not today whether you honor the life of Wm. Plumer Jacobs, but it does matter whether you honor the spirit, which incidentally actuated his life, but the spirit nevertheless, of the pioneer which established this and other institutions, and which made of the world in which he moved a better place for future generations to live. Perish the name, but long live the accomplishments! Forget the life, but may the spirit of that life speak with living accents to the generations to come.

The name is nothing—hundreds of thousands bear it. The spirit of the pioneer is everything, for millions enjoy its fruit. The name was but a means of identification in his day. The brilliant beacon light of the pioneer sheds the rays of hope in the breasts of generations to come. Let us therefore, my friends, today consider not the founder so much as the spirit of Presbyterian College, of which he was the parent; and let us hope that this same spirit shall permeate your life and mine; that this institution may encourage through generations to come the development of that same spirit, and may have its part in the building from generation to generation a race of pioneers.

Let us for the moment selfishly apply the spirit of his life to our own, that we may ultimately, if not now, ourselves be pioneers in spirit and in fact. When I think of the lives of those who have gone before us, there frequently occurs to me that

passionate plea of the young Irish martyr, Robert Emmett, whose words I repeated on this very stage years ago; when in the midst of his persecution he raised his eyes to heaven and said: "Oh, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of thy suffering son, and see if I have deviated even for a moment from those principles of morality and virtue which thou has given me."

The real purpose of a Founder's Day is not merely to honor the spirit of the Founder and stop, but it is to apply a lesson of the Founder's life to our own, and thus endeavor to absorb something of the spirit of the Founder, the pioneer.

The true pioneer must be possessed with many qualifications; and, as with most pioneers, the physical qualifications of this one were of little consequence. Let us rather think of those underlying fundamentals which actuated his life—those virtues which combined to make the spirit of the pioneer.

The first qualification of a pioneer, as it seems to me, is that of vision, foresight; the ability to look into the future, and to see clearly the ultimate of his aim. With this pioneer, vision was as natural, and as essential as his very food. One of his gravest difficulties through life was in excercising contentment with the present, in the face of the overwhelming possibilities of the future. He lived in the future. He measured his activities of the day in terms of their effect upon the days to come. He was that rare type of individual who was content to remain in his obscure sphere, but who sought diligently to develop that obscurity.

He did not for a moment entertain the thought of deserting his own environment, his own community for a brighter future, or a fairer land; but rather devoted his life toward the development of his environment and his community into the fairest land of all; and as vision was his by nature, so should we, as embryo pioneers, so seek to mold our lives in the light of the pioneering spirit as to look far into the future; and strive to develop our environment as a true builder only can.

"For I am the son of one who dreamed,
And toiled for me and worked and schemed.
But I was but a youngster then
And couldn't read the eyes of men.
I only know he smiled at me
And talked of times that were to be.
Now I understand and know
I was his hope of years ago.

Those eyes of his looked far to see
The grown up man I was to be.
His counseling I laughed to hear
Come back today with meaning clear.
And now, I wonder, can it be
That I am the man he longed to see."

Another essential quality of a true pioneer is that of determination. Without courage, without a will to work; without the determination to carry his ideals into execution, pioneering can accomplish little. With this pioneer, persistence was part of his very nature. But for his persistence in the face of overwhelming odds, this event would not be held today. But for his unswerving determination and his ability to throw his entire heart into the accomplishment of his ideals, he would not have been a pioneer.

"For what has comfort to bestow
To equal that high sense of pride
Of those who suffer many a blow,
Refusing to be thrust aside?
Beset by all the odds of doubt,
And fearing much, but braving all,
Men chose to work their problems out
And earn their glory, great or small."

In this complicated life in which we live, we are beset on every side with fears and misgivings. Frequently those who are actuated by the highest ideals; those who are exemplifying the pioneer spirit, often wonder whether the desires of their hearts shall ultimately result in the benefits which they seek for mankind; whether the goal which is sought is worthy of the privation and effort which it requires. It matters little the role in which we are cast; for there are opportunities of the pioneer spirit in every walk of life; but it matters a great deal whether you and I, as would-be pioneers, can present that unswerving front, and exemplify that unflinching valor which with determination shall lead us on to accomplishments of a pioneer.

Still another important qualification of the pioneer is that of dependability. Meteors flash across the sky with brilliance which temporarily blinds the earth, only to be lost in obscurity after a brief moment. Men have arisen in the history of the world, and have hurtled into prominence as men of the hour; only to be forgotten as quickly, and lost in obscurity because of the lack of this most essential quality.

With this pioneer, every important step in his life radiated

dependability. He sought to bear the burdens of others. He accepted the responsibilities which others lightly cast aside. While today we have met to speak of him as the benefactor of education, this quality of dependability is better exemplified in the thought that the greater portion of his life was spent in the dependable role of "Father of the fatherless." And it seems to me that in this thought will be found the greatest of the essentials of a pioneer. Shall you and I voluntarily and unselfishly throw our lives into the service of others; accept the responsibilities of life and the burdens of our fellowmen? Can we unflinchingly, and without hesitation and without a tinge of regret, diligently strive, through the spirit of the pioneer, to make the world in which we live a better world, not for ourselves but for others; and particularly for those who are to follow us?

Can we corral the millions and consecrate what genius we have in such an unselfish effort, and die penniless but happy that we have brought happiness to others? Can we, in the spirit of that greatest of all pioneers, the Lowly Nazarene, give our lives that others may live?

# To Jerusalem

## And "The Regions Beyond"

**On the Steamer Friesland**

Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs, D. D.

CLINTON, S. C.
THORNWELL ORPHANAGE PRESS,
1897

## PREFACE

This little book was written in all sorts of places; sometimes abed with the ship rolling in most uncomfortable positions; sometimes aboard rapidly moving trains; at railway stations; under the shadow of pyramids, at the street corners; donkey-back; in cathedrals; in castles; in hospices; with Arabs and Turks looking over the shoulders, and marvelling at the pen that wrote without ink, for the ink was in the pen.

I dedicate its pages to the good ship Friesland and its passengers, to our friend Clark, to the twenty-five good Samaritans in special; and more specially to our "Solid South."

I lay it as a tribute at the feet of the Clinton homefolk who gave their Pastor a holiday; and of my friend Mrs. McCormick, for whose pleasure I promised to write it.

For the engravings I want to thank Mr. F. C. Clark and Mrs. S. R. Stoddard. Mr. Stoddard's sumptuous volume makes this little book wholly unnecessary.

Nothing more, at present.

# To Jerusalem "And The Regions Beyond"

## WE MAKE A START

A little village, the emblem to me of love, labor and reward. It lies in the Piedmont. Its name is Clinton. To tear away from it, and the precious children of the Orphanage: to leave them epen for a little while is a pain. But, most painful of all was the good-bye bidding to one and another dear sufferer, whose days on earth were numbered. The thought that was uttered "I shall never see your face again," was one that burned into the soul. Poor, pale, helpless child of affliction, God spare you, if it be His will, or give you peace without ending.

The last loving greetings were given; dear ones were left in tears: even about the depot, kind friends still said their farewells: till the swift vestibule could wait no longer and a lone traveller, lying back on his comfortable pillow forgot himself in the pine woods of Carolina and awoke in Richmond, Va. This is surely the "poetry of travel." All the world northward was a snow field. The Potomac, the Schuylkill were frozen from shore to shore. Broad stretches of tidewater even to the sea itself were frozen hard, while ice floated down in masses to the open waters, wherever some swift current had broken up the floes.

There are glimpses of the buildings that have made Washington famous, that tall needle that punctures the heavens to give fame to the father of his country being the most conspicuous. But the thermometer was down to zero, and a short dash on Pennsylvania Avenue made the ears feel like dropping off. One could not help noticing that our country is growing. From Wilmington, Del., to Philadelphia, the whole space is dotted with towns, and the towns linked with unending villages. It is all town. Coming into New York, for an hour we are passing through cities,—New Brunswick, Patterson, Newark, Elizabeth, Jersey City. At the Astor House, they were about to turn me away into the fierce zero weather, but Dr. Thompson of the 1st Church Charleston, took me out of the cold.

The morning found the weather fiercer still. The winds were howling and every body running. I was only too glad to

take refuge on the Friesland with 425 other Crusaders. What a jam,—what a seeking for trunks and friends and berths. Then the band blew a parting blast: the steamer screamed. A thousand visitors hurried down the gang plank and waved their handkerchiefs and cried their parting farewells from the dock. The pilot boat took off the pilot: the little tug turned us loose and already we have eaten two meals on board and are speeding on a level keel toward the Bermudas.

I like the Crusaders. There are young and old,—men and women, and a few children. I have some nice company in Doctors Morris and Caldwell and Thompson and Quigg. God is to be guide. We are to journey safely and have much to see, the whole long way of sixteen thousand miles. And yet though a fierce wind blows and the waves run high, our boat is steady and we have a picnic of it.

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## WE KEEP ON STARTING

I am lying on my back in Berth 234, state room 233, Friesland. And there with small variety I have been lying since 30 hours ago. The ship has been swelling and swaying, and pitching and tossing and rolling and gyrating, and vibrating and is at it yet. The trunks have been chasing after each other across the floor. There has been constant creaking and banging and no end of "Oh mys." In fact we had a fearful storm yesterday and several times I thought we were going to the bottom, and especially last night which was more or less a night of terror. Sick; Sick is no word for it. I have just got up courage to set to writing these notes. But to write them on your back with the ship swinging back and forth some uncounted feet and a nice fifteen feet square toss, every few minutes,—hic labor, hoc opus est.

We have crossed the gulf-stream. There was a fierce storm raging, the waves overlapping the ship and driving everybody in doors. We had two severe accidents a leg broken and an eye gouged. I do not like this sort of beginning, but there is an old saying that a bad beginning makes a good ending. The ship is still swaying to and fro like a drunken man and we are at our wits ends.

The man who wanted to see a "little storm at sea," cannot be found today.

## THE BERMUDAS

This morning as I went on deck I saw a lovely landscene just away,—the green swells and slopes, hills and dales of the 500 Bermudas. Above them hangs a beautiful rainbow, as though the heavens were promising us better things. The storm is over. I am sitting in my berth—dressed and in my right mind after a splendid day on shore. Another rainbow spans the heavens above the beautiful islands as I am about to bid them good-bye. But I am reminded of the old saying:

"A rainbow in the morning,
Is the sailor's warning:
A rainbow at night,
Is the sailor's delight."

A little steam-tug came up to the side of our big ship this morning, and Thompson and I were in the first terrible rush—phew,—what a hurry we were in to get out on the first trip. The wind blew like everything and the little tug sways like a leaf, but we had been sea sick. Ashore, we were among the first to get a "rig" in the pleasant little town of St. Georges. We were soon enjoying some absolutely perfect scenery in what seems to me a painter's paradise. The combination of hills, (the highest above 400 feet), and beautiful lagoons and bays and lakes is simply indescribable. I do not know a better place in the world to study geography. There are mountains, hills, valleys, capes, promontories, peninsulas, bays, islands, and then what a variety of vegetation,—the cocoanut palm, banana, palmetto, rubber tree, oleander, bamboo and many other. Cedar is the wood growth of the island. The planted crops are potatoes, onions, bananas, lilies and the like for the New York market. We had a splendid twenty-five mile drive through the island as far as Hamilton and back, being about half way down this little dominion, which has a legislature of its own. About two thirds of the people are colored. But the island is teeming with soldiers, for the English folks believe in keeping all they get, and they have got the Bermudas.

The whole of the islands are dotted with little white stone houses. The stone is a soft coral formation, easily sawed with an ordinary saw, and hardening in the sun. Even the roofs are tiled with the same material. The roofs are white washed. Chimneys were lacking. We reached the island the coldest day they have had this winter—thermometer at 47 degrees, but in the house a fire was needed. The weather is moist: we ducked through seven driving showers, in seven hours' ride.

The town of Hamilton is a very beautifully situated place. We found a splendid hotel in the Hamilton and yet another in the American. Every thing is as clean as possible. We, (Thompson and I), were sitting together in the Hamilton parlor, where we found a number of Americans all eager for news from the outside world—one of them invited us down to take a "cocktail" with him. If I had accepted, I would have found out what that strange thing was. I don't know what the Doctor would have done, if I had not been along.

Our drive back was equally delightful, though not over the same route. There are said to be 200 miles of beautiful roads on these islands. They are magnificent for wheels, and several wheel-men have found it out. The ride was perfectly lovely. In fact I have not the adjectives to describe it. If I lived here, I would not exchange it for any land I know. Its great trouble is lack of frequent communication with Charleston or New York. I wish I could take the same ride over to-morrow. And some of these days, two lone wheelmen propose to take it all over.

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## A SABBATH AT SEA

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet,
Around one common mercy seat."

Surely the dear ones at home have not forgotten us who are afar upon the sea. Our thoughts recur to the sweet homeland, never dearer than now that a thousand miles of water lie between us. Bro. Morris said today, "Of course our ship cannot sink, a thousand prayers have gone up for our safety." We too have thought of and prayed for the precious charge at home. We met in the saloon. The waves were coming down like mountains upon us. The ship and all its passengers were reeling to and fro, yet feeling much the poetic beauty of the 107th Psalm.

There was an earnestness in the singing that certainly showed the service to be a thing of joy. A young Methodist minister, Dr. Robinson, of Ohio, spoke from the words "This man receiveth sinners." We were no longer a mixture of people but a house full of God's own dear children serving and loving him, and each other.

The ship is rolling very much but we are getting over our seasickness. The old ocean has done us some considerable damage for a few days, but now dinner is getting popular and the waiters are kept busy. We are making splendid progress, today,—running before a gale of wind.

## ON THE DECK

A long swell has just swept under us. The ship rolled backward till its bulwarks seemed to touch the sky: then forward, while the sea mounted higher and higher. Now we are on our keel again—for a little while. Thompson sits to one side reading Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad. Morris on the other side, with Stanley's half hours in Egypt and Palestine. Chat goes on lively. It has just struck seven bells. (It is a half-hour to lunch.) The ship rolls and tosses before the wind. The sails are up. The sea is rough, very rough. Every hour a heavy gale of wind comes down on us, a swift rushing shower passes over and the weather grows bright almost as quickly.

The whole deck is covered with steamer chairs and sick people almost well but not quite so. Eyes are now and then turned out to the ever changing landscapes. Hills, valleys, ravines, broad sweeps of plain, follow and outrun and overlay each other. The wind whistles furiously along, lifting clouds of white spray and carrying it on and on, no one can see whither. But the ship seems to stand in the same spot. You look up and there are mountain ridges, you look again and there is a deep valley instead and then a mighty mass of foam comes surging along. So fickle is the sea. Five minutes ago, the air was bright and clear and beautiful, but now—it rains and the air is chill.

Again, we are on deck. A few moments since there was a sudden fall of hail. Now the sun shines brightly. We have left the mountain regions of yesterday. The horizon line is clear, only hummocks of water occasionally interrupting the view. The sea gulls are skimming along beside us. What glorious proof of God's love are these little birds away out here, a thousand miles from anywhere. The water still climbs up in front of us, and the ship swings bravely on. Seasickness is diminishing. There is a tendency to laugh and chat. Only once in these long days have we caught sight of a distant sail. We are all happier and cheerier. We are enjoying the music of the band. We eat more. Things look brighter and the great swaying ocean is no longer our enemy.

Again, the days go by. Now, the sea is still. The seasickness is no more a topic of distressful conversation. Once in a while some one says—"What a lovely day!" Or as the man with a broken arm, or he with a battered eye is passing, the harrowing night of the storm is recalled: but there is much merry chat and the band is playing. Some read, some take notes; some are grumbling at the Conductor, or at the ship or at each other,

for ship board is a fearful place for gossip-breeding. But we are now 2800 miles from home. Nooning will make it 3200: and to-morrow we are to sight the Azores.

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## IN THE CABIN

We have just had lunch. It is pleasant to retire just after it to my stateroom that I may have a little quiet thought. Here I am writing this. The room itself is scant 7 feet square. On each side two berths and at the end a basin. Under the berths our baggage is stowed, save so much of it as lies about the floor, and the floor is about 3x7. Here I take my daily reading of the precious word, and here I have some sweet words of prayer. I take out the home pictures, and scenes: save that I must be very careful how I do this, or distressful thoughts will come, and wishes that I might be back on Broadway, Clinton, with the dear old church just over yonder, and the little home nest with sweet loving voices bidding me tender welcome. Only ten days are gone since I bade all "goodbye" but the days seem very much more than 23 hours and 30 minutes long.

I did not dream that I had become so hopelessly rooted and that the transplanting of an old tree is not so great a task as the moving of a busy man's feet from the office. It must be right to be thus jostled so that one may love the stronger and fight the better, after it is all over.

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## THE AZORES

We passed seven miles south of Santa Maria, at daybreak, this morning. I understood that nobody saw land as it was foggy. So, I will describe the present condition of things on deck.

First of all,—the band is just through with its morning concert and has just marched out.

It is cold.

The passengers are not very talkative—there is a big crowd of nice people and some that—well on the sea, there is great tendency to say unpleasant things. It is always so with those who live within circumscribed limits. The wind is from the south.

The sea is quite smooth, that is a good thing. Everybody enjoys that.

In this long stretch of 2000 miles we have twice seen, afar off on the horizon, the trailing smoke of a passing ship. How few are the travelers in this vast scope of earth. After all, the great world has plenty of room on it.

I doubt not but that there are worlds in space, which are great balls of water, with only here and there a floating scum of matter. Perhaps this is the meaning of the strange shapes that some of Jupiter's moons are said to take. But what is the use of conjecturing: we can prove nothing. But some day we will know. Now we see through a glass darkly.

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## A SABBATH OF REST

One week ago, this day—it is now the 17th. of February, we met in the forward saloon, with the ship rolling and pitching fearfully, and all more or less sick. Each day since then has been a little better and brighter than the one before. Today the sea is as calm as an inland lake,—with only a gentle zephyr rippling the surface. The sky is clear; the water a lovely azure. Dolphins and flying fish accompany us and the white sea-gulls follow us. The Master has spoken to the waters and there is a great calm. We are approaching the further shore. A hundred miles more and we will pass between the pillars of Hercules. Before midnight, we will anchor at Gibraltar.

And now we are coming to historic waters. A thousand years before Christ's times, this wide Atlantic had already been tried by the triremes of ancient Phenicia. Carthage had sent her Hanno far down the African coast, and even before the days of Moses, the ships of the Pharaohs had rounded the African Peninsula, and come back between these two famous rocks.

But, to-day, there is only the calm of a glorious sabbath on the sea. "The sea is his, for he made it." This was Dr. Herrick Johnson's text to-day. Glorious and blessed truth. And over that sea, thy sea, oh Lord, guide thou us, till in safety we return to our desired Haven.

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## GIBRALTAR

About eight o'clock last night, as I looked out of the state-

room bull's eye, I saw a light-house on the African shore. We had crossed the great ocean and the dark continent gave us light.

It was a long wait till morning. I could not sleep. The ship had dropped anchor in the port about midnight, and because there was neither roll nor pitch, sleep departed from me.

It was 5:30 a. m. when the ship's gong summoned section 1st. to rouse for breakfast. The stars were still shining when I went on deck, and there at the ship's head lay the frowning fortress of Gibraltar like a sleeping lion or a laid out corpse as your imagination prompts, but both deadly enough.

All along the base of the rock shone the lights of the city and in the bay, the lights of the shipping.

Breakfast was quickly over, and an excited crowd gathered on the lower deck. The little steam launch drew to its side and there was a rush and a scramble for the first place. I was among them and in fifteen minutes we had covered the mile and a half and were standing on the shore. I was for a moment lost from the crowd, but I had all of Europe to find myself in. We thronged up into the city. A strange and motley crowd was there to receive us, bare legged Moors and swarthy Spaniards, in fact, a regular circus. There were donkeys with their great panniers of vegetables, or charcoals, or what not; men driving a lot of goats around and milking them at the door where the milk was to be sold; British soldiers by squads and companies and platoons; infantry, artillery-men, cavalry-men:—and every sort and style of humanity.

The city has 5000 military, 20,000 citizens. There are, in fact, three cities, one just at the base of the Rock and climbing up its side, another further down composed wholly and entirely of the military, and just beyond the neutral land, lies the "Spanish Line" or "Lina." I went to see all of them. With me were Drs. Morris and Thompson, both nimble and longwinded, and Dr. Quigg who was all this and longlegged as well. They came near killing me among them. Our Conductor gave us a numskull guide, who knew it all and didn't know anything. "Whose bust and statue is that Ferguson." "That, Oh yes? that's the statue of a man—his name is on it." It was Elliott, standing in the midst of the beautiful Alameda gardens, with the grand old Rock at its back, the sea in front and defiance on the face of the resolute commander.

We climbed on up, specially noting the shrubbery: splendid palm-like trees, magnificent yucca and cactus. At last we came

to some almond trees in full blossom, "What trees are those, Ferguson?" Oh, those are green in summer-time—they are some trees ah—that—ah—grow on Gibraltar—." Some one suggested the right name, "why yes, certainment," he said "its the almond of course, its the almond." We journeyed on down toward Europa point, getting splendid views of the African coast, and the Spanish coast also, and of the towering Gibraltar. There were soldiers everywhere. And practicing with guns and drilling. An armed camp in the city. About this time Ferguson thought we ought to take the back track and that we must be hungry. We told him "Oh no. It is only eight o'clock and we have just breakfasted." We climbed up along the face of the central swell of the great rock, and down toward the city. A thought suggested itself, "Say Ferguson where are the pillars of Hercules?" "They are not here they are down at Malaga." "You are surely mistaken. Hercules lived here." "No gentlemen, he lived at Malaga." "Is he dead?" That stumped him, and he is not quite sure yet whether Hercules is dead or not.

So Thompson, Quigg and myself deserted Ferguson and started out on our own account. We took a carriage and drove down to the entry of the fortress. By this time the news swept through the city that the Frieslanders were coming. The streets were filled. The little school children, Spanish and English shook hands with us, laughed, hurrahed for the "Americanos" and as they didn't know any other word cheered us with "good bye" "good bye." We registered at the fortress gate and a great crowd of us entered the weird alley-way leading up and still up to the galleries. These pierce the mountain (which is 1400 feet high and two and one half miles long,) in every direction. As we passed through the dark long tunnels, with the damp dripping over us, now and then coming to an embrasure through which a splendid view of the outer world was obtained, it was impossible to resist fascinating thoughts about this fierce old porcupine of a Rock. It was easy to see that it stood apart from the continent, with a flat alluvium uniting it with the main-land and the mountains beyond. *The guns face the shore.* The view of Gibraltar bay, the African and Spanish shores, and the shipping was perfect, while along the high-ways was the tramp, tramp, tramp of the legions that have shaken the world.

I could not ascend to the old castle of El Tarifa, built by the Moorish chieftain, a millenium ago. It was in full view, but I was tired.

I had a nice dinner at the Hotel Royal,—and had a little chap to black my boots—for a double price, but he cheated me so

naively, that I didn't object.

We took a carriage, (at 2 sh. each) which was double what we ought to have paid, and rode over to the Spanish town. In the city of Gibraltar there was no begging. The little girls were all bright eyed, dark skinned, and very pretty and all neatly clad. What a difference in Spanish town. We walk along the streets of low, one-story houses, dirty, disgusting streets with a rabble of beggars tracking after us. Some were doubtless deserving, but most of them needed the cowhide. One little chap ran beside me for an hour's walk, with his hand held out and saying "A penny: just a penny: do give me a penny." That was it, only he said it in Spanish. We went out to the Plaza del Toros where bullfights were held. It was a legacy from ancient Rome. Rome isn't dead by any manner of means. Most forcibly did we realize it when I saw the great circular amphitheatre with covered seats, but with all the central space or arena open to the heavens.

We came back through the begging rabble of ragged children and filthy women, passed the line of Spanish sentries and a few more steps brought us to the line of English sentries and we were again in a civilized country.

The very children proclaim the difference between a corrupt Catholicism and a pure Christianity. On the one hand pauperism, unblushing rascality, rags, beggary as a profession, and ignorance and vice stamped on the face: and on the other, manliness and honor, and self-respect and prosperity as evident as the sun at noonday.

I am to rise very early to-morrow, for the ship is to reach Malaga by 2 a. m. We are to have a long day of it. I will take one more glance at the city, as it lies tonight a mass of illumination along the sea, and then turn in to my bunk. Clark announces that we are to have breakfast at 3 a. m.

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## MALAGA

This 19th. day of September has given us a varied experience. We were notified to be up by 3 a. m. and in readiness to land. But the Captain had lost a great anchor in the "devil's hole" Gibraltar, and did not strike out for the port of Malaga till the time set for our arrival. It was daylight, when my eyes opened. After the usual breakfast I was on deck. There was a wide range of clay mountains covering half the horizon, with the buildings of the city nestling at their base. The snowcapped

Sierra Nevada, far away, occasionally showed themselves through the clouds. The light house at one end, the Cathedral in the centre and a number of factory chimnies at the other furnished the main features.

A lot of boatmen and seagulls clustered about us. But there was no entry. Red tape first, and the natural difficulty of so great transportation in barges furnished a cause. Not till one o'clock p. m. did my turn come. Down the ship's side on the stairway, the passengers worked their way to the bottom step, then came a moment's pause till the swelling sea lifted up the barge some five or six feet, and now, with a leap and the help of three stalwart sailors, I am in the boat.

What a menagerie we were to the inhabitants, and what a circus they were to us. Clark had over a hundred carriages engaged: a dense mass of people, (no less a figure than "thousands" would do to count them) were on the quay. Armed policemen, (gens d'armee) were keeping them back. We bowed to the military and the military bowed to us, and thus with official honors we were ushered into our carriages. Why, it was like a royal procession. As we passed down through magnificent plazas and splendidly built streets, the populace, some with smiles and hand-waving and some with grimaces, gave us welcome. Ladies in the balconies waved their handkerchiefs, children on the streets gave us flowers, beggars by the score followed our procession—beggars of all sorts they were—some poor old things and some bright young boys that ought to have known better.

As in Gibraltar, so here, we saw many noble looking men, beautiful girls and lovely children, but there was almost no end of ugliness, deformity, and monstrosity. The little people particularly won our hearts with their bright eyes and enthusiastic ways: but the beggars—the soul sickens at the thought of them.

We are in latitude 36 degrees, but in the tropics for all that. The lemon groves are loaded with ripe fruit: the date-palm: also bananas with both fruit and flowers. And great cacti are growing even on housetops. Flowers are blooming everywhere.

The city itself is solidly built. On the high hills we saw old Moorish walls and castles: and in the city, yet remain old Moorish dwellings, reminding us of the days when they ruled here. But the signs of the Moor are being displaced by the thriving prosperous city. I first met here, in rich profusion, the old Moorish buildings and the light graceful methods of architecture which they introduced, the circle swell, or horse-shoe arch, the ornate

facades and cornices. The city is rare in its beauty, and built most interestingly.

A visit to the Cathedral was something to be remembered. Its exterior is the Spanish, plain and bare. Within, however, it is graceful and beautiful. The clustered pillars rise up to a roof a hundred feet above the pavement. The dim religious light is maintained to perfection, and the interior is grand beyond description. Two magnificent organs, pairing with each other, attract attention, while the whole is deeply and devoutly impressive.

I dropped in for a few moments at the Hotel de Roma, took a cup of coffee and a delicious Malaga orange, with others of Clark's tourists, wrote and mailed a trio of postals, and then, with a crowd around us, we worked our way down to our barge. In a little while we were on the swelling flood, and soon at the ship. There trouble began. The waves were unruly and, again and again, swept us under the landing stage. The passengers had to be lifted by main force and helped up the stairs. It was an experience. Orders are that we must be ready to go ashore by five of the clock. But the barometer is steadily falling and I do not know how it is going to be.

On the whole, the experiences of the day have been something new and thrilling. Fair, lively, bright hearted Spain has welcomed us,—but Oh, the beggars!

Here also we saw another Plaza del Toros. So it is everywhere in Spain.

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## GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA

We will all remember the 20th of February as our long day. At 3 a. m., the gong sounded. At 3:30 there was a rush for the breakfast table, and immediately after, for the barges. We were swung off from the stairway, as the barge rose on the swell, and then the little steam tug, as wheezy as a wind-broken horse, pulled us through the surging waves to the quiet of Malaga. The trains were waiting and our big party piled in, each carrying "two little boxes" with dinner and lunch as provided by the ship.

I fell to section second, and along with Caldwell and Quigg, secured a compartment. Day had broken for a half hour before the guard shouted "parado," then shut us in. Away up at the front of the train, a "dinner bell" was rung, then a second, then a third. Then the conductor blew his little whistle, the engineer

tooted his toot. There was a jerking and banging of the cars and with a slow uneasy motion we were off.

For ten minutes the train worked itself out into the open country running coastwise for twenty or more miles. On either side at a little distance back, there was wave on wave of hills, with such slopes and levels as could be found, thickly planted. There were great groves of oranges and lemons, olives also, the banana flourishing, the date palm in clusters or singly: all through the wet roadsides the eucalyptus. Towns were few, but farm houses many, all of them without exception, of concrete.

Fences were few indeed, there were not a score seen in the 129 miles of travel, except that the cactus hedges along the coast, were huge, frequent and ragged.

Presently there was a rush through darkness and the first of a score of tunnels was traversed. We had turned north-ward and were boring through the Sierras. Wild, ragged, broken, scenery from this or that car window excited our interest. There were great fierce looking gorges, just to see which, inspired admiration. There were mountains cleft in half from top to bottom, little streams pouring down their waters with a furious rush, and mountains behind mountains, like wave behind wave. All through these wild scenes, farm houses perched here and there, and all slopes cultivated. Forests there were none. The mountains were bare save of white stones, or low-lying verdure.

Past Bobadil, with thirty minutes for coffee, the scene again altered. We had crossed the Sierras and now turned eastward along the valley of the Darra. The mountains crowded the horizon on either side, but the level plain many miles in width and much of it as level as a floor, was a garden of beauty. We had left the tropical fruits behind. But every where, splendid olive orchards covered the earth, and great sweeps of small grain. There were towns and cities, some of which like Doja and Santa Fe were quite extensive.

It was two o'clock before the train rolled into Grenada. Rushing (that's the word) through mud and mire we were soon in a carriage and a memorable ride began. It was on the 2nd. of January 1492 that the Moors surrendered Grenada. But every where they left traces of their occupation. The great walls, the city gates, the towers and battlements that they left, frowned on us every where. They built solidly but with an utter disregard to the nature of the material used. Rock, brick, slate of every conceivable shape and size were piled in their walls, without res-

pect to order. It was a wonder that their stuccoed walls have lasted so long. It was a long remembered ride through that old city. The streets were lined with the multitudes to welcome "los Americanos." Every where grave senors in their cloaks told us we were in Spain, and senoritas with the omnipresent mantilla; and every where was the surging crowd of beggars.

"Some were in rags and some were in tags,
And some in silken gowns."

Their impudence was equal to their gay good humor though the "penny" they asked, they got not.

We drove through the town, out to the magnificent ruins of the Alhambra. I am not going to describe this splendid ancient palace. It was a dream, a thing of marvellous beauty, and in its time a wonder of the world. Where can one find such wealth of carving, such graceful and tasteful halls and corridors.

We entered on the level of the highway and crossed the building to find our selves far above the valleys, with the tree tops away below us. There were innumerable views of perfect loveliness, and yet every where the thought was present of "man's inhumanity to man." These splendid halls echo with the horrors of rent and torn souls. These towers and bastions tell of carnage and bloody deeds. In sight is "El suspirio del Moros" where Boabdil wept when he bade farewell to the Alhambra, but the sigh of his victims one can still hear. Nor was the matter improved when Charles V got possession. His addition of an amphitheatre with under-ground cells for his lions and beautiful porches from which to witness their bloody combats, tell us plainly enough the sort of man he was.

But the delight of the day was badly marred with the vast and abounding beggary. From chamber to chamber, and along the glorious paths, where nature and art strove to please the senses, the beggars followed us. Their hands seemed to have a jack-in-the-box spring in them, that flew out the moment the American came in sight and their "sh-sh-sh," (the remains of back-sheesh) told what they had inherited from the Moors.

Our guides too became addled in their efforts to deal with a fool-crowd of tourists, and finally they informed us that Charles V was dead and it was time to go to the railway station.

We jumped into one of Clark's carriages and rode down to the Cathedral. We went in. The Cathedral may have been a very fine thing, but one of the so called guides with a jingling

bunch of keys, kept following us with his suggestions. I told him to go, to git, to depart, to dissolve. But he stuck to me. I got away from him but his "Maladetta" is ringing in my ears. And down the steps I went into a surging mob of beggars, priest, sight-seers, tourists whose carriages had deserted them, and among these was I, Quigg and Caldwell. Well, here we were a mile from the station, which lay off in some unknown direction and nobody in the world who knew a word of English, to tell us anything. We tramped on through the mud, after a slow going carriage, till we got out of the mob, but we were recognized and the rascals came tearing after us. I am a good walker, and I made good time that day. My recollections of the walk are mud, slush, filth, beggary, ignoramuses and the delighted smirk of the "inhabitants" at seeing the Americans getting on through the mud.

The ride back to Malaga was through the dark. We left Granada at 7 p. m., and at 3 a. m., our barges drew up beside the Friesland. We were aboard the good old steamer, and tucked up in bed after 24 hours of it. By 4 o'clock the steamer anchors were raised and this morning we are fast losing sight of the snow covered summit of the Sierra Nevada.

I am back from the day's trip, and am sitting on the deck of the Friesland. The anchors are not yet lifted. We are drawn up close to the quay, but far enough to be an islet to ourselves.

Just before me rises to the summit of a great hill, the city of Algiers. All along the water front the buildings are Frenchy, handsome, four, five, six stories high. On the west side a great mole reaches out into the sea, and the bay sweeps around us, beautifully enclosing us in and giving smooth water. Above the French part of the city rises old Algiers, the houses of the native Arab population. It is a scene of interest, of beauty, of a high type of civilization. I have said to myself again and again: "is this Africa?" I have summoned from the misty past, Augustine and Tertullian, Scipio and Jugurtha, Aeneas and Dido. In vain I call. They do not answer. I tried to think of this coast as ancient Tarshish and have fancied Solomon's ships riding at anchor in the beautiful bay, loading up with apes and peacocks and the fruits of these luxuriant hills. But in vain, what I have seen is France, her civilizing forces, her letters and her laws: and her gens d'arme.

It was nine o'the clock when our excited tourists rushed down the gangway into the great lighters. In five minutes we were ashore: and in just about two minutes more, we had en-

tered the carriages. With the American flag at the fore, and a guide who was so well up in English that when we asked him a question in our best American, he replied "I no speak German, I speekee inglese," we started on our trip.

The ship is moving. I drop my pen to see the African coast fade out of sight. In two hours we had left the range of mountains behind the horizon, but now that night is settling on the level sea, as level almost as a floor, we have sighted them again, and darkness curtains them in.

But I must go back. Four of our party, of whom I was one, entered one of the one hundred carriages in waiting and started out in the grand procession.

French of course. We have left our Spanish behind. The very first thing that struck me was that I had dropped into a little Paris. The French have been in possession of Algiers since 1830, and they have well used the time. We rode from the water, up the zigzag of a magnificent incline, on through splendid streets with beautiful buildings on either side, fine collonades like those with which Napoleon adorned Paris, hotels, banks, book-stores, printing offices following each other in rapid succession. We were driven over very many of the handsome thoroughfares, past some noble parks, and to Botanic gardens rich in many varieties of palms and palmettos, and overflowing with every form of vegetable life. We walked through these, then rode on and out along splendid boulevards for miles into the open country. The scenery was grandly beautiful. Here and there from some lofty elevation we caught vision of the blue Mediteranean, with passing sails giving life to the skyline. Still out and on we passed, with a thousand varying interests exciting. Here was a sweet French girl as fresh and bright as one of the dear home loved ones: and following, a baggy Arab with his clothes a mile too big for him; little boys in knee pants and little boys in night gowns: some jaunty with new attire, and some looking like they had robbed Noah's ark for raiment. Along the highway waddled Arab women in baggy trousers, wrapped up in sheets, with the yashmak over the lower part of their faces, and a part of the sheet twisted about their heads. And such headgear;—the fez and the skull cap, the capote drooping back to the waist, the white turban twisted around aged locks, or the latest style derby. The beast life was almost equally varied. A group of riders passed on splendid chargers: even street cars were drawn by horses, three abreast, and of heavy wagons many were so propelled. Some had a horse, an ox and a mule tandem.

As many as five horses tandem was a common sight. I noted one wagon drawn by three horses abreast, two abreast pulling them and three tandem in the lead, eight in all hitched to the same vehicle. But some wagons had no beast at all, an Arab pulling, an Arab pushing, and of such there were many. Only twice I saw camels, but the donkeys, some not much bigger than a goat, were almost numberless. The greatest spectacle was to see a long line of these donkeys each with his great pannier on his back bigger than he, and bestrode by a big solemn Moor looking as dignified as an Arab can, and he can.

On we drove for miles and miles. Our whole morning drive was about 20 miles. Out in the open country, the hills about 200 feet in height were scattered along the road like so many pyramids. They were splendidly terraced to the very top, and set in grapes, the vines cut back as in Granada to low stumpy stock, and without posts or support of any kind. The vine had become a tree. Work was everywhere progressing. New terraces were being made,—roads graded, houses going up, and everywhere there was proof of prosperity. The gradings in the town, I noticed, were uncovering old, old substructures of buildings that had been buried out of sight ages ago. Some old Roman remains were seen and bridges that dated back to unknown periods.

Well, back into the town we came, passing through streets lined with neat and pleasing dwellings, till the carriages came to a halt and we alighted to walk.

And it was a walk. We entered the narrow streets of the old Arab portion of the town, that which was there before the French took possession. Again I find it just impossible to describe the scene. I can only give the effect it had upon me,

The streets were very narrow and never level—roughly paved and the houses tall enough: three or four stories high, with little crooked alleys running through them in all directions and all with steps and steps, grades and grades. Every where the people were swarming on the streets. It was Friday and we passed white ghostly women wrapped up in their sheets and waddling along in their trousers, to the Cemeteries: old chaps bundled up in rags enough to fill a wagon, sitting by the wayside. Many a fellow with his rotton, dirty clothes half off of him, and baskets of things for sale: and the little boys and little girls too dressed in a dozen score of styles, looking out on us with their bright faces and bright smiles and inquiring looks. Our procession of foreigners pass on and around little bazaars about 4x6,

in each a handful of goods for sale,—on through the slums, so to speak, of this old slumdom, where vile women with lewd ways, attired in gaudy colors, beautiful jewels and painted eyebrows, and pretty enough, withal, but with their faces exposed, sat like Tamar at the wayside.

We emerged again after a memorable walk into the light of day, wondering at the sights which we had seen.

We drove again, far out along the boulevards, leading by the Mediteranean, and back into the city. In the French quarter, all was as nice and natural as an American city, but even in the better portion of the Moorish Algiers, the shops were small. All the front of each house was out, and many sat at their trades in full view of the streets, and in little rooms some 16 to 20 feet square.

Now, I remember. I am in Africa. With me, the Negro and Africa are synonymous and yet I am not sure that in all this ride, meeting and passing thousands on thousands of people, I am not sure that I saw a single negro. Several times I was sure I had found one, but the thick lips, the flat nose, the kinky hair were wanting. The people were darker skinned than we of the Southland, but that they belonged to the white race was self-evident. In them flows the blood of the ancient Phoenicians the more modern Roman, and the hordes of Vandals that swept through Europe, and then crossed the Mediteranean and blotted out Roman civilization more than a thousand years ago. The little boys of eight to twelve years of age specially impressed me. I looked into their young faces, wishing that I might gather up a hundred of them to take them to dear young America and to try on them the civilization of our beloved Christ.

My cry goes up with an earnestness, "Oh God save these bright eyed, gentle faced Arab boys."

It was quite an experienced crowd of Frieslanders that reached the ship at 3 o'clock p. m. All had their tale to tell, and scarcely one, but acknowledged to having been swindled in some way or other. We had met the Algerines and we were theirs. We saw it in their eyes when we landed—"You are my meat." But great is France. We had left the beggars behind in Spain. The little outstreched hands were few. The cry "Sh—Sh—Sh" was seldom heard. It was a relief, indeed, and one that showed that French civilization is far higher than Spanish. It is a good thing for Algiers that she has fallen into such hands. France is doing a good part by her.

## WE SAIL ALONG THE BARBARY COAST

It was well into the evening when our ship steamed out of the bay of Algiers into the Mediterranean. The night passed quietly, for though the wind blew sharply, the sea was calm, and with early morning the deck was alive with passengers. The captain kept the ship close shore. Always to the south of us lay the high coast hills, and sometimes visions of mountains beyond. Once on the north horizon, we descried land. Some thought it might be far away Sardinia. But no, it was the African island of Galita.

About mid-day we drew nearer to the shore. The hills sloped down to the sea, sometimes covered with green herbage, but often streaked with great wide sweeps of sand; and sometimes the mountains rose yellow against the sky showing that they were only outlying sentinels of the Sahara. Along the shore on bold headlands stood light-houses, and once in a long while, a cluster of white dwellings could be seen.

There were masses of rock that stood apart from the land. On one of these some lofty buildings were discerned.

Towards night we swept across the bay of Tunis. Afar off was the white sheen of buildings, and as the night set in, a great mass of gold (the isle of Errment), an Etna-like rock burnished by the sunsetting, rose before us. We pass cape Bon. To the north of us, could our eyes penetrate the darkness, we would perhaps catch dim visions of the coast of Sicily. But night closed in and all is dark. The ship engines beat regularly. Towards morning we will pass the isle of Malta. We will not stop there till our return.

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Morning came. Early on deck I saw passengers on the starboard side straining their eyes toward the dim outline of a far away coast. A mass of lowlying rock was visible. Under the glass it rose higher, and ridges and peaks could be described. This was Malta. Here, nineteen centuries ago, Paul was shipwrecked. On these very seas, his ship was driven up and down, while for fourteen days, neither sun nor stars appeared. Rev. Dr. Brett of New Jersey conducted service in the aft saloon, this Sabbath morning. He read for us the twenty-seventh chapter of Acts and preached on the 24th verse, "Whose I am, and whom I serve." How appropriate it all was. The trials of Paul contrasted forcibly with the ease and comfort with which we are passing over these same seas, to him so stormy. It seemed

a bit more natural, but not so welcome when towards night, the winds rose and the waves, and the ship too rose and fell across the swells.

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My mind has been busy with the story of Geronimo. He was only an Arab boy, just such as I saw in Algiers; captured in boyhood he was taken to a Christian country and taught to love the Saviour. In manhood he returned to his native city. Soon it was noised about that the former townsman was a Christian. By all arts in their power they sought to lead him back to Islam. But no, not even when argument was thrown aside and persecution set in would he yield. So he must die. They were building the old citadel of concrete blocks. He was seized, bound hand and foot, and forced down into the yielding cement. Time swept by and the old citadel was torn down. The very block was opened, and into the cavity (all that was left of Geronimo) the plaster was poured and a cast was taken. I saw the cast. Instead of a look of agony, a sweet smile rested on his face.

And just here I must tell an incident, one given me by a dear fellow traveller. One dearer to him than life itself lay on her dying bed. They thought that she was gone,—when presently her eyes opened with a yearning inquiry, she asked "And what are these?" And then, answering herself, while heaven's light flooded her countenance, she said "They are angels!"—Lips and eyes closed, and the heart ceased its beating. It is not to Malta, only, that we are near, but, if our glasses could only penetrate the fog, we could see innumerable glorified beings,—earth as full of them, as the drops of water in the great ocean under us.

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"There came out of the country one Simon of Syrene, the father of Alexander and Rufus. Him they compelled to bear the cross." Do you see yon faint shore line some fifteen miles away? The sun shines so brilliantly upon the deep blue sea, and the sea itself almost indigo in its intense, pure, solid blueness, makes the mountainous ridge of the shore appear even more faint. Well that is the ancient Cyrenica, and its chief city was Cyrene. They call it Barca on our modern maps. It was always, it is today, a shore to be left alone.

We are to be in Alexandria tonight. It, also, has some Scriptural reasons for our interest while, classical memories cluster about it. Alexandria the Great founded it 300 or more years B. C. Here the first translation of the Scriptures,—the Septu-

agint version was made. It was the native city of Apollos, an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures. Here Philo lived and Grecian philosophy ,especially Gnosticism, flourished. Here were the great universities of learning in the old time. It was this city that was the scene of the wise and beautiful Hypatia's teachings and destructio.n Here was the greatest library in the world, which the ruthless Omar consigned to the flames. Here too was one of Napoleon's triumphs. And later on it was here that

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled."

In our Savior's time, Alexandria, Antioch and Rome were the three great and wonderful cities of the world. We will put our feet on Alexandrian streets tonight.

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## THE LAND OF EGYPT

It was, but is so no more.

Whose land this "basest of nations" claims to be, is evident. They say they own themselves. I suppose they do. In that case what means this British garrison?

It must be that it was only yesterday that all the things occur of which I write, for figures do not lie: but if deeds, not years, make time, it was a full moon ago that we arrived at Alexandria.

At first, there was only one white point on the blue sea, far away. Then, the white points grew and became houses. When I came up from dinner, the ship had floundered in through the mud, shaking herself as if she did not like it: the anchor rattled out: and we were at rest inside the mole, with a flotilla of boats (the boatmen dressed in petticoats,) all aswarm about us, and some tralesmen in fez and blouze already on deck.

Walking to the front, to see this new sight of old Egypt, there in the west hung the crescent moon, three days old, lying flat aback, and three degrees off, keeping company with it, bright Venus "like a diamond in the sky."

At last, after all the lamps were shining and a far off Pharos was putting in its best brilliance, the order was given to go ashore. I see yet that scene of contention—Christian passengers struggling to get in first to the gang-way, and Moslem

boatmen eager to "gather them in." I hear the resounding licks from the dragonman, whose blows fell like a lash of lead on the head, back and shoulders of offending boatmen.

A carriage was ready, and a self-appointed "guide," to ask for backsheesh; and off we started for the station. It was toward the close of the feast of Ramadan and a jamboree was in progress. A new world burst on our astonished vision. A dark skinned race, lithe, supple, with features that were good enough except when angry, and dressed in all varieties of costume, filled the streets. But of Alexandria, later. Our terminus ad quem, just at present was Cairo.

The compartment (first class) held eight of us. Once only in the four dark hours ride were we stirred to realize where we were—that was the time we crossed the Nile; eagerly we strained our eyes to catch a sight of the flowing waters, the lights reflected along its bank and the tall palms outlined against the sky.

Then gently I lolled my head against the stuffed cushion of the compartment, found a semi-easy position for my feet; thought of all that the Nile meant in history; old Thebes first; and afterwards Seti, Rameses, Amenophis; Moses too, hid away among the bull-rushes, but later on with outstretched staff turning these sweet waters to bloody stuff; there was a host crowding on down the pages of history—Alexander the great; and Caesar and Cleopatra, and Napoleon and—all the rest. Well:—I had been to sleep and here we are at Cairo.

It was a weird drive through the night or rather at two o' in the morning to the Hotel Bristol. We were more fortunate than some of our party who fell into the hands of wily Jehus, and were driven from square to square and through streets and byways of this great city for four mortal hours.

I rubbed my eyes to find myself going between handsome blocks of modern houses; and but for the fact that so many of the second stories zigzagged like a rail fence across the front line of their first stories, (doubtless to give light and air on two sides of the room) I could have fancied myself in Paris.

After an early breakfast my day began. I have never had, till now, a day just like it. Shall I describe the morning ride? How can I? Where did I go? I cannot tell for I do not know, for there was Ali Baba and forty thieves (all crying backsheesh) and Sinbad the sailor, and tens of thousands of other bad sinners. Such sights and sounds as greet one in the drive through

Arab town and Turkey town would run description crazy. Streets that barely let our vehicles pass, camels laded with little mountains of nicely baled cotton stalks, poking their noses in your face: donkeys everywhere: and donkey boys: and all sorts of other specimens of nature: buffalo-cows drawing carts: monkeys perched on their master's loads: old Turks taking their harems out for an airing: those women, covered from head to foot, (but not dressed in the trousers as at Algiers,) and carrying queer ornaments planted on the ridge of the nose taking up all of the face uncovered by the veils, except two eyes, that blinked and winked as the foreigner passes. Humanity—oceans of it—some specimens black as the ace of spades and some that were half-breed, with the kinky hair still telling of negro origin: but there were handsome Moslem gentlemen dressed like Parisians, except that everywhere they wore the fez. O, how proud they were of their religion, and that fez badges them so, that to doff it would mean perdition.

Then what a hive of humanity the native quarters are. When business begins, the whole front is taken out of each store: and there right on the street they sat in their little shops, some of which are 4 by 6 feet square, and some are large and handsome, at least six feet front and running back in a sort of ramshorn shape full sixteen feet. All trades were progressing in full sight of the street—shoemakers plenty and bakers and candlstick makers.

As to the noises! of man and beast! of creaking wheels and shouting charioteer! of groaning camels and braying asses! and above all of chatter and gossip and scream and squawl,—

"Mohammed, what is that!" And Mohammed answered, "That was a school—a school in de mosque." High above the din of the street rose the yells of the scholars: each one repeating his verse of the Koran, at the top of his voice; did ever anybody hear the like?

And the grouping! See that crowd of fellaheen sitting down in their marrowbones right on the street in a circle. There on a bench is a handfull of Arabs stretched off asleep. Here is a woman with her boy astride of her back: there a squad of little boys running after a carriage screaming,—Sheesh! Sheesh!

We drew up at the Mohammed Ali Mosque. It is a grand building. I went in, of course to see it. But first one must needs get a pair of slippers. Nobody enters without them. All for which no backsheesh had been given, were "dirty" and must be surrendered. I managed to get all through the Mosque with

a "dirty" pair on. The ceiling was superb. The alabaster columns were magnificent. But as I walked round about, an old fellow dropped on his knees and gave me an exhibit of how he said his prayers. As long as we looked he prayed. When we turned to some other sights, the genuflexions ceased and he waited for another crowd to come in.

Aback of the Mosque,—I turned suddenly and there were the pyramids. Oh, ye pyramids! I have thought of you and talked of you and written about you, and there you are—very impressive in the distant haze.

The old Mosque Sultan Hassen was quite an interesting specimen, it was 800 years old, and the old fellow himself is buried in the middle of it.

What a rare ride this has been anyway. But "hungry time" is at hand and so we go back to a fine modern hotel in the new city. In finest of cut-glass and china we take our table-d' hote lunch.

Letters! Letters from home! That dwarfs all other considerations. Goodbye Alibaba, Hassan, Tom, Dick and Harry, camels, monkeys, donkey-drivers and all. A letter from home is worth all Cairo.

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## THE PYRAMIDS

"And now for the pyramids!" That was the watchword of our party just as we had swallowed our dinner. Dr. Thompson and I secured a carriage together, and in company with that dear, enthusiastic brother, I took this memorable ride. Our way lay out through the "Frank" quarter of the city, toward the great and superb bridge which, under English auspices, has been thrown across the Nile. This section of the city was indeed a surprise. A splendid European town it is: but the Arab is there, in all the glory of turban and night-shirt, squatting on the marble door-steps, or waiting to receive in the hallway. The streets are wide, and usually lined with what they call sycamores, but which look more like locusts; tall palms rise in the garden and front yards; and electricity and gas make the night luminous.

We reached the bridge. The draw was open for a passing boat, and mighty jam on either side waiting for its closing. Two great stone lions frowned down upon us from its approaches: and the barracks, filled with English soldiers made an imposing display of the fact that "England rules here!"

The crowd grew worse and furious. Such a jabbering as of a thousand monkeys, camels everywhere crowding against landaus and coaches, carts, wagons, push-cars, donkeys, and all sorts of conditions of people, in rags and silken gowns, in trousers and petticoats, in turbans, white and black and yellow: in fezzes and felts.

At last the bridge closed and the rush began. We swept across the Nile, as never did Semiramis in all her power or Ramasees in all his glory. The splendid wheat fields between the Nile and desert first caught the eye. The busy shadoof bringing water and life to what otherwise would have been a land of death, turns Egypt into a granary of nations. It was almost impossible to see anything, there was so much to see. You would have a camel to come in between you and a buffalo cow: A Bedouin* chief parading as proudly as though he were Ishmael himself lost attraction when a crowd of "sheesh beggars" crowded the carriage steps and smiled so sweetly and nonchalantly.

The procession passed in through a noble gateway. There are palms and fountains. We stop. The Arab chieftain that guards the door counts us, *wahed, einneen, thalatta, arba,* as we go in the door, and then over the great cool building of the Boulak museum, we spread out in groups and squads. I had called to see an old time friend, so I made straight for the little glass house, in which he dwells. There he was taking a rather long nap. He has been asleep for four thousand years. Ah! Rameses! how I would like to question you about the long ago time—Seti I. *lives* next door to you I see and Thothmes next. And here lie his wife and babe so peacefully together. If you would all wake up a bit, what wonders you could tell me. Well, there were thousands of things to see. See them! Yes. Understand them? No! It would take a life time for that and the guide had cried it out "A half hour, yees, gentlemen, for the Boulak museum."

On betwixt those two splendid rows of trees—over the noble highway—for it is a ten mile drive to the Pyramids. But even ten miles end—and not to make the story longer—we got there.

For my part, I had fully settled in my own mind that the Pyramids could wait—till I got read to climb them, they have waited sometime already. The trees closed in over the magnificent carriage way so closely, that not till I had alighted did I see them. Then they burst upon me in all their glory. Old Cheops stood nearest the road. And nos. 2, 3, 4, and a lot of

* Glover.

truncated, ruined little pyramids clustered around him. I have a good mind, here, to tell how big they all are but will just say that the chiefest of them all covers 13 acres, and is 441 feet high. There is some rock in that pile. Anybody that doesn't believe it should try to build a pyramid. I ran up on the side of old Cheops some forty feet to show that I could climb if I wanted to. Why should I? I left that to Thompson and Morris. They reported it well and faithfully done. For my part I wandered off alone into the terrible, old, sandy, rocky, hot, windswept desert. I hid behind a hill where I could see neither Arab nor pyramid. And then I wondered how I would feel if I should get lost there. That scared me so badly that I concluded to hunt up an Arab friend and go down to see the Sphinx. Everybody says they are disappointed with the Sphinx. Perhaps they expected to see a beautiful young lady with her paws spread out resting quietly upon a lion's back, and they see instead a round old rock, scarred with the sand-storms of forty centuries, beaten and battered by the millions of curiosity-mongers, from the days of Moses till now. Man, if you want to see the Sphinx and the Pyramids sit down and think of what they have seen from the time when they were young and old Cheops was a beautifully polished shaft, till now it is robbed of its encasing and is only a mass of rough hewn blocks, piled one on another up and up, till they touch the skies.* And then when thoughts become oppressive do as I did. Let a sleek little Arab boy dressed in his blue gown, hit his camel on the knees. The great beast looks at you as if he wanted to chaw your head off, groans till you wonder where in the wide world that groan came from, kneels half way down and groans again, and then after you have got on his back, with a malicious leer out of his eyes, he tilts you back like the Friesland in a storm, and then forward till you clutch to the pommel for dear life; and you are off for your first camel ride. You say, "Ah!" this is good. I rather like camel riding. Don't whistle too soon. You are not out of the woods. That camel-boy has a chance at you. Nor are you safe from him till you are in your carriage. Then away you go—and if all has gone well—wave your hands with a loving farewell to pyramids, sphinx and our friend the bedouins. And especially the good old Sheikh who has helped you and himself at the same time.

Ah what a sweet, delicious drive that was, under the evening shades. The cool breeze swept from you the accumulated sands of the ages. You look lovingly on the Nile as an old, old friend. And when night comes, ten to one, you sleep like a log.

*I ought to have put in here something about Napoleon's "forty centuries."

## A DAY IN CAIRO

The pages of this book are as sandy as though winds of Araby the blest had swept over the Nubian desert, laden with yellow dust for you. That is just what's the matter. Section 2 of the Crusaders arrived a few moments ago and in the midst of a hubbub that reminds one of the Arabs on the streets, I am writing this.

After dreams of things that left the mind confused beyond description, I woke to find myself in Egypt. Had no other proof been needed, that crowd of donkeys and donkey-boys, and the wise, good dragomen, who wanted a little backsheesh to begin with, would open the eyes effectually. Yes, indeed, this is Cairo.

I had an idea that a ride upon a donkey was quite a formidable undertaking — not because the animal was frisky for it is not, but because it was so little. My friend Mustapha brought round his "monkey" (that was what the donkey boys called him) but the owner called him by his own name, Mustapha. There were ten in our party. Six of them were doctors of divinity. The rest were gentlemen. We looked like a circus strung out in a row. Away we went to see the town and "to paint it red."

It would take a thousand photographers to give a meagre idea of that ride. An old turbaned Arab, looking as wise and dignified as Haroun al Raschid (the rascal) led the procession. A donkey boy ran by the side of every beast, and gave his donkey's tail a twist whenever he slowed up. We rode three hours. One of the adventures of the morning was our irruption into a government school for boys, where we found English charts on the wall and all the boys studying English. Bright fellows they were, a mixed variety of races. They had bright smiles and a handshake and were proud of our visit. They read English for us in Arab style, which reminded me of the way we College boys used to try our skill on Hebrew and Syriac. We dropped in at the same old Mosque of the Sultan Hassan. I sat alone in the narrow passage-way of the central hall while the rest of the crowd went in. A strange pulsating sob rose and fell like the sad wail of a doomed soul. Was it the old Sultan or was it the faint echo of boys quarrelling at the door. We drove on. The cry was — "To the tomb of the Caliphs," Did we know what we asked. Out into the old Cemetery amid the ruins of old tombs and the ruins of new ones. The wind was blowing — the donkeys were flying — and the sand rose like a destroying angel and swept down upon us in awful clouds. We dared not open our mouths to speak — lest the oasis within would be destroyed in

an instant. To see — impossible. To hear even, why one's ears were stopped. Ye Israelites, I wonder not that ye were afraid before that great and terrible way of the wilderness and asked "Why have ye brought us to die in this wilderness." We asked the same thing of our donkey boys. The tombs of the caliphs lost all their glamor. Yes, we saw them — or rather tried to — but the cry was raised, "To the hotel. Back to the hotel." We fled before the dust as if it had been armed with swords. Its yellow powder covered us — eyes and ears were smarting. We had enough of tombs and caliphs and cemeteries — of the desert and its sands. But every trial has its gain. The thought of 3000 miles of it and camels and men crossing it — the thought is of itself almost enough to kill a man, dead.

We bargained to employ our donkeys at a shilling an hour. Our 90 minutes experience with the desert was hieing us home altogether too soon for our dragoman (the fellow couldn't speak a word of English) so he started our craft toward the bazaars, where the Natives do business.

Shall I describe them or have I already done it? For again and again we have visited the never ending kaleidoscope. In and out our donkeys wended their way. Here a flock of geese driven by their master: here the vultures swooping away from the carrion, here a drove of sheep going to the shambles, but every where the fez and turban. The married women wear the brass symbol of betrothal between their eyes and single ones are without it: the little curious crosseyed children point at the foreigners as they go by: the stores by the hundred are not so large as an ordinary show case window. We rode on through old broken-down ruins, for the Egyptians seem to have no idea of repairs: and past superb modern edifices that would have done credit to New York. It was a ride to be remembered.

At length after a difficult time of it, exxplaining to our Turk that we must go to our quarters, we dismounted and with a sincere regret I bid my gentle donkey "goodbye."

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Later on, in company with a friend, I visited the American Mission. It is located in a commanding situation, and most eligible, in the Ezbekieh garden. I met Dr. Giffen, whose first wife, Miss Galloway was an honored citizen of Due West. The gentlemen gave me the privilege of a visit to all the class rooms, and a chance to talk if I only could, with the five hundred pupils. I happened in at the "English" hour. It is wonderful how many languages these people speak. These children are taught both

French and English, and all learn to speak it more or less intelligently. In this Presbyterian school, about a fourth of the children are of Moslem parentage. All (the boys) wear the fez, whether Moslem or Christian.

The whitest of the children are Arabic or Coptic, but very many have Nubian and Abyssinian blood, and many decidedly negroes. On the streets there is every variety of color and shade of color, from purest white to intensest black. The mixed races very largely exceed the others in numbers The people are physically strong, and able to bear great fatigue. For three mortal hours, through sun and dust, those donkey boys kept by our side. We saw children carrying immense loads that seemed too great for a man. The amount of nearsighted, or cross eyed, or one-eyed people, or blind was truly tearful. This blinding desert sand, and the rimless fez are enough to account for it.

The linguistic ability of these Orientals is something remarkable. The little boys at school, of course, are taught several languages beside their own, and that is to be expected, but about the cities and even in the smaller towns, the wholly uneducated people pick up a little of several languages. Our guide in Alexandria made bargains for us with Greeks, Turks, Arabs, and for English, French and German people. This illustrates the condition of Palestine in the time of Christ. He certainly spoke Hebrew, Syriac and Greek, and probably understood and spoke Latin. So did the disciples and yet they were unlettered fishermen; that is, not taught in any but the Synagogue schools.

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## THROUGH THE DELTA

Late in the evening, on the last day of February, I took the train for Alexandria. The sun was hot. The air was filled with dust, so that an hour before sunsetting one could look at it without blinking. It had not rained at Cairo for a year. But every where the fields were green. The wheat and barley were heading. Tomatoes were still bearing. The fields were cleaned of cotton stalks, and these had been piled in great piles, to be used as a very poor sort of fuel. The new crop was being put in. Clover was in good condition for cutting, and it was being cut.

The fields stretched out to the horizon line. Every where they were intersected with irrigating canals. The main canals were wide and deep but lesser ones were only for field irriga-

tion. The shadoofs were busy, lifting the water. Men were in the fields plowing with oxen or mules drawing little wooden plows. All the ground was very rich. It was, indeed, a scene of rural beauty so far as splendid crops and level ground and good culture could make it so.

The whole country was exceedingly populous. Never were we without a vision of laborers as we gazed from the car window. The fallaheen were there in force; whether they were at work was another, and quite a different matter. An inordinate number of them were sitting down. But it is easier to sit down than to stand up, and it brought them nearer to the weeds that they were fingering out.

But all the land seems full of life of every sort,—camels, buffalo cows, sheep, geese, flocks of ibis, pigeons, cows, donkeys, mules and oxen. In all the fields, in the roads, everywhere, life swarmed. The population is as dense apparently, as any country I ever saw.

How graceful the date-palms were; long lines of them everywhere swept across the vision. And the orange groves were beautiful. Bananas flourished. It seemed strange to see these things and wheat fields and clover in such close partnership.

The farmers (it is fashionable to call them fellaheen) dwell in miserable little towns that resemble a dirtdauber's nest for roughness. Their houses are stuck together in as small a compass as little 10x12 houses can be crowded; all are made of sundried brick and roofed in with cotton stalks and trash and manure piles. People and goats and donkeys and chickens all seem to occupy the same quarters. From the railway windows, these pitiful little fellaheen villages, scattered thickly along the roadway, or off from it, are blots on the land-scape and pictures of direst poverty. Here again is a mystery, how such richness and such wretchedness can agree in one.

We had passed, on a superb bridge, the Oametta branch of the Nile and were nearing the Rosetta branch, when the sun went down. How full the roads were.

The day's labors were over, and as in more civilized lands,

"Homeward the ploughman wends his weary way!"

So here:-- every where they were hurrying home, men, camels, donkeys, boys, goats, cows, oxen, women: some to this little village and some to that. It was the one hour of the day, when happiness rested on all.

Through some large cities like Benha and Tantas, the railway carried us. In these were many European-looking stores and squares of homes and factories, but the villages of hogpens had their place even in the city.

And so, through the night we entered Alexandria.

In a single day I saw the desert and the delta. I do no longer wonder now, at some things that I read in Scripture—that darkness that might be felt: that series of miracles that involved the Nile: that lusting of liberated Israel for the fleshpots of Egypt: the power of Pharaoh over a peasant race: the story of Joseph: the horror of panic caused by a tempest on the desert. It is all natural and makes me feel that these Scriptures were written in situ. They are in every particular true to life.

And then, up there at Boulak I have seen old Pharoah himself.

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## ALEXANDRIA

I have had to-day (Mar. 1.) a busy day in Alexandria. I do not know when I have had a pleasanter. We were out, first, for a three hours drive over the city, taking in the business portion of the city: thence to the Khedive's garden and back to the beautiful central square where the late Pasha had placed his own esquestrian statue.

The business part of Alexandria is splendidly built There is no part of any city I have ever visited that surpassed it Massive, ornate, tasteful four story buildings for block after block meet the astonished eye of the visitor. He pinches himself and asks the question,—Is this Africa—or am I in Paris?

One thing is the first to strike an American,—the polyglott character of the signs. Here is a list I noted in a few blocks walk,—Arabic of course, and Greek exceedingly numerous, and Amharic, French, German, Latin, English, Italian, Armenian, Hebrew. It is an education just to walk along the streets. Almost every child knows several languages. Our guide chattered in English, Greek, Italian and French, beside his mother tongue, the Arabic, yet he told me that he could neither read nor write.

We stopped at the so-called Pompey's pillar. It is of no special importance to know who erected this splendid Corin-

thian shaft, but even the boot-black could not fail to wonder how it was ever placed there. The base is a simple block, some 12x15 feet square, and on this a column, 9 feet in diameter and 98 feet high, one solid piece, is set on end. Why the thing cannot possibly be done yet—there it is.

The Khedive's gardens were quite interesting: but most interesting of all were the old catacombs, down into which we clambered. Those locui once held tears and love with the bodies of the dead and in the central hall, Christians who dared not risk the light of day, nor not to praise God and hear his word.

What a strange scene that is along the Mahmoudieh canal, one side lined with palaces the other with those shocking mud hovels. How vividly the story of Dives and Lazarus appears, with such surroundings. I saw a beggar on the gate-way of the Khedive's palace. But Scripture scenes are everywhere. It was in such huts they lived. This man with his big skin bottle watering the streets was a familiar sight in Moses time. It was just such a donkey as I rode the other day, on which our Saviour was mounted when the people cast palms before him:—and here too are the palm fronds everywhere.

I visited the Arabic, Turkish, and Egyptian bazaars of Alexandria. Like those in Cairo, they are very small—and the streets are very narrow. It was a pleasant, good humored crowd we met. We went everywhere, shaking hands with the children, trying to talk with the men, watching them make hats, or shoes or picture frames, chaffering and chatting with them and trying to make purchases. We met with plenty of curious gazing, but with no rudeness or impolitness.

Our guide was a moslem. He was keeping the fast of Ramadan, along with the rest—and keeping it strictly according to the rule. He said he had been up from 2 a. m. and would taste nothing whatever till 6 p. m. But he would not discuss his religion with us. He was evidently sincere and honest in it and proved his faith by his works.

I noticed but very few camels in Alexandria. The city is more European by far than Cairo. European dress was far more common. In fact it was in the preponderance. While at Cairo it was the exception.

Toward night, tired with the day's wanderings, we entered a little boat and we were rowed out to the Friesland. A splendid Dredge boat was anchored on our right. A superb dry dock was on our left. Much shipping was in port. I am writing this in

State room 223. It feels like home. The local attachment has been formed.

It is Sabbath noon, (Mar. 3) a bright, beautiful, clear day. A sweet stillness is in the air, a long swell upon the sea.

I am sitting on the deck of the Friesland looking eastward. A town embowered in shubbery is climbing toward the top of the hill, just near enough to distinguish minaret and tower. These reach to the highest point of the horizon. Southward the land slopes off into low sand hills and then becomes only a little trace along the sky line. Northward, the sand hills slope down to the shore and sweep on out of sight. Aback of all, high mountain ridges rising into peaks and rounded crests, blue in the distance, make up this beautiful picture.

The town—it is Joppa,—the Joppa where Jonah paid his fare,—where Tabitha's good deeds and glorious resurrection have made woman's love a watchword,—Joppa, where Peter saw a heavenly vision, and learned the great truth that to the gentiles belong the gospel. A famous town is the old town of Joppa—it taught the old Jewish race that there must be preaching even to wicked Nineveh: and it taught the New Testament Christians the same glorious truth.

Those mountains are the mountains of Judah, round about Jerusalem. What memories crowd about us—what sweet glorious thoughts of the "good land" of which this was the picture: of this heavenly Jerusalem—"the golden"—named after the city that soon our eyes shall see.

I shall close the book to sit and think.

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## TO JERUSALEM BY RAIL

Yes, I am in Jerusalem. Here sitting in a room (21) in the Austrian Hospice, within the walls. It seems like a dream. I cannot believe that I am in the city hallowed by so many associations. Not a street in it—not a house that Jesus knew is here today—but what of that. It is his city. He wept over it. He loved it enough to weep for it. I can love it, in all its roughness—its fallen condition, its time of bondage.

But I hasten too rapidly. I remember I was anchored five miles out, with the Friesland; that all day I sat viewing the land afar off but not permitted to enter it. I know not for what reason. I think some said the boats would not come out until we drew nearer. Others said "it was too rough for landing," you can hear

anything. For my part I preferred it so. I would rather wait till tomorrow.

By late evening hour, our anchors were hoisted and the ship churned in toward shore,—a mile perhaps. We could see the windows and the people.

Then the boats came out! Such a time we had getting into them. The swells would lift even our great steamer, six feet in the air, while the little boats danced about like cockles. I do not know how I got in. I remember I was seized by a stalwart Arab and then two others had me in their arms, and I was afloat. With a song from the boatmen that was very melancholy in its cadences, we drew near to the promised land. Of all the 430 pilgrims, I was the 3rd to leap ashore. A guide at once summoned to us to follow and up flight after flight of steps and round a corner or two, and into two large square rooms with vaulted ceiling, rough in all conscience, "This" said our escort is the house of Simon the tanner." By a little outside stone stairway, right past the well, I climbed to the roof. It was a solid structure. It was by the sea-side. It was suitable for the business. I take it as true! Why not! Certainly it was from yon blue vale Peter's vision came, and here he surely was on that mission of healing.

But time was precious. We passed on, under springing arches and past old battlements hoary with age, that had come down from the crusader's time, out into the market place. It was crowded with a mass of Arab, Jewish and Christian humanity. As we passed on, we caught sight of comely faces: of buildings that were neat, if not ornate, streets that were creditable, and much that would interest if a stay could be had. As we drew near the station a hundred or more camels, all kneeling was a rarely curious sight.

I was indeed, sorry, at first that the 53 miles to Jerusalem must be a night journey, but now it is over, (it is midnight) I do not regret it. A moon in the quarter gave a romantic light. And the same Orion that Job mentioned 3000 years ago, trod the heavens, with the "dog" following after. On these rested the eyes of him who from these very hills declared "The heavens declare the glory of God" and "When I consider the heavens the work of thy hands."

Our train bore us through the broad plains of Sharon, stopping at both Lydda and Arimathea (Ramleh). We could see some splendid olive orchards and we were munching delightful oranges from the Joppa gardens.

After a little we passed into the hill country—long sweeps of hills like those of upper South Carolina.

We passed the hills and came up among the mountains. Rough, precipitous, rocky, far beyond my expectation. We crossed dry streams, for none were flowing. The old barren hillsides showed that the years had torn off the leafy covering and washed their soil down into the ocean. We saw no trees—save the olive orchards here and there—no human habitation. It was a scene of great and terrible desolation. Yet over it all the moonbeams cast their glamour and just chimed in with the psalms and hymns with which we praised God as we made the ascent to Jerusalem. Nothing can exceed in deep and solemn interest, that night ride through the mountains of Judah. Every cliff, every valley, every hillside, had its story. God's prophets, warriors, apostles, and martyrs had done wonders here. The caves in the limestone cliffs told us of the days when Israel hid from Philistia: the pebbles in the valleys were a reminder of the youthful David.

Well, we climbed up past the mountain crags into a broad and cultivated plateau. The olive groves thickened, the fields were covered with furrows. We were on the mountain top with Judah's capital close by.

Oh! these wretched tourists. They became a howling mob at the railway terminus. I was the last to enter Jerusalem, for others "stepped down before me" in the carriages. For a while I thought I was lost, without a comrade at midnight, in the midst of a strange people, on the outside of the city gates. But by some good fortune, I was at length wheeling away toward the city alone, to find that cousin "Sam" had secured me a room. Along a pathway of old houses, I reached the Damascus gate—and there was a short walk through the via dolorosa to the Austrian Hospice.

And now memories crowd in upon me—I have just crossed Gehenna,—the hell of the ancient Hebrews. Jerusalem is the name of heaven: Gehenna, of perdition—so near and yet so far.

I am to sleep tonight in Jerusalem. Think of it. I lay me down on my pillow,—a prayer filled me. Oh, Lord, meet with me tonight. Give thy beloved sleep and let my sleep be that of those who trust and love, as I do at this hour.

It is possible—that on this very spot my Savior lived—and hard to realize it—that I am in the city of Jesus, of David, of Melchisedec.

## ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM

This 4th day of March has been a wonderful day to me. I woke up after eight long dreamless hours. Above my bed was a crucifix. I knew that at last I had entered a strange and wonderful place. I am in an upper room, just such perhaps as the apostles met in, years ago. It is the breakfast hour and the coffee and eggs are soon dispatched.

The guide, Chaleel Awad, a handsome young Syrian of the Greek church, is ready. We step down into the streets and find ourselves in the Via dolorosa. This then is Jerusalem.

Whether the blessed Master ever went this way I know not.

The streets, the houses are old enough to have been the very ones he saw, but I suppose they are not. Things can grow very old in a century. Twenty centuries! The world can count but cannot realize them. But somewhere in this city the Master bore his cross,—not far away, I am sure—quite sure.

Step by step we traced the way. Here he met Simon of Cyrene. Here he fainted. Here the Jews cursed him. Here, a good woman wiped his brow. At length we reach the church of the Holy Sepulchre. How old is it? It is one of the very oldest Christian churches. We go in—and find it beautiful and ornate. I do not feel as many do, a revulsion of feeling. Indeed, it is far different. Idolatry, perhaps; to be forgiven surely when it has such an idol, has made much of the burial place. Here they lifted the crosses. Here they laid him out for burial. Here they buried him. You may call it tinsel if you wish that adorned these tombs. I call it love. Men did this, perhaps with mistaken zeal, but surely with abounding love. Grand is the dome above the sepulchre.

I have often heard that the sacred places were so crowded under this roof as to make one doubt the whole. I do not think so. There is much, very much superstition, and many of the sacred places are pointed out to you with a smile. "Oh, they are nothing," says the dragoman. But true prayer ascends here. The prayer that I offered under this dome for my dear children, my orphans, my church, my own poor soul, I am sure was heartfelt. Why should not these other poor Russian peasants be as earnest. The sepulchre, entered by only a few at a time, was truly a solemn place. A poor woman was kneeling at the shrine, her tears falling like rain as she kissed the cold stone. I was in-

terested in the tomb of Nicodemus. It was doubtless a real tomb. The rock was real. Why could not all be real? To prove that this church is the site of Calvary and was without the gates, they show you the remains of the old walls of ancient Jerusalem. These ruins are in the Russian Hospice. The monks have certainly some reasons for their faith and as such I am willing to accept it.

Out of this, through narrow streets we passed to one sacred spot, over the reality of which no doubt whatever hangs, the site of the temple area. Criticism itself acknowledges that this broad open space is the crest of Mount Moriah, that the valley we have just crossed is the Tyropean and that the temple of King Solomon and of Herod stood on yon open space. It is holy ground. It develops wonderful thoughts. It makes the heart quiver and tears come to the eyes.

We entered through a broad door-way into a not ill kept, neither well kept square of twenty or more acres. The first sight that caught the eye was the beautiful dome of the mosque of Omar. Before entering however, the feet must be tied up, not in the nice slippers we had at Cairo, but in pieces of gunny-bagging. Away we went slip-shodding into the Mosque. The exterior of this building is graceful enough, but not particularly impressive but the interior is grand beyond description. The glorious dome, in absolutely perfect taste, rises up above the head hundreds of feet, a gem in coloring and architecture. There it is stained glass. A dim religious light falls upon the one spot, sacred alike to Moslem, Jew and Christian. My soul was filled with an overwhelming sense of solemnity of—what—only a rock. But, such a rock! It was that rock on which the temple stood for a thousand years. There was the Holy of Holies, and within, the ark of the Covenant. It was there that Almighty God revealed himself to Israel: there was the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite—and there the angel stayed the pestilence. There, too, Abraham stopped with his only son Isaac and would have sacrificed him had not the voice bidden him to do his son no harm. May I never forget the solemn thought that filled me, and that continued with me when I entered the sacred shrine of the rock itself—a rough hewn cave in which doubtless for the long period of 3000 years there have been myriads of heart-felt prayers to almighty God. I did not need for the guide to tell me that David had prayed there.

The Mosque of El Aska did not hold me long, though it has a deep historic interest. I was delighted to go down under the temple Area, where stood old pillars, that probably belonged to

the first temple. Into the so called "stables of Solomon" our guide also carried us. They were well worth seeing. Oh, that this great hall of columns could speak, and tell us what they were and who placed them there.

Moving along the wall we caught visions of distant Olivet, of the brook Kedron, of the tomb of Absalom, of the valley of Jehosaphat, of the village of Siloam and of the far away mountains of Moab. For a moment we stopped at the Golden Gate, through which Christ entered on Palm Sunday. It is sealed up. The Moslems think that they will lose Jerusalem if ever it is opened again. Going out of St. Stephen's gate just by which the first martyr shed his blood for Christ, we met a wild mob of donkey-boys with donkeys. And every one wanted backsheesh, before we had mounted, and away we went with donkey boys belaboring the beasts, along the highway toward Jericho; the same way the master trod near two thousand years ago. It was a two mile ride, perhaps more, out to Bethany. The road lay along mountainous hills, with the ridge of Olivet under us. Away to the west was Moab. The fields where the stones would allow, were greening with young grain. No trees anywhere, but the olive. Rocks,—lime-stone—the whole earth seemed filled with them. If David loved all the stones of Jerusalem he had a big heart.

It was hard to realize the deeply interesting events connected with this highway, because of those donkey boys. But at one spot they left me alone, to torment the pilgrims in front of me,—it was the very place where the master saw the city and wept over it. From that point, Jerusalem does present even now a beautiful picture. Poor city, for 20 centuries her house was left unto her desolate.

We reached Bethany at last. The present Bethany is squalid and filthy, with ruins that they say is the house of Mary and Martha, and of Simon close by, but that which I wanted was the lovely view of deep ravines, of distant mountains, swelling hills, olive orchards and green fields. These thine eyes rested on, O Christ!

Deep down into the darksome sepulchre where Lazarus lay, I crept. It was enough to make one's heart ache for joy, to think that Christ could raise one dead out of that darksome place. He must have been much alive to climb those thirty slippery steps, up into the daylight, though the guide says, the exit was once in the valley and not on the hill top. A moslem owned the exit and to spite the Christians who prayed there, closes it. But a

Christian owned the hill top and bored a well down into it and placed these steps. Bethany—synonym of love, of hospitality, of resurrection: and to-day so wretched. But Bethany and Jesus live forever. Little, dirty, squalid, Arab village, you are glorious.

Our train passed back over the heights of Olivet! What memories! What visions! The Master passed along, over this hill! Yonder the waters of the Dead Sea glisten in the sunlight—there the valley of the Jordan. In those hills somewhere, and why not in yon amphitheatre aback of Bethany, shut in by the hills, he gathered his loving friends, and rose before them to the Father. There is a lofty building on the very crest of the mount—where tradition says he ascended.

We made our way down to the garden of Gesthsemane. A garden, trim, but not excessively so (a monk in charge) possibly not so neat as on the day the Master went there to suffer. The iconoclasts say that there is no reason to believe this is the real Gethsemane. Well, it had to be here somewhere and this seems the most likely spot for it. Thompson read for us the 26th chapter of Matthew. We felt the scene profoundly and heaven almost met us there. Prayers filled the heart and tears the eyes.

We passed on to St. Steven's gate through a band of miserable lepers,—holding out their stumps to us, to excite our pity. I had steeled my heart to the cry of backsheesh, often asked with a grin, as though even the beggars thought their importunity a good joke. But the plague of leprosy was too real. One could not shut up his compassion against such pleas as theirs. I thought how Jesus laid his hand—Oh horror—upon one of those wretched beings—and how he said to all that asked him "I will, be thou clean."

So we came to our room in the Hospice, through crowds of people of all shades and colors—women with their black veils and trousers, as at Algiers, but many more with faces exposed; men of every costume, but with most the outer garments were short, and trousers showing.

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## TO BETHLEHEM AND BACK

I have just returned from a delightful drive to Bethlehem.

The way lay out through the Damascus gate and through the

newer part of the city outside the walls. There was very much new building, and really neat structures too, going up. It is only the city within the walls that is squalid, outside all is 19th century.

For a part of the way the hills swept down into pleasant plains, comparatively free from rock, and here the green earth gave promise of grain harvest. The only trees to be seen were olive and none too many of these. Absolutely none other. I never saw a cultivable country more deserted of forest growth. It was in that particular the *ne plus ultra* of barrenness.

Nearer Bethlehem, the hills were rough and rugged exceedingly: the whole soil on many hills (almost mountains) was washed from the limestone rock. In others the rock piles built for terracing, or rock boundary fences, were six and eight feet thick and four to eight feet high and twenty feet apart. And yet they were quarrying rock! "They took up stones to stone him!" Nowhere need they take a step to get one. In our time, doubtless, the rocks were more numerous than they were when the Master lived on earth!

What life along the highway! There were hundreds of camels and great droves of sheep, and cows, and the ever present donkey—and as for people. Jew, Arab and Christian, in fez and plug, and turban, jostled each other on the highway.

We stopped at the rock where Elijah rested,—of course. And also at Jacob's sad mourning place where he buried Rachel. The tomb is there still—and Rachel too, they say. There is a village hard by called Zilzal by our guide. And a little further on we drove into Bethlehem.

We went at once to see the church of the Nativity—the oldest church on earth, and the one dearest to the heart of Christians. Down in the deep underground cave, they showed the spot marked with a silver star,—the words—in Latin—"Here, of the Virgin Mary, the Savior of the world was born." There were devout worshippers at the shrine and we were devout as they. I felt something of St. Jerome's spirit, whose cave we also entered, and where he studied and translated God's word, as near as he could get to the sacred spot.

Our guide carried us out and pointed out, in the fields beyond, the place of which it is said that there the angels met the shepherds. It is just such a spot as one would choose. And there, not only they, but half of Bethlehem might have seen the vision.

On the way back we stopped at the well that David longed

for, "the well by the gate." We drank and found the water fairly good. It was a home longing that David felt, for there is other water in Bethlehem as good.

I have no words to tell the pleasure I have experienced today. In all my history, there has been no day like it. I have often wished that my feet might be placed within thy walls, O Jerusalem! And now I am here. I am trying to realize the glorious names associated with this city, Melchisidec first!

Somewhere, near my room, tonight, he lived. Within a pistol shot of it, Abraham brought Isaac for sacrifice. Jonathan stormed these battlements and won the city. Joab lived here. David made it glorious. Solomon made silver like stones in the streets! And its streets are all stone. Good king Hezekiah and Josiah! Wicked Ahaz! Prophets like Jeremiah, Ezra and Nehemiah! JESUS! John, James, Peter and Paul—Oh, what a long list of glorious names. There is not a hillside that has not its history, nor a rock in its battlements. And I am here tonight! I hardly believe it. I look up and on a writing desk on the table I read the word "Jerusalem." Yes, this indeed the city of the great king! I took a stroll, a little while ago out to the "hill called Calvary." It looked in the moonlight much like a skull; it is covered with old ruins and Moslem graves. It has in it a cave more pretentious than the rest, hewn in the solid rock. It is near the Damascus gate. It overlooks the city. It is outside the city walls. I felt that heaven and earth were very near to that place.

How beautiful Jerusalem looked from this "Protestant Calvary," its lights shining in the distance. I liked the view. All the rottenness and filth and beggary were hidden by the cloak of darkness.

But even then, at the midnight hour, "backsheesh" was the cry. As we came in, just without the gate, a crowd of sheep huddled against the city wall. What seemed a black sheep lay among the rest. One of our "pilgrims" punched it with his stick, and lo! it was the shepherd.

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## GO ROUND ABOUT ZION

Early after breakfast a crowd of donkeys and donkey boys welcomed the "Samaria section" with a shout. I was soon on a donkey, one of the gayest—the nice comfortable saddle being

the attraction. Alas for the man that chooses his horse by inspecting the saddle. My donkey developed a propensity for usuing his forelegs to stumble with and his hind legs to kick with. And he was slow withal and quite a jolter at that.

Out of the Damascus gate galloped our long string of donkeys, and men and boys, and straightway we climbed the hill "called Calvary." It struck me from an early inspection of Jerusalem today that this site for the crucifixion is not well chosen, and that the church of the Holy Sepulchre is better. But I dare not touch this vexed question. This new Calvary is near by the so called grotto of Jeremiah. Across this hill, full of graves, we rode turning the northeast angle of the wall, here reaching the valley of Jehosaphat. Immense numbers of the Jews lie here. They believe that this is "the valley of decision" for the great day. Their slabs almost pave the hillside. Passing St. Joseph's gate and the rough hill covered with stones, where it is said Stephen met his death, and Paul stood holding the garments of them that stoned him, we descended into the valley. We passed the so called tomb of the Virgin Mary. The tower of Jehosaphat behind us, we stood close to the tomb of Absalom. Its cornice is ancient finish. It is partly hewn rock, and partly built of immense stones. There seems to be good reason to believe that this is the tomb that Absalom built for himself as we have read in the Scripture.

A little further on, of later Grecian architecture, are the tombs of St. James and of Zechariah, both being over a thousand years old. Leaving the gulley, called the "Brook Kedron" (it is as dry as a bone for it is only a gulley) we next pass the dirty fountain of the Virgin, which connects with the nearly dry reservoir, called the pool of Siloam. The long straggling, solidly built village of Siloam was to our left. The houses were all square with oval top. There was much good masonry. The wild clamor of a native school saluted us as we passed by. It is said the inhabitants are Moslem and "bad."

We were approaching the deep valley known as the Valley Hinnom—"Ge Henna". It was a deep rough gorge, mountainous indeed. Here we entered "the jaws of the earthly hell," attached to the ancient Jerusalem. Over against us was "the field of Aceldama" where from the precipice it was easy enough for Judas both to have fallen in the midst from one of the olive trees, and to have burst asunder. All the hillsides that were not too steep, were under excellent cultivation. Doubtless the vast mass of filth and ashes thrown down from the city and the immense burnings account for the deeper and richer soil. The

road wound in through the valley of Gihon, past Moses Montefiore's splendid new hospital and the railway station, to the lower pool of Gidon, where Solomon was crowned King. It is still perfectly seviceable but the water in it was low.

Here we turned the declivity of the hill, up to the great square building known as the tower of David. In the tower story is the tomb, and into this no one is allowed to enter. Above is the Coenaculum—the larger upper room where tradition says the last supper was held. The pillars that uphold the vaulted roof are exactly like those that are seen in the oldest part of the oldest church on earth—the church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. It is a neat and tasteful room, and it is barely possibly that it may be the spot. Certain it is, that from this spot to the real one, there can be but a few short steps. In this Jerusalem, the last supper was held before the walk out to Gethsemane.

The hall of Caiaphas almost adjoins the tomb of David. Here Christ was tried, only a few steps from the place of the supper. The building is new—the site may be the old one. In this building, which is now an Armenian chapel there is a large picture of the Baptism of Jesus, the only one I have seen in Jerusalem. He is standing with a loin cloth about him, while John pours the water on his head.

All the inscriptions on the grave stones here are in Armenian characters.

Still further on our journey we reached the Dung gate or gate of the Mogrebbins. The name is realistic. One needed to walk charily here. But I was on a donkey. On this lowly beast, bowing my head, I passed easily into the holy city. No lordly camel could in any wise pass through. It was a "needles eye" test. We now entered the Tyropean valley. On one side was Mt. Zion, on the other Mt. Moriah. From the heavy walls on the Moriah side, the base of a great arch abutted and part of its spring still remains. This was the ascent by which David went up to the house of God, and which left no more breath in the Queen of Sheba. My breath has been taken away at the innumerable steps up and down that I had to take. So after a most memorable ride we reached the bazaars. There was backsheesh, of course to be given to the boys, and the "good donkey" to be complimented. The walk through David's street was one to be remembered. There was every imaginable thing for sale in it. The street is narrow and the stores only little cabin rooms. Overhead the street is arched and closed in, with ventilator holes once in a while. What splendid vegetables they

had for sale, cauliflowers, cucumbers, English peas by the wagon load, Irish potatooes, everything that could be asked for. Eggs, chickens, delicious oranges, great lemons. The meats too, the fat tails of Syrian sheep were something to talk of but not too much for fear of a whistle. We did a little shopping outside the walls, where the Russian signs abound, and the houses are good. Away back in a quiet side street I found the post office. It was too primitive for a twenty-cottage village in America. I had hard work to buy a postal card or two and a postage stamp. I dropped my letters in a box outside the door with the fear that I would never hear of them again.

The last dinner was had at the Hotel, (The Austrian Hospice,) and a last sigh breathed in the city of Jerusalem.

Was I disappointed in it? No, indeed! It was just what I expected. I am more than sure that I am on holy ground despite these miserable backsheesh beggars.

What life these blind beggars sitting by the wayside give to the story of Bartimeus. How piteous the cry of the lepers "Pity me howadji, pity me. Backsheesh, howadji." Oh if only I could have helped them! Dear Jesus, pity these poor helpless creatures: and send them friends.

I see some tourists striking and pushing off the importunate. I could not do it. Disguised as they are in rags and filth, there is that within them that is made in God's image. Where I could, I threw them a penny, and where I had nothing more to give them, I gave them a kind word and a smile.

Farewell, Jerusalem. I have longed to see you. I have seen you and thank God. The memory will fill me with words all the days of my life.

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## TO RAMALLAH

I am in Ramallah.

How came I here? Ask Chaleel E. Awad, our guide, and the good stallion I rode on. Oh! but I ache tonight.

I am in the second story of the Greek Monastery. The floor and side walls are lime-stone slabs. In front of the door we walk out upon a flat stone-paved house-top. If accidentally one should walk too far he would step down twenty feet.

But I am going too fast.

I must first tell what sort of nine miles they were I passed over to get here. They were treeless and waterless. Olives, almonds, I saw no other tree but these. The people here have ruined their country by destroying all—literally all—forest growth. The seeds are rotted in the soil long years ago. They cannot come again, as with us, until they are imported. Until the Turks are driven out, no trees will ever be planted. The Christian nations of the earth should take this land in charge. There were many wide stretches of fields, but the rocks! I never saw so many since I was born. They are gathered into great mounds twenty feet high; piled up in walls 16 feet thick. The horses walked for miles on little broken pieces of limestone. One hill would be a mass of rock broken into all imaginable shapes. Just across the way would be a wide sweep of hills terraced to the top but all in grain, or olives or vines.

There were no running streams; no fences but the innumerable stone grading walls; no inhabitants; no trees, almost no villages, and save in these villages, no house. Once or twice we passed a man plowing an old wooden plow with an ox goad in his hand.

We journeyed out along an ancient paved highway from Jerusalem to Damascus. It grew worse and worse, all the paving having been broken up into minute fragments. The mule-path became the only highway, for the old road was too fearfully rocky to be used. In our Lord's time there must have been good roads here. Now, there is nothing for wheels, except the good roads about Jerusalem. These paths are a disgrace to civilization.

Here at Ramallah is a handsomely built town of 4000 inhabitants, all Christians. There are Catholics, Greeks, Episcopalians and Quakers, at work here. It is only nine miles from Jerusalem, and no roads to it! Amazing lack of enterprise!

Our journey lay through a region that 3000 years ago was rich in cities. There were Gibeon, Kirjathjearim, and the other Gibeonitish cities. We passed by the site of Geba. We passed Mizpah, "the watch-tower" leaving it to our left. From its summit the Mediterranean is visable. Jacob and Esau had a meeting here. Here Samuel held court—and here he gathered all Israel prior to a terrible battle with the ill mannered Philistines, when heaven rained hail-stones on them. Ramah too was passed, where Rachel made lamention for her children.

The day was perfect. A blue haze was on the far away hills

that rose and fell like mighty waves of the sea, that marched in pairs or groups across the landscape. The ride was a delightful one, one long to be remembered. The earth was growing green, the breath of flowers once in a while filled the nostrils. The only drawback was the poor steed I rode. Perhaps I'll like him better later on.

As usual, our party of twenty-five created a sensation. As we entered about sunset we found the streets lined with people, all saying "good morning" and giving us a pleasant smile as we passed. How favorable is the showing for Christianity. A decent, nice, clever town is Ramallah.

Our dragoman gave us a fine five course dinner, tonight, soup, veal and asparagus, chicken, custards and fruits. We enjoyed it and his luscious tea. We voted him heartiest thanks. At the close of the tea, Dr. Brett was elected chairman, Mr. Samuel Jacob, secretary. We had from Dr. Martin an account of Bethel to be visited to-morrow: then the experiences of Jacob at Bethel were read. "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung and Dr. Hammer offered a prayer for our dear ones at home.

I have found thus far, my fellow travellers of the Samaritan section most agreeable companions. Seven of us are from the South, Dr. Quigg of Conyers, Ga., Drs. Morris, Monk, and Glover, Macon, Ga., Dr. Caldwell of Hazelhurst, Miss., Dr. Thompson of Charleston and the writer. The Northern men are all gentlemen of ability and to me most kind and courteous.

We must all sleep well to-night, for we have eight hours in the saddle tomorrow.

The little children of the village heard us singing, and of their own accord they sang in Arabic, "Come to Jesus."

One good brother reported to-night that his experience at Ramallah had converted him to faith in Foreign Missionary Work. Ramallah proves its value.

## 23

### Through Benjamin

With the sun shining warm in the heavens, this sixth day of March, after five hours of horse back riding over the roughest fifteen miles of road I ever saw in my life, but (let me mention the blessings) after a delightful cold lunch, tapered off

with nuts, dried figs and oranges of Jaffa (none more delicious), I am now reclining on the green grass, near the spring of Luban taking breath before three more hours shall bring me on to Shechem. A great swelling hill is at my back, (the south) while before me, five others like huge halved melons, several hundred feet in height, shut in the north. Around me the twenty-five pilgrims and dragoman, servants and horses are enjoying their siesta.

We came out of Ramallah at 6:30 a. m. entering at once on the same mountainous scene that made yesterday's ride memorable,—only more so! For miles that made me awful tired and sore, one hill followed another, the valleys between being exceedingly narrow. The hills grew higher, and became mountains, almost to the border of Benjamin. Some were only a few hundred feet above the level. Others must have reached a thousand, but all were utterly barren of trees, with great limestone ledges, cropping out every where, looking indeed as if they were the result of ancient terrace work. There were olive groves, and some magnificent fig orchards. But with this exception, the whole landscape is absolutely treeless—not a shrub even:—there was grain planted wherever the land could receive it, or could not—and there were innumerable bright little flowers, like those that grow in Spring in our own Southland, but bushes, trees, none—literally, absolutely none!

In places the great rocks, like awesome ruins, stood out on the hillside. In others the solid earth was heaped up with stone. Yet others were splendid level amphitheatres as rich as the gardens of Paradise. The absence of water was noticeable, The road was horribly rocky, stony, slippery, rough, breakneck, beyond description. No wheel could pass over it. Of water save in little fountains like this one, which was a "Sitna" of strife between our servants of the caravan, there was none—no not enough for immersion. The thought of getting into one of their pools is horrible. They are as filthy as the streets of Jerusalem. We do not appreciate sufficiently the sanitary regulations of Moses, in regard to clean and unclean things. The Jews, the world, needed to be taught a lesson. And this land needs it, today.

About two hours ago (six miles) the scene changed; the hills became lower, the valleys wider, the grass greener. Our resting place is in hated Samaria.

There were a number of points of very great interest in this day's ride. One hill was crowned with a miserable old building.

That was all that was left of Bethel—where Jacob had his dream and where so many scenes occurred in later Israel; as the prophet said it should be, it is now a ruin.

Ai is about a half mile distant from Bethel. It is a "heap of stones and a desolation, forever." The stones are there, beyond a doubt, and the desolation.

We passed Shiloh, not long since. It too is no more, It stands on the side of a valley that winds down among the mountains to the Mediterranean.

In the afternoon the ride was severely taxing. Every bone ached. We had a delightful day, however, and everywhere nature smiled.

The great mountains spread farther apart as we neared Nablous.The valleys smiled green with the growing wheat. Reminding us of the "fields whitening for the harvest." Olive orchards became more numerous. Little villages with square topped houses were seen on the sides of the mountains. Women were in the fields, weeding the grain, with their cradles and babies close beside them. I was so tired that we seemed to be an interminable time in skirting along Mt. Gerizim, made beautiful by the beatiful haze that screened it fom us. How clear the air was! It grew cooler, too. We were higher up to the heavens.

A sweet and sacred pause was made at Jacob's well. An old crusader's church had been built over it. The ruins were there still. We descended into the substructure of the church, lit a match and glanced down into the way. It was a solemn thought that came to us, of Jacob whose pillar we had found at Bethel, being so near to us. Away yonder in the past he had made the well, and after nearly four thousand years, we find it still in existence. Our blessed Lord was surely here. It is something to have been in a place, hallowed by his footsteps.

Joseph's tomb is in full view, in the piece of ground his father gave him—and a beautiful piece it was. We rested a while and submitted ourselves to shots from the kodaks in the party and then passed on in close ranks between the great mountain ridges of Ebal and Gerizim. They are magnificent specimens of architecture in the shape of mountains. But I was very unwell. I saw that the roads were good about Shechem; that the town now called Nablous (from its ancient name Neapolis) was large, fairly well built, and that its inhabitants didn't seem exceedingly glad to see us.

We were lodged in the Greek Convent a massive stone building. From the house top a magnificent view was had of the city (18000 inhabitants) and of the two far famed mountains, between which it lies.

There is one evidence of civizilation, very apparent in the telegraph wires to Nazareth and other places. But the people seemed rather unwilling to see us. Our dragoman warned us to be careful, or we might get some Mollem stones thrown at our heads. Nothing upleasant occurred.

When we were ready to take our start the next morning, a score of miserable lepers came to beg "backsheesh." It was enough to excite pity, just to see the poor wretches, rotting creatures. As they pressed in among the strangers, they were driven off with horror,—for fear of contamination—and yet Christ laid his hand upon the leper. None of our party would have done any such thing.

## 24

### Through Samaria.

We are resting under the olive trees, five miles beyond Samaria. The day is a lovely June day (it is the 7th of March). We have eaten lunch, and now we turn for a discussion on politics. I am decidedly better to-day and rejoicing that I am not left alone in the city of Shechem sick and helpless. Blessed be God for all his mercies, thus far upon the journey. It is a question however how that fourteen hours ride, to-morrow is to come out.

We were all in the saddle by 6:45 after a good breakfast. The ride out of Nablous was through a delightful region of country. What a glorious ride it was. Never once were we out of sight of some splendid scene. Again and again as we crossed a mountain top, we saw the distant Mediterranean. Ploughmen with their wooden ploughs were busy. We passed caravans of long trains of camels, one of twenty five, one of thirty seven, the camels all tied to each other in single file, and led and followed by an Arab on a donkey. One caravan of camels was loaded with bags marked "Egypt." Singularly enough, we passed it at Dothan.

The dark skinned ugly natives had a smile or a "goodmorning" or a "Salaam aleikoon" for us, as we passed, but oftener their salutation was "backsheesh."

The roads were good for a while, mills turned by little streams were frequent, donkeys loaded with weeds would have to get out of the way for us, for the road often was a mere track over the mountains.

The main road became a by-path. It wound about dizzy heights and along narrow edges. A slip of the foot and we would have been lost. But custom makes men careless. I found myself drowsing in the summer air while my horse was slowly picking his way over rocks and along the ragged sides of lofty peaks, with splendid amphitheatre-like valleys spreading for many square miles, five hundred to a thousand feet below me.

We reached the miserable little village of Samaria, not worth turning aside to see, but the memories and ruins of the ancient city make one willing to tread the by-paths of the mountains to see them. Omri certainly had an eye for the fitness of things when he bought the hill of Shemer and founded the city of Samaria. Its highest point is a grand plateau, the site of the citadel and of Ahab's palace. Away below in the valley, were a few pillars, still standing, of the ancient hippodrome near the Jaffa gate, where lepers discovered that the Assyrians had fled. We rode along the splendid colonade of Herod. I counted seventy pillars still erect. Many more were prostrate and many so deeply buried that only a small part was shown. What a magnificent city ancient Samaria must have been. It brought us very close to that past to see remnants of Herod's work. The ruins of the church of St. John built during crusader time, were exceedingly interesting, also. A moslem school was in progress in it.

We left Samaria, passing through a wild and mountainous region. It was a region of olives and figs. I saw one tree resembling the black haw, the only tree other than figs, olives, almonds, palms, oranges and lemons, that I have thus far seen in Palestine. The country is wasted. The gradings are built of the ancient ruins of Samaria. It is easy to understand how most of the towns are gone to little boulders. Fire and limestone account for it.

One can understand also how it happens that the arch is so common for the housetopps and the second and third story floors are made of stone. There is nothing else to build them of. I have seen about 20 planks since I reached this country. There are no fireplaces. There is no wood to burn. And fortunately the weather does not demand it.

The afternoon ride was much harder than the morning, because we—that is I—were more tired. We came, through a much more beautiful country. The mountainous hills spread farther apart and the plains became more fertile.

We reached Dothan. What memories of the ancient times came to us. In these broad and fertile valleys Joseph suffered sale to a passing caravan. Yonder is one, now. It was on those rounded heights, so harmless there in the skies that one of the most singular and suggestive miracles of Elisha occurred when he would have the young man's eyes opened, to see that the hill was filled with horses and chariots of fire.

The summer sun painted the wide stretch of fields, a brilliant green. The lazy peasants were *sitting* in the wheat, pulling out the yellow clover. A shepherd in his striped robe, with his few sheep following, was quietly moving along the hill-side. How different from the scene when the blinded Syrian army were led within the walls of the city of Samaria.

We reached this town of Jenin at five o'clock, and were scattered out among the houses of the people, The town has an unsavory reputation, but our host is a Christian. We are in a rough square room, cement floor, arched ceiling, the whitewash fearfully dirty and suggestive. I fear there will be fleas to night, to which Ramallah was not a circumstance.

One of the little girls of our host's sister's family is bright eyed and pretty. The women of the family are filling the door. There are seven bright little children. We have been trying to teach them English, how to count, the parts of the body, our names and they have been giving us Arabic names for the same.

We have also tried to develope the class by singing for them, but we cannot bring them to it. They have a vast amount of curosity.

With the hour of six came an experience of the evening. The minaret of the Mosque was lit up with a double row of lamps, a gun was fired: at once, in a well modulated clear voice came this loud-sounding call of the Muezzin, "I testify that there is no God but God, and that Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayer. It is better to pray than to eat. It is better to pray than to sleep." Three great truths and one lie. Alas that one lie should have spoiled the ointment.

Time came for our jolly meal. Table d'hote! Think of it here in the wilderness.

We returned early to our hole in the wall for sleep (?) Seven women and girls waited at the door to see the brethren well tucked up in bed. A little backsheesh got them to go and the door was shut. What happened then?

The fleas begin to bite early, and our room-mates to scratch. I am flea-proof.

At midnight there was a melodious tin pan concert for our benefit. Thanks, Moslem.

At 2 a. m. the cock crew.

At 3 a. m., a donkey, this was a real donkey, not a metaphorical one. Adjoining Bro. Quigg's bed, raised his sweet voice on high. It was very kind of him.

At 4 a. m., we arose to "take up our carriages and go."

Ramallah is a Christian town. Jenin was a Moslem place. There is not much difference in population between the two, but the difference between the kind of people is wonderful. Sweet "good mornings", hymns of praise welcomed us to the one; ridicule, tinpan concerts and the like were our welcome to the other. At Jenin, however, we met with some Christians. A young Greek physician, a graduate of the Beirut College, was particularly attentive. Our hosts also were Greek Catholics, and though curious in their gazing they were still very clever. Beside the donkey, there was an American sewing machine in our room. We never would have expected to see such in Palestine and least of all in Jenin!

## 25.

### Jenin to Tiberias.

We were promised for today a forty mile ride, to help make up the one hundred and fifty that is to be done before we see the ship. We were up at 4 a. m. but it was 6 o'clock before we got away from Jenin, one of the horses having taken it into his head to gallop back toward Nablous.

We have now descended into a broad plain, a beautiful valley spreading out before us shortly after leaving Jenin. The morning was fresh and bright. When the sun was fully up, there stood Gilboa to the right, the scene of the battle that ended in the death of Saul To the left was Carmel, a dark cloud

hanging about its head. To the north-east we caught a view of Nazareth, nestled among the hills, while Jezreel, made infamous by crimes of Ahab and Jezebel, lay just before us.

Presently, after leaving the miserable mud hovels of Jezreel, passing just beyond it, a scene of unspeakable beauty burst upon us. A wide and well cultivated valley away below us stretched out under the eye, while the range of Gilboa, apparently in touching distance, was miles away. As we passed down the hill the "ladies" of Jezreel, each with a dirty gown on her back, and a pair of pants on, for the men wear dresses and the girls pants in this country, were either going to the well at the bottom of the hill, three-fourths of a mile down or were coming with great water pitchers on their heads, holding about "6 firkins" each. The scene was a lively one, about a hundred girls being thus engaged, while there were shepherds with their sheep and cows with their calves, making quite a pastoral scene. But "beautiful" is the only word that will describe the valley. I do not wonder that it is the coveted prize of all this land, and that the bedouin comes hither, because he can seize and destroy and plunder.

We passed on down into the valley, meeting along the wayside shepherds wearing striped robes "going before their sheep" For miles we journeyed across fair and beautiful Esdraelon, skirting the sides of little Hermon and drinking in the lovely scene with delight. First we entered a village of mud huts, passing between high cactus hedges, several feet higher than the horsemen, and in some places arched overhead. The "houses" were built of rock piled up apparently by children, in all shapes decorated with cakes of camel's manure mixed with straw. It was the most mournful attempt at house building I ever saw. Poor Digger Indian looking people came out to ask for "backsheesh." I asked the name of the village and they told me "Shunem." It is a memorable name in the Bible history—but I looked in vain for an upper chamber. The city of Shunem was and is not.

Passing out from crooked streets of mud huts and thence once more winding along little Hermon with that wonderful plain on our left, we saw Nazareth full before us. Turning the flank of the mountain, we suddenly came upon beautiful, rounded, woody Tabor. "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name!" There they stood over against each other. To our right was the little village of Nain. I am glad we did not go into it, if it be at all like Shunem. The bright broad plain.

shining with innnumerable flowers, stretched out before us. One could see that our Savior's heart learned here to love flowers, which in his love he declared were so beautiful that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Every foot of this valley he traveled over; and from yon Nazareth he surely crossed to this Nain. Nor could he have failed to admire this grandly beautiful Tabor.

Right across the plain we galloped wildly for a mile or more, where the Master travelled slowly. A herd of deer sprang out across the path and a wild shout followed them.

We drew to our halting place under the side of Tabor, at twelve o'clock. For the first time we found low scrubby oaks about us. All through the Esdraelon, not a tree was in sight anywhere, not an olive nor a fig. Here we left the great plain behind us.

The spots visited to-day have been historic. All the nations of the earth have contended upon this plain. And there it is said, the battle of Arma-geddon is to be fought.

But lunch is dispatched, tapered off with some delightful oranges of Jaffa and the cry is "To horse! To horse!"

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The afterooon ride carried us through an entirely different variety of scenery. We first passed slowly up and down through ragged hills, with orchards of oak trees, old, large and evidently carefully trimmed for wood. The path was rough and narrow.

Soon, however, we came to long swelling ridges, with sweeps of table-lands, miles in extent. All was suitable for cultivation. Now and then we saw a half mile square of stone boulders, some round, some square. To me, the evidence was clear, that a great walled town had here gone under.

There was but little of the land under cultivation where at one time not less than three millions of people were sustained. We saw not one town or village or residence in our fourteen miles of riding. It seemed as if God were keeping this land desolate for a good purpose. What a fearful contrast with its condition 2000 years ago.

On turning a corner of one of the elevated hills, the cry was raised "The sea! The Sea!" For us tourists, there is only one sea. It was *the* sea, to which we were drawing nigh, that has more love bestowed upon it than any other water on the face of the globe.

I expected to be disappointed and disillusioned, but I set it down here, that never in my whole life have I seen so beautiful a vision. There spreading out near a thousand feet below me was a calm blue lake. Beyond in tints of grey and blue were the Gadarene mountains; the sun was in the west, and it threw all over the bright green sward betwixt us and the sea, the loveliest shades imaginable. The sky was intensely blue and made to seem yet more so, by the white clouds that swept over it and cast their long black shadows on sea and land. The air was crisp. The curves of every hill were graceful. It was worth coming 6000 miles to see such beauty. Added to the natural loveliness of the scene were the hurrying emotions arising in the heart. As I sit here on the portico of the Greek Monastery, looking out upon the sea thoughts arise of the blessed Master whose life of glorious loveliness is inwrought into the history of this lake. On these waters, he walked. All around its shore, he preached. There now hangs a storm cloud over its rippling surface, and the rain is falling. The Gadarene hills are shut out from view, but the same "sweet peace" that filled me yesterday, when I saw the lake in its brilliant beauty, still fills me with delight. I think of the Master saying to these troubled waves, "Peace, be still." The few white buildings of Capernaum were in sight yesterday, the hills where the demoniac met Christ is full in view. Little boats are on the lake. They have just carried our party out. But I was last night again in the hands of a powerful chill and a burning fever, and feel it better to rest this morning. I almost hear my Master's voice. No where in all my travels have I felt so near to him.

Yesterday in descending the hill towards Tiberias, again we crossed the ruins of a great and ancient city. Tiberias presented a beautiful appearance to the eye. We passed in through the ruined crusader's walls—made of small stones,—like two ancient castles of the same period, passed on our route hither. The filthy streets of the city and mean houses, if houses they be called, look more like piles of rock than houses. The entryway to the houses remind us of the innumerable caves seen during this journey. The streets are narrow,—the walks are about six feet wide, the path for brutes, about 30 inches. It is a mean miserable place. But many of the children were pretty and

white but not clean. The town was long in possession of the Crusaders, and that may account for the color of some of these children but the others are purely Jewish. The population at present is two thirds Jewish. The Greek Catholics have a footing, and their hospice in which we now are, is a good one.

There is, I rejoice to say a Presbyterian mission.

There are a few palms in the city,—two in sight from this point where I sit.

In a few short hours, I turn my back on sweet Galilee.

Even under the rain cloud of this morning, it looks beautiful. A flock of pigeons is feeding on the grass at my feet. Yonder are ducks on the water. A shower of rain is sweeping across the north end of the lake. Jesus loved this lake. His last appearance as recorded by John occurred here. Perhaps I am looking at the very spot. Some superb fish, I saw at the water side this morning, reminded me of those he had broiled on the coals for Peter.

I ought to have mentioned that we passed the Horns of Hattin, where the sermon on the mount was preached, probably in the valley between the two horns of the mountain. Here the cause of the Crusaders went down. From the elevated plateau we caught beautiful views of snow-capped Hermon, on whose sides the Lord was transfigured—and the mountains of Lebanon.

And now, farewell sweet Galilee.

I have spent the morning by the quiet seaside, watching the waves playing upon the shore.

26.

I am seated on this Sabbath (March 10) in Nazareth looking out on the hills and dales, that became exceedingly familiar to the eyes of the Christ, in boyhood and manhood. It was here that he was rejected, and to this town he never more returned. But he never loved place more, if the truth appears in the present condition, for this is one of the most Christian villages in this land.

It was with a loving, longing look that I walked along the shores of the sea of Galilee yesterday morning. I was alone. Far off to the North, I saw the snowy Hermon; just across the sea of Gadara; little boats with their white sails shone against

the blue of the distant hills five miles to the South, and to the North the little speck of Capernaum, half hidden in the mist. A wind had swept across the sea and waves were beating on the shore. The pebbly beach, with little shells innumerable was hard to walk on. But the Master doubtless trod these. It was sweet to be alone with him, and meditate on his great and glorious life.

How sad was the lingering glance cast back as I slowly climbed the hill. Again and again the eye and the heart turned thither. I will carry the memory with me, for I shall never see Gennesareth more. But I shall see Jesus.

We passed the crest of the mountain in the face of a blinding rain. "The rains descended, the winds blew and beat upon" us. Only glimpses could be taken of the Horns of Hattin as we passed it, while Tabor was visible through the mist, but those words came sweetly "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." May that blessing be ours.

And now for fear of more rain it was a rush across plain and hill. For a long while, we were trotting with difficulty along the wet foot-path. No house was in sight. The mountains some miles away on either side were barren, rocky, and covered with low brush.

We must see Cana of Galilee. It was among the hills and thither we turned. The road was rough, the paths were steep and full of rocks, but our nags climbed well and ceaslessly.

In Cana, a Catholic (Greek) Church covered the so called site of the miracle. Our road led us between many horrible mud hovels, some of which were like children's play houses. We reached the fountain. Ah, here we have a place to be relied on. From this spring they must have drawn the water that filled the water pots.

The way wound on. Far off upon the mountain top, we saw a distant well built house. An hour's riding over the hills and dales, brought us to it—it was rough riding over a good—a thoroughly good road. We climbed up to the mountains, and there spread out before our eyes, very beautiful for situation—was Nazareth. The town was scattered as much as a modern city of 10,000 inhabitants. But more than the city the hills round about caught my eye. It was on these the Master gazed. They are here, just as they were 2,000 years ago. The people and the houses are all changed. And yet this morning, as I wandered about the city, I felt that Christ was blessing it.

We went, of course, to the spring, from whose rim, many a time, he must have drank: to the chapel where, they say, stood Joseph's shop: to the old synagogue where he was rejected: and hard by a precipice where they might have cast him down.

But most delightful of all was that half an hour spent in the Protestant church (Episcopal) where were gathered bright children, and good looking women for the service. The streets were fearfully muddy from rain, and some were filthy, but many are well paved and clean. One finds dirt in every city, I do not think Nazareth has more than its share. It has many bright people in it, and modern houses, and when it gets the railroad, which is near by, now, these bright Christian people will show the world a sight. Just wait fifty years.

Here we had our best lodging since leaving Jerusalem. I am glad it was so. I wanted a pleasant memory of Nazareth and despite mud and rain, I have it.

How sweet sounded the church bells in this dear old city. The home life came back upon me with a rush, and the thought that over vast areas of God's earth the bells were ringing. Neatly dressed children were going to the catechism class. Unveiled women were walking the streets. The houses were better. One could endure to live in Nazareth.

But the one great thought that must have overwhelmed every thinker is—how could it possibly happen, that a child raised in this town, and amid such a class of people,—could suddenly have developed into the mighty Christ, and then have revolutionised the world. I am amazed beyond description! It is enough to amaze.

Another thing that pleased in this memorable city was that on the Sabbath morn, the bazaars were closed.

## On The Way Out

We left Nazareth on a rainy morning. For my part, I was so sore with the week's ride that I was glad to know there was a highway down to Caifa that was fit for wheels. The road is a good one, except in rainy weather. We found much mud in it.

As we passed out from the city, the rain descended. The curtain had to be shut down and the view was shut out.

But presently the sun shone out and to our left was that

marvellous scene of beauty, the broad bright plain of Esdraelon. All was under cultivation. Away off was Gilboa, and to the right, distant Mount Carmel, a building marking the place of Elijah's sacrifice, being often visible.

Several villages were seen along the way. The general appearance was much that already mentioned as characterising Palestine.

We lunched as Jeda. Here was one tolerable house and about it a collection of miserable mud huts in which the poor creatures lived. Who are these peasants? Jews, they are not. Arabs? No, they are not fair enough. Ishmaelites? Canaanites? It is possible. Never will their condition be improved till some Christian power takes hold of this country and Christian philanthropy has a right to work among them.

We skirted the long range of hills called Carmel, while flocks of cattle and sheep and camels feeding were very plentiful.

After half the evening was over we suddenly came on two paralled bars of iron. Civilization in the form of a railroad was penetrating the country. We had gained a sight of the coming Missionary.

At a fine railway bridge across the River Kishon, I was crossing the river on a plank when I slipped and fell in. No, let not my dear friends suppose that I was fished out limp and lifeless. I jumped out from the middle of the river to the bank in quite a lively style. Still it was very unpleasant to be wet above the ankles; and to have to ride into Caifa in that condition. I have no pleasant recollections of the "Ancient River". if river it might be called that in America would not aspire to the dignity of a name.

The mountains along the way were in many places covered with a forest growth. Scrubby to be sure, but nevertheless a fair sight to see.

We reached the city Caifa in good time and after a little while were quietly resting in the Hotel Carmel.

I have just taken a short walk through the "German Colony." Oh, but it makes one feel good to see neat Christian houses, gardens, a broad street, genteel people, ladies, men, children, nicely dressed, walking and driving. I feel as if there was hope for Palestine, if not from this poor down trodden, "backsheesh" race that fills the land with beggary.

And now, as I look back over the trip, I cannot help but wonder that there should be so little said of the beautiful scenery of Palestine. Later on, in the sere light of a heated summer, it may be dreary, but now there is a wealth of loveliness in it. I have not once, since entering "the land" opened mine eyes at any moment on the landscape, but that some scene of beauty was there before us. If crags and rocks and rounded mountains, snow capped summits, ravines and caves, ruins, broad valleys, distant visions of the sea, flowers innumerable and beautiful, flocks of sheep, long lines of camels, a bright blue sky and fleecy clouds, all changing with kaleidoscopic variety can make a scene of beauty, then Palestine is beautiful. Neither is the land exhausted. In no mountainous country, are the mountains cultivated. Neither the Alps nor the Alleghanies are under the plough. A large part of the Holy land is mountainous, or made of mountainous hills. We have ridden more than 200 miles through the land, and at any time a half dozen or a dozen were in sight. But between were rich luxuriant valleys and even the hill sides were terraced and set in olives. I am convinced that agriculturally there is a great future for the land and under a good government it could sustain five or ten times its present population. As soon as the forest growth can be restored the streams will flow again: the rain will be more regular, and Palestine may again be what it was in the days of the Psalmist.

A very agreeable disappointment was to find so many Christians here—In almost every town, except some of these miserable little mud hovel villages we have found a church or a convent. Some of the towns like Nazareth, Bethlehem, Ramalah, Caifa are almost wholly Christian. It is true much of this Christianity is superstition in the extreme, but it is a pleasure to hear a man say cheerily in answer to the question "Are you a Moslem?" "No, I am a Christian."

I am resting today after the hard labor of nine days in Palestine, in the town of Caifa or Haifa. It is a place of six or eight thousand inhabitants, situated at the base of Mt. Carmel, on the bay of Acre. Across the bay from the roof portico in front of my room, I can see the city of Aiiho or Acre. The land sweeps round in a semicircle so that ships, coming to an anchor here, are somewhat sheltered. But the landing is through the surf.

I had a short ride through the town, and from its appearance am impressed decidedly in its favor. The houses are more

modern and better kept. Like Nazareth, they are not crowded closely together. Carriages can pass through many of its streets. The German colony here is considerable: the houses, semi-European in style, are commodious and tasteful, and are arranged along a well paved boulevard. They have a church, a school, and hotel. Carmel, in which I write this, is in the colony.

Nearly all our party have suffered more or less from sickness on this trip. Most of them have colds. Quite a number have had chills and fever; some cholera-morbus, and others dysentery; all are sore from the ride. It was very hard and very heavy. But it paid. I have a better impression of the Holy Land than I had before, and a more favorable one. Nearly all the points of interest have been visited. Some of these views can never be forgotten: the tomb of Lazarus, the Hill Calvary, Gethsemane, Olivet, the crown of Samaria, the plain of Jezreel, Dothan, Tabor, Nazareth from the mountain top, and the sea of Galilee. How these will linger in the memory. We had no fleas. We met no robbers. We had no rows with the muleteers, beyond a little natural disorder: we had good fare: we met only kindness from the natives: every little chap in the country would say "backsheesh" but they often did so just for the fun of the thing and often with a laugh. Poor lepers! poor cripples! They begged, but they needed to. And those poor little children living in mud huts, they might be saved, if only somebody would take hold of them. God pity and save them. Twelve dirty little girls at Jeda, yesterday, all with their hands stretched out, saying "backsheesh" their faces tattooed, and scrambling over a piece of bread offered to them. The greatest enemy I met in Palestine was malaria, and that in the water. We touched all water with fear and trembling. Half of our party are more or less unwell, while my suffering on two nights was great.

Yet it has been a privilege to visit Palestine, in the way I have done it. Soon all the romance of the trip will be gone. The railway, even the carriage way will greatly alter the conditions of sight seeing. As to those fearfully conditioned peasant villages, may God sweep them out of the land.

## BEIRUT, SYRIA

Last evening, with a farewell glance at Mt. Carmel, before sundown I was aboard the Friesland, for at about 2 o'clock, the news reached us that a ship had been sighted. I went up on

the house top, and there it was forging ahead toward the anchorage. The steamer had grown quite dear to us as a temporary home. "Grand old ship," "There's the jolly Friesland," "Hurrah for the Friesland," were some of the expressions of enthusiastic welcome. As our little boat made her way toward her, the steersman presented his request for "backsheesh! backsheesh!" But with a grin he had to respond with "Emsheesh!"

The band played Dixie for us as we climbed the gangway; our fellow citizens of the Friesland welcomed us with a shout, while we dived down into our staterooms to rejoice over letters from home.

I went to bed quite early, as, indeed, I intend to do tonight. I remember waking up once and finding the steamer in motion. But when I awoke again she was quietly at anchorage before Beirut.

Quite early we were on deck. The sun was shining gloriously over the coast of mountains, while behind them Lebanon had put on her white raiment of snowy glittering apparel, whiter than any fuller on earth can whiten them. The city presented a handsome array of buildings. There were other large ships in the harbor, and a crowd of "Clark's" boats and boatmen were gathered about the landing stage.

I am deeply interested in Beirut, because it is the great center of Presbyterian Mission work for Syria. The city has between 20 and 100,000 inhabitants. One third of these are Christians of some sort. There are a thousand Protestant church members, and one of them showed his religion by refusing the backsheesh, I proffered him for a favor done. And, indeed, it looked like it hurt him to do it, but he did it! Set it down to the credit of Syrian Presbyterianism. The Presbyterian College, Medical School and Seminary are located here. They occupy a beautiful campus and a cluster of buildings that would be a credit to a College, anywhere. There is a splendid chapel that will seat a thousand. At present the total of students is 265. They clustered about us—talked English intelligently—and seemed to be making fine use of their opportunities. From the faculty also, we received much kindness.

An American flag excited our attention on our way back from the college, and our ship's band being on the portico discoursing music, we were only too glad to walk in. Mr. Thomas R. Gibson, U. S. Consul, a young and able Georgian, welcomed us, treated us to lemonade, and "showed much kindness."

He is a good man for the place.

I next turned my steps to the cluster of buildings, occupied by the press, Female Seminary, Church and bookstore of the American Mission.

Here a "coincidence" occurred or a providence. Seeing two young ladies standing in the gate of a handsome mansion, we inquired of them our way. They at once kindly offered to take us thither. They were English girls, born in and never out of Beyrouth. One of them piloted me. I could only thank her most kindly for her attention. May God count it up to her credit in the last day! I can only pray for her.

The work of the American Mission Press is a grand one. In the printing department every kind of typographical work is done,—type casting, photography, lithography, photo-engraving, electrotyping, book-binding, as well as the usual varieties of type-work in English and Arabic. An Arabic case would run an ordinary printer crazy. This business has grown. It ramifies into many subterranean rooms. It is a great pity that it does not possess buildings worthy of so great a business.

The Church is hard by. It is a neat structure, Presbyterian in style and outlook, much inferior to the College chapel in architectural effect, but commodious and doubtless very dear to the heart of the worshippers who assemble here. The sabbath school is much better and is well arranged for a school on the American plan. There is a morning English school: and a much larger Arabic school in the afternoon.

Between the Printing office and the church is a beautiful God's acre, in which rest many sainted dead. It is finely kept, and though in the midst of the city, it is so shut in, that the solemnity is deepened by the sudden contrast it affords to the rush of camels and donkeys, landaus and carts, Arabs and Europeans, one has just left behind on the street.

I was privileged also to visit the Female Seminary, entering its yard from the Cemetery. It is a neat enough building—and suitable. I was interested in the pupils. I found some bright and pretty ones, and many that would pass unnoticed in a crowd of American girls as in any way peculiar. Some were coarse and rough to be sure, but no more I judge, than in a common country school in America. There were sixty boarders, beside day pupils in attendance. It was easy to see that God was doing a glorious work for the girls of Beyrouth through this Seminary.

I had been kindly invited to lunch by Rev. D. Eddy, to whose daughter, Dr. Mary P. Eddy, I had letters of introduction. How can I express my pleasure at their hospitality to me in this strange land. I was glad for many reasons to accept. I wanted to meet this family, so well known and highly honored in our own land, and I wanted to see the interior of the comfortable oriental house in which the doctor lives, for like Paul, he "lives in his own hired house." There was a very handsome central salon, with 20 foot ceiling, its overhead beautifully decorated. Around this hall, the various family rooms were grouped, on three sides, the fourth was more open. We stepped out of the windows on the first story house top, from which a glorious view of the snow capped mountains was obtainable. Dr. Eddy showed us a superb crystal glass, that was known to be 3,000 years old. Dr. Mary Eldy has recently made a dangerous visit to Aleppo, by a road, over which no lady has passed since her own mother made the same, forty years ago. She is now about to go out into the desert with the Bedouin princess to professional work. She has the courage for it. (She accomplished this trip successfully. Among other presents she received a beautiful Arab horse.

We were delighted to hear that an industrial school and orphanage is being planned for Sidon. We were thankful to be able to give the results of our own experience in that direction.

Mrs. Eddy added to our delight by a dinner in the highest style of Turkish art. From the soup served in tea cups to the nuts and coffee, all was oriental: and we must congratulate the orientals on being high livers. They reminded us of our excellent dragoman's superior cook, and of Simon the ready, only they were a little more so.

About 3 of the evening, a return of that holy land chill being threatened, I decided to make my way to the boat. Taking directions of an indefinite character at the Bible house, I was presently entangled in a maze of streets and Turks. I had stopped a decent looking man to inquire the way and was by him headed in the wrong direction. Nor is there any telling where I would have landed, for I was certainly far astray, when another of God's providences occurred. I had heard that a young Scotchman, Rev. Mr. Mackay, was pastor of the English-American church, and was connected with the mission to the

Jews. Through the maze of by-standers, who should come to the rescue but this dear brother. I may never meet him again on earth, but I will in heaven. With him I entered the mission school for Jewish girls. Here a real surprise awaited me. I saw in the class-room a hundred or more, fair Anglo-Saxon children—at least they appeared so. The so well known marks of the Jew in America— the peculiar nose and eyes were all wanting. I defy any body to have picked out these one hundred little Jewish girls if turned loose among a thousand American children. Score one for Anglo-Israel!

I made inquiry in this town and I grieve to add that the fearful slaughter of Armenians that lately horrified American readers no doubt occurred. Oh, the crimes that rest upon this abominable government! It is a stench in the sight of God, and the prayers of Christians ought to be directed to the liberation of Syria.

I found my way into the now cherished little spot I have on the Friesland. Here I have written hastily. The air is chilly.. The thermometer is only a degree or two above fifty, and falling. We set sail, at midnight, tonight. Our next point is rather uncertain, for there is much report of cholera.

## THE ISLES OF THE SEA

After a night of burning fever, I was early on deck. Far away to the north of us was dimly visible the rounded crest of a mountain. We had left Beirut at midnight, and had come eight hours on our way, with the sea as calm as a lake, and absolutely no motion but that of the engine. We were about to "sail under Cyprus" as Paul did so many years ago, ere he plunged into that fearful storm.

The land now rose higher and higher before us, as we neared the shore. The mountains so plainly visible in the morning rose above the surrounding hills, with a glimpse of snow upon its crest. It was Mt. Olympus of Cyprus. For six hours we sailed along its southern coast, the panorama ever the same of high coast hills with the mountain at its back. The hills were utterly barren of trees: and often descended in precipitous, gullied declivities to the sea. Here and there, a green plateau or valley appeared, a few white houses and the towns of Limasol and Baffo passed in order before us.

This island has about 3000 square miles of territory. Of its population of 186,000, about 145,000 are Christians. Britain rules the islands. The appearance from the sea is not inviting. And yet there must be an outcome in an island that at one time had two million inhabitants.

On this isle, Paul preached, Barnabus was born here and Barnabus and Mark did missionary work here in company. Here, too, the Christians flying for refuge from persecution at Jerusalem, found refuge.

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On the morning of the 14th, as I went on deck, a beautiful panorama greeted the eye. We had already sailed in among the Aegean islands. On our right six were in sight at one time.

At 9 a. m., our ship passed Patmos. It was a long range of mountainous hills, with four or five more prominent than the rest, and near the center, a rounded rocky summit with the Greek Monastery on its crest, the blue haze giving a romantic aspect to it, and the whole about five miles in length. This was all I saw of Patmos.

No, not all! I saw the heavens opened, and the spirit of God descending upon his holy servant, John, with the last message ever given to man. "The Spirit and the bride say come, and let him that is athirst, come and whosoever will, let him come, and take the water of life freely!"

I have just read over the first and last chapters of the book of Revelation. In sight of these holy hills and with the thought of that prayer, "Even so, come Lord Jesus," still lingering with me, these mountains seem like stepping stones to the celestial city.

It is a pleasure to know that the inhabitants of Patmos are all Christians, that there is not and never has been a mosque on the island: and that when all these seas were infested with pirates, none lodged on Patmos.

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We are still passing islands. Just now we are sailing close under a great barren rock called Casmos. It is a grand and beautiful spectacle, rising a thousand or more feet in the air

and several miles long. On one extremity, there is a light house. Its steep declivities make human life there impossible: and vegetable life seems to be equally wanting.

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All day long we have been passing between coasts and islands. It is a beautiful voyage, and a delightful sea. Great rocks stand out hundreds of feet, with the waves dashing against them. Long ranges of mountains, covered with farms dotted here and there with houses pass by in rapid review. All have names, inhabitants, history. On them lived and flourished many of the sages, poets, and warriors of glorious Greece. The very waters have their story. They were plowed by the keels of every nation, and have witnessed many a bloody fight. Just now against the bright sky a long line of Asiatic hills rise and fall. Thought is busy, peopling them with multitudes,—dreaming over the thousands of years that have made them famous. One can see the waves beating over the rock bound shores as they have for centuries, for ages. Yonder is a great crag standing guard over a mighty gorge. It rises like a splendid watch tower five or six hundred feet above its mountainous foundation. Across the ravine, is an ancient village perched upon the heights. What hearts have beat within these old walls. Oh God of judgment, thou knowest!

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Our good ship turned in between lofty promontories about 4 p. m.

While we were at supper, mountains with little villages at their bases, were flitting past us.

Some ate on. Some could not withstand the temptation but rushed on deck, to get a first view of Smyrna. It lies in a beautiful bay, landlocked, low mountains rising all about it and the white houses of the city spread in a great wide circle covering many miles.

It was dark when our ship's engine ceased its beating and the anchor rattled down.

One gets used to travelling in the midst of scenes that are

historic and glorious, so that even such base things as sleep, eating and company interfere with the mind. Most of our Ship's crowd are alive to the interest of the occasion, but there are many that care no more for Smyrna than for some little backwoods post office.

We are getting ready for a good day, tomorrow. Some will go to Smyrna only, others must see Ephesus.

## SYMRNA AND EPHESUS

Today, I am to pass a milestone in the journey of my life. I am glad that it was spent at Ephesus. No epistle of God's word is so dear as the epistle written to the church at that place.

Many years ago, one dearer than life itself left our Orphanage home for her rest with Jesus. It was that epistle that she heard last, before her departure. I know too that I will have all my many loved ones at the Orphanage to think of me today. For them, it is a holiday. I have celebrated it by the strangeness of the scenes through which I have passed, and by the longest, hardest, quickest walk I have ever taken in all these years.

The church of Smyrna was in existence in the days of John. It was one of the seven churches of the Revelation. It is the only one of the seven still existent either as town or church, and it, with Philadelphia, the only one against which the apostle had no complaint.

The front as presented to the sea is European. The city has 200,000 inhabitants. Everywhere the signs are Greek and French. The front street houses are very handsome, not many stories high, for Smyrna has good reason for dreading earthquakes. Many of them are marble: the windows and doors are handsomely balustraded.

The street cars then carried us down to a beautiful railway station. As our train drew out, we noticed the ruins of the theatre, the result of the earthquake of 178 A. D. Mount Pagus rising behind the city attracted attention, because of the tomb of Polycarp upon its slope. Truly this is holy ground.

We were carried the whole way to Ayassalouk through a wide and beautiful plain. At times mountains would spread

far away to the horizon and pale into lovely azure, at times great castellated cliffs would rear themselves up alongside of the track. Winding through meadows and fields of grain, sometimes a rushing stream sometimes widening into great marshes of water covered with myriads of wild ducks, meandered a river. Was it the Meander? Or was our guide right in calling it the Caystor? Everywhere were Olive groves upon the hill: vineyards and fig orchards of great extent in the valleys. There were oxen ploughing, immense flocks of sheep on the hillside and valleys, neat stone dwellings with tile roofs making the scene quite home-like: now and then a minaret: or a railway station: there were caravans of camels: cattles and sheep grazing: men in the fields working usually in European laborer's costume but not always.

The guide says it is 54 miles to Ayassalouk. We cover it in 1:29 hours. How familiar seem the many telegraph wires and branch railways going yon and thither. We feel truly, that civilization has been touched.

About 10:30 we reached the little railroad station, and all poured out after the guide who was to show us sights. Phew! what a walker he was. In a little over two hours, he tore round over seven or eight miles of territory with a score of tourists after him. It was the wildest foot-back-hand-gallop that ever I engaged in. Seeing the sights! Much so it was, for I came in with sore cobs under each foot, barked shins, and the perspiration rolling off of me, on this selfsame ides of March.

But there was much to see and much to feel. Nor do I wonder that men visit Ephesus. It is worth visiting.

Only if another Friesland cruise or two be turned loose on the temple of Diana there will not be much of it left.

Well, first, as we stepped from the cars, the eye caught sight of a great row of broken top arches running across the track. They were of stone, 30 or more feet high, and with solemn storks perched on the heights of each. It was the ruined Roman aqueduct. On the crest of a semi-mountain was an ancient Roman castle, its massive walls proving the might of that ancient people.

But we made no pause to examine either of those marvelous remains, but poured a stream of pilgrims into and around and through the old church of St. John. Much of it is still standing. Some of the exterior windows of beautifully carved

marble, were tasteful in the extreme. Though earthquake and time had brought down much of the arched roof, some of it was still intact. The massive pillars upholding the ceiling are perfect gems of beautiful proportion, and are still in place. Our pilgrims fortunately had no hammers or the earthquake would have had no more to do.

The guide next took us to the remains of the temple of Diana. There remained only a few fragments of broken columns and some few of the ancient steps. The worship and the temple are both clean gone off of the face of the earth.

We now started on a run across the plain toward Mount Coressus. Turning after a mile or two of rapid walking, across a field of lentils, we came upon the ancient harbor of the city, all covered in grass and swamp and almost dry enough for the plough.

The great quai or embankment was still solidly in place, and for hundreds of feet alongside of it, the magnificent magazines or storehouses as massive as the rocks themselves, with walls ten feet in thickness, and running back under the hill in cavernous darkness, spoke as if in words, of the great stores of produce that in ancient times were rolled in from the ships in the harbor. There were ruins and heaps of stones—all that was left of thousands of busy shops. But beyond, skirting Coressus and with Mt. Prion over against us, we came into the heart of the city. There was the Agora, and close by the great Amphitheatre, in which Paul contended with the wild beasts. Over on Mt. Coressus was the remnant of the temple of Jupiter. Climbing the sides of Prion we came upon columns, pedestals, and capitals that marked the site of the ancient forum. A massive arch was pointed out as possibly the surviving memorial of the school of Tyranus. There were sculptured and lettered slabs that might have told us much had we the time to read them. A little further on was a smaller theatre, this too on the side of Mt. Prion. Its semicircle of seats and the arena within, easily distinguished. The great and massive walls of the gymnasium were hurriedly passed; and beyond a long line of stone sarcophagi had been unearthed, which lay in all positions, under the ground and above it. There were some of these used as watering troughs in the village of Ayassalouk. The ruins seen indicated the existence here of a great and splendid city covering miles of territory. Of the ordinary dwellings of the populace: of the streets they traversed, of their factories

and bazaars, no sign remains. There is nothing left but ruins of tremendous structures that the builders thought could never perish. Alas! even the pyramids are yielding to the destroying power of time.

We hastened back, having made this long run in two short hours, so as to catch the 12:30 train. As I came puffing into the station, the train went puffing out, leaving me the privelege of quiet meditation, like the wise storks that stand on one leg on the top of the aqueduct.

The ride back on the 1:30 train gave us the delightful experience of the ride out, only in reverse order. Nor could thoughts be suppressed of the great work Paul did here at Ephesus. One of the most priceless treasures of the New Testament was written to this church. Here Timothy was at one time Pastor. Here lived John the aged and Mary the mother of Jesus. Here John was buried, the tradition says that Luke, another of the gospellers, also died and was buried here. It was the session of this church that went to Miletus to hear Paul's beautiful farewell talk. These things are interwoven with my day's experience.

On the return, an hour or two was given to the native bazaars of Smyrna. They are a vast and bewildering maze of thoroughfares, the stores being a copy of those of some other cities visited. The merchants are equally as zealous to make sales. Of course there are beautiful streets of stores as in Alexandria and Cairo and the city unites in itself both occident and orient.

And we are sailing steadily through islands, that rise mountainous above the sea. The morning light found us among them. The day is dark. I fear we shall see Athens under a cloud.

## AT ATHENS

It is almost impossible for me to set down in order this day's experience, or in any wise to do justice to it without the aid of guide-books, histories, and encyclopedias. I have spent it in a city where the very scribleries on the wall were in Greek letters: the signs over the beershops: the time-tables in the railroad station, and the posters on the fences. When even the muleteers on the streets are classic, what am I to do with my little learning? Indeel, I never felt the paucity of my attainments as at this moment.

Then what folly in the scheme itself that I had in hand in three hours to traverse the story of three thousand years!

I shall therefore in these brief notes, rather seek to give a sketch of things as they would appear to the unlettered than to dump my wisdom into these pages. Yet when one is pointed out the mountain of Lycopettus, the plains and bay of Salamis, the direction of Olympus, and of Thebes and the Delphic oracle, the crown and peninsula of Corinth, what is one to do but talk learnedly!

As we drew near to the Piraeus this morning, through islets and rocks that were illustrious, at once a thrill of emotion overwhelmed the mind, that this was historic ground, and that here, art, science, literature and religion had all an overwhelming interest.

I was much surprised to find the harbor crowded with shipping, the Piraeus itself being a town of considerable consequence, with many large and handsome buildings, specially stores, warehouses and hotels. Trains run every hour to Athens, and the time is only 20 minutes: the fare 20 cts. The road along the way was interesting, the fields being given to wheat, olives, figs, vegetable gardens and no end of goats.

A party of us had arranged to secure a competent guide.

Immediately on reaching Athens, we took a long and satisfactory walk through the most beautiful section of the city. The city is clean, is very handsomely built, and has very many beautifully finished dwellings. The only one entered was the Cathedral, to which no description could do justice. It is new, that is, built during this century, but in taste and decoration is well worth study. Most of the buildings are painted a light yellow or buff, which adds much to the lively appearance of the city.

We sauntered on down past Adrian's arch, where we came upon the Presbyterian Church, owned by our own Assembly but under the control at present of the Evangelical Synod.

We made pause to note the massiveness of the great columns remaining of the temple of Zeus, and then we tackled the mighty mass of ruins that cluster around the base, and clambered up the sides and crown to the crest of the Acropolis.

This vast variety of structure is indescribable except at great length and with aid of pictures. The splendid race-course or Stadium, where the Olympic games were celebrated, we had, on the way to the Acropolis, already visited. Here the ruins of a noble Odeon, (an amphitheatre of song,) and of a lesser but very complete Theatron kept us awed at the grandeur of conception in those old time people. But the whole hillside was rich in ruins, many clearly telling their use even in their decay.

I had often read of the Parthenon: of the temple of the wingless Minerva: and of Victory: of the beautiful Erechtheum with its still remaining caryatides: of the magnificent stairway leading up to the shrines: of the *via sacra* along and up which the chariots with trophies and victims were driven: but the immense mass of these buildings, the greatness of the stones used in their construction, the nicety with which they were fitted into each other, without mortar, and the wide acreage of the Acropolis, require that one should see these things to realize them. All is in ruins: yet so well was the work done, that many columns and walls and entablatures and friezes are in place, after the lapse of more than 2000 years.

The explosion of the magazine during the war with the Turks, almost destroyed the Parthenon, blowing out its two sides. Nearly every where is visible the displacing power of earthquakes. But enough still stands to excite the awe of visitors while the amount of debris scattered around reminds one of the pyramids.

From the crest of the Acropolis, one gets a magnificent view of the city. It was howling almost a blizzard, when we were up there today, detracting very greatly from our comfort, but there was nevertheless an entrancement of the eye. Never anywhere, have I seen so splendid a prospect. Even Edinboro from Calton Hill, or New York from Brooklyn bridge, or Milan from its Cathedral tower, does not present so fair a prospect. The sea, the harbor, the Piraeus and the broad expanse of a city of 180,000 inhabitants, with Mars Hill at our feet and the mountains of glorious Greece about us,—was a scene never to be forgotten.

After visiting the Museum, which, however, did not detain us long, we hastened down to have a few brief moments on the bare rock, made famous by the footsteps of the illustrious Paul. He had been left here tired and sick waiting for the

brethren to join him. He was still sore with the lashes of Philippi and almost ready to faint. But when he saw the splendid Acropolis, then glorious with fame and shrine, and the city itself with its innumerable smaller temples, his soul stirred within him. It was not in the synagogue only that he must speak, but in the Agora, among the bazaars and on the streets he would gather a little crowd and tell them of Jesus. In this way certain of the Epicureans and Stoics, the remains of whose stoa are still to be seen, encountered him, and taking him to Mars Hill, they demanded an explanation. Well, he gave it. (On that spot our little company united together in the Lord's Prayer). Close by on the one side was a beautiful and massive temple of Theseus and on the other Minerva's golden spear was lifted aloft over Athens, but Paul feared not to tell the Areopagus of the Unknown God, whom they ignorantly worshipped.

We spent a little part of the afternoon visiting the bazaars and stores. The former are an improvement on Beirut and Smyrna. Whole streets were given up to the manufactory of single articles—shoes, for example—the factories were all small, (16 ft square,) and the workmen busily engaged with their labors in sight of the street. And ready enough to make a bargain with the passer-by. One evidently has here that style of manufacturing that prevailed before the modern theory of the great "Factory" drove out the smaller shops. One cannot but think, sometimes, that the old is better.

Of course, there is a new Athens, up in style and tastefulness with any modern city, and promising well for the future of this little nationality. It shows what outcome there is in the Greek race, when the abominable Turk is pitched out.

Only let Syria have a chance as Egypt is having it, as Greece has taken it, and that old land will bloom and fructify.

When evening shades fell, it grew very cold.

There had been a perfect storm on shipboard because our directors thought it unwise to go to Constantinople. By midnight, the ship was headed in that direction. We are to spend Monday in that city, 360 miles from Athens, and then steam a thousand miles around Greece and Italy into the bay of Naples.

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March 17. We are just passing along a coast and in sight of the location of an ancient city, that has great interest for students of classic literature. It is Hissarlik, the site of ancient Troy. It was here a thousand years before the Christian era that for ten long years a Grecian army lay, failing of every attempt at capture, till the great wooden horse accomplished by strategy what force of arms could not. Well had it been for Troy if she had believed the counsel of the sage who said: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." Here lay at anchor that great fleet of ships whose main purpose is at present to torment school boys. Here Priam reigned. Here Achilles fought. Here he dragged Hector thrice around the walls. And hence *pius* Aeneas went forth to show to Dido how very faithless a *pius* Greek could be. Homer's great Iliad and Virgil's equally famous Aeneid and Schlieman's life of sacrifice and scholarly zeal all hinge on that barren coast. Without a Homer or a Virgil what would literature amount to?

But for a Christian these shores have still deeper interest, Paul was here, also. What place, what shore, on all this Mediterranean has not some reminiscence of that ubiquitous missionary? Well, he reached Troy, almost forced out by the Spirit to this utmost verge of the Asiatic continent. His eye caught vision of the mountains of Macedonia as we see them on this excessively cold and fierce March day. In his dream, the distant shores still rose before him. He seemed to see a man of Macedonia standing on the blue coast and beckoning—and a voice, "Come over and help us." So Paul brought the gospel to Europe, and from Europe it has gone out and still goes out through the whole globe.

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When we were in Smyrna the other day, there were five splendid men of war, flying the English flag in port. I could not hear why they were there, but there they were. Everywhere that we have been, the power of England in this Orient, is a matter of observation. Wherever that flag goes, there is civilization and safety. I am more than ever impressed with the thought that England is the fifth great prophetic power, and is the visible symbol of the little stone cut out from the side of the mountain, (see the map of Europe) without hands that is filling the whole earth. And she deserves to fill it.

God still rules. He has not yet filled out the pages of His great book. When it is filled, then look out for great things Immanuel cometh.

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## A DAY AT CONSTANTINOPLE

We left the Piraeus, a little before midnight on Saturday. On Sunday afternoon we entered the Dardanelles, steaming between lovely shores. The tide was rushing swiftly by. About dark we sailed into the sea of Marmora, and were moving nearly all night. At 4 a. m., the machinery stopped. The stoppage waked me, but I had grown used to strange lands, and simply turned over and tried to sleep. By 5 the ship was again in motion. When I went on deck the palaces, domes and minarets of far famed Constantinople were dimly visible thru a bluish fog, the buildings covering the northern shore for many miles. Scutari on the Asiatic coast stood out more dimly. It was after sunrise when the vessel ceased her steaming. I had seen the beautiful sun-rise on the sea of Marmora, an hour before. We had now entered the Bosphorus.

Again and again, for an hour our steamer blew her whistle, before permission could be had for us to land. The Turk was taking his time. Presently a steam tug drew along side bringing the official permit. Our own tug, flying the Grecian flag and bearing the name of Damaskene was already waiting, and so was the great mass of passengers. They crowded the gang-way almost to suffocation. One by one they descended the steps to the tug, until 150 were counted off. The whistle blew, the gate closed, and the rest of us had a half hour to wait. It did not matter much for Constantinople or for me. Not for Constantinople, for that congeries of cities already has a million and a half of people in it and I am sure we were not missed. And as for me, well Constantinople has waited here quite a while, and can wait a half hour longer.

But the crowd of tarriers were ill humored and said spiteful things. We have had no small amount of that lately. The great American hog has been rooting around promiscuously.

The Damaskene came puffing up against the current which was running like a mill-race and in fifteen minutes, all but about fifty of the passengers, who had to wait for the third tug, were steaming off for Constantinople.

A white haired guide, with the universal fez, was ours to command, and away we swing after him through the streets of Istamboul.

The first thing to attract our attention was mud and filth. The streets were paved with worn blocks of all shapes and sizes. They were rough and irregular in the extreme. Had they been dry and clean walking would have been difficult enough, but they were foul with black mud and accumulated vileness of the streets. The sewerage seemed all turned into the center of the gulley-like streets, and through these we picked our way, hardly daring to look around us, but studying intently the ground on which we walked.

When the eye ventured to lift itself, a motley sight was there, my countrymen. A great city always has a vast variety of humanity surging through it. For variety, Constantinople takes the palm. The day of Pentecost was nothing to it; for American, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Greek, Wallachian, Syrian, Arab, Turk, African were all pushing and crowding along the highway.

A moment's pause as two great buffalo oxen, with curved horns, were followed by the yelping of Constantinopolitan curs. Ah! we had forgotten about them but here they are, and really they have been slandered.

They were here in numbers, both small and great but those we saw, something less in number than a thousand perhaps, were sleek round fellows, that looked happy and contented and with the world going all their own way. What sweet confidence, too, they had in humanity. They would lie in pairs or threes or singly in the cleanest spots on the side walk, where thousands of people were hurrying by, and they would sleep sweetly, perfectly sure that gentle humanity would never tread on a tail or an ear. Really I admire those dogs, and took the first opportunity to give part of the contents of my lunch box to one sleek, waggy tailed, gentlemanly looking dog.

Well, the tide of our tourists swept on up into the heart of the city. We found many of the streets on the staircase order, but the houses were many stories high and much like all European cities. Indeed, throughout, there was little of the Orient as compared with Cairo. The fez, of course, distinguished the male costume from the European. The women looked clumsily dressed in black, with white or colored veils over the head, and often crossed on the under lip, but the horrid trou-

sers of Algeria, the brass forehead gear of Egypt and Syria, and the heavy veils of Beirut, I saw not.

Of every Mosque we passed, of every minaret sighted in the distance, our tourists were continually asking, "Is that St. Sophia?" So in disgust, the guide made straight for that classic building. Externally it is almost hidden: the minarets and the other excrescences with which the present Moslem possessors have covered it. They stole it in 1453, when Constantine and his armies perished. This church (for a desecrated church it is) is in some parts quite ancient. When it was built in the 5th century after Christ, the Emperor concluded to use some already existent material. Some of the pillars it is claimed are from Solomon's temple, some from the Acropolis at Athens, some very beautiful ones from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, some from the great temple at Baalbec. In fact it was a sort of a museum of columns. Constantinople has always been great at getting hold of things that belonged to other people. Of course when we entered this "Mosque," our shoes needed being be-slippered. I already had on my overshoes but I put on shoes No. 3 and slid along over rugs and pavements with three shoes on each foot.

A casual glance is by no means the kind of glance with which to take in the interior of St. Sophia. With that sort of a glance you take in only the great 20 foot placards with Arabic serpent-like letters that enroll the prophets; and the white wash smeared over the beautiful frescoes, and the dirt everywhere, and the very handsome chandeliers swinging down from the domes above. But wait and look. Study the great central dome, apparently almost as far away as the fleecy clouds; and the semi-domes bubbling out from it, the beautiful columns upholding graceful arches, and after a while the magnitude of the conception, its beauty and its symmetry will dawn upon you. The colors are faded, the polish is dim but the outlines are superb, and unchanging, unless indeed, it be true as claimed that the earthquakes have of late dealt unkindly with this splendid monument of antiquity, and are threatening its destruction.

One of the things they show you is the bloody hand of the conqueror, some twenty-feet above the floor,— he is standing on a pile of the slain—men, women, children, who had taken refuge in this church, to the number of 35,000, and every one of them murdered. The history of Moslemism is written in blood. Our ship is lying at anchor opposite the beautiful pal-

ace of the Sultan, where it is said the last of that rank was murdered. Blood treads upon the heels of blood. God never forgets.

And now, through a somewhat better quarter of the city, we made our way to the ancient hippodrome. Here we found, resting upon a great altar of sacrifice, the monolith brought from Egypt. It is in splendid preservation, and also a little lopsided. Another earthquake or two, and it will come toppling down. Indeed in many parts of the city, the earthquake marks are exceedingly plain.

Among other objects of interest, perhaps none exceeds the varying panorama of the Galata bridge. To stand on it about midday and to see the great rush of humanity go by, fills one with wondering thoughts as to who they are and whither they go. Indeed, it is an amazing tide. The bridge is of wood, and old, and rickety. In this it is at the antipodes of the great London or the greater Brooklyn bridge. Nor is the mass of vehicles of consequence. It is man on foot, man the burdenbearer, man the polyglott—and woman too, that keeps the mind busy, African, Malay, Caucasian, Frenchman, Egyptian, Russian, Algerine—is there a race or a nation that is not represented? I saw no Chinaman, but I stood there only for twenty minutes.

I was deeply interested in a walk through the fruit and vegetable markets, not far from the Istamboul post office. The display was in the streets on tables or stretchers, and a splendid display it was. But for the prevalence of cholera in the city I could not have passed them. Through these narrow streets the tide of humanity swept in a mighty current. It reminded me of the rush of vehicles on Broadway at high noon, only on these streets the surging crowds filled the way from wall to wall. Nor did there seem to be any law of right or left. Each man following his own will, while donkeys, pack mules, chaffering buyers and sellers, dogs, soldiers, Americans, all in one promiscuous jargon of noises, went pouring on. One could not stop. Here was the fakir with a crowd about him harangueing and selling, here a man bent double with a great box on his back, staggering along, or two with a pole between them and a barrel, or a great stone or a bale of goods swinging under, while the constant cry of the foremost warned the careless out of his path. It was a scene of indescribable rush, business and burdenbearing.

I enjoyed a visit to the museum of antiquities, a very handsome collection of buildings. The specimens of sarcophagi, Egyptian and Grecian were numerous. A very handsome, in fact a superb sarcophagus, found at Sidon is shown as the Sarcophagus of Alexander the great. It struck me that the splendid tomb was altogether worthy of the great conqueror. The carved frieze around it is magnificent in action. The goat-heads and lions with which the lid is adorned are perfect. But I do not know on what ground it is held to be the coffin of the Conqueror. One thing that struck me about this beautiful work of art, was that the statuary (marble of course) had all been painted in natural colors the traces of paint being easily distinguished. It is now, I believe, generally agreed that the Greeks painted their statues. Another item of interest was one of the bronze heads of the serpent taken from the oracles of Delphi, the twisted bodies of which are seen at the hippodrome.

A short visit to the Golden Horn, discovered an immense forest of masts. A great trade had center here. The riches of Europe and Asia pass through the city. In one bazaar where fine Turkish rugs are sold, I noticed boxes of goods for Vanderbilt, W. C. Whitney, and even for Crocker of San Francisco.

The city is also given to the confusion of tongues. Few are the signs along the streets that are not repeated in at least three languages, and often many more. The commonest are Arabic, French, Armenian and Greek. The latter is very common.

But the ship is moving. We have hoisted anchor. The Northeasternmost point of our journey has been reached. Our watches are six hours, fifty two minutes ahead of the home time, but every day will bring us just a little nearer home. There is not a person on the ship that is not thinking of home, today.

I was sitting at the dock waiting for the Damaskene to arrive and take me on board the Friesland, when a Constantinopolitan stranger touched me and called my attention to my overshoe which was twisted in putting on. Later on, he touched me again and called my attention to my boat, which had drawn up to a different part of the dock from the place I was occupying. It was only a little act of kindness but very many such things of which Jesus spake, when he said "Inasmuch as

ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done unto me."

And now, from the ship's deck, I cast a last look on this great wide-spreading city. I have seen its streets, its bazaars, its busy life, its best mosques. But of the great Mission-work done here, I regret to say I saw nothing. There was no opportunity to visit Roberts College, or the other institutions that are gradually remodeling this center of the Orient. From the harbor the town presents a magnificent appearance, which is not sustained on closer inspection: and yet after seeing the cities of Syria and Egypt, one feels that we are in Europe. The strategic position of the city is evident even to the inexperienced. It absolutely controls all communication with the Black Sea: and the trade of the nations around it.

## A ONE THOUSAND MILE RUN

From Constantinople to Naples without touching land, and yet nearly always, more or less in sight of it.

We made a halt this morning at the Dardanelles in land locked harbor. To the North of us, Europe; to the South of us, Asia, low mountain ridges on either shore. Frowning forts guarded the entrance. The pilot was dropped, port dues all paid, and we steamed out into the more open sea. Away to the left, Mt. Ida and the shores of Troy are fading in the distance. The isle of Imbro is only a dim haze in the Northwest. We sail to the Southwest across the Ægæan, crossing and re-crossing the routes followed by the missionary Paul. At some part of the trip we almost "stand in his shoes." We have met him everywhere and have become more and more impressed by the magnitude of his travels.

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This morning the twenty five "good Samaritans" assembled on the lower deck and subjected their bronzed faces and well worn garments to the truth telling Camera.

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March 19, at 6 p. m., we were coasting off Euboea, or Negropont. The long, dark mountainous coast hid the evening sun. On our left lay the isle of Andros. We are sailing

into the night and bidding farewell to the classic shores of Greece. How deeply imbedded Greece and Italy are in our New Testament literature. Two of Paul's epistles were written from Corinth, one to the church at Phillippi, two to the dear brethren of the church at Thessalonika. It is thought that these two latter were written from Phillippi, and the one to the Romans, from Corinth.

Italy also has a share in this great work. The most important of the epistles was written to the Romans, and others from Rome. Indeed six of Paul's epistles were probably written in Italy.

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Early on the morning of the 20th, we knew by the rolling of our good ship, that we were rounding "the much dreaded cape Matapan," the southernmost point of the Grecian Archipelago. We had passed through the Cyclades during the night. We could see, when we went on deck, the shores of the cape, loft and mountainous now gradually receding in the distance. The waves and swells of the Ionian sea were meeting us and several of the passengers were looking a little "disturbed." But the sea grew calmer and the oatmeal porridge, eggs, coffee and buckwheat, at the breakfast table were well patronized.

During all this Mediterranean trip, now over a month in duration, we have had fine weather on the sea. The good Lord has given us perfect freedom from tempestouous waves. Only a few showers have marred our days ashore. Except when reaching more Northern latitudes in Athens and Constantinople, we have had no cold. Never was a party of people more favored by the God of the land and the sea. Of all of our great company none have died. One poor sailor fell into the hold and broke his arm. A collection of over a hundred dollars was taken up for him. He was sent ashore at Smyrna. (The gentleman whose arm was broken is well again.)

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And now we are out upon the open sea. Nowhere is land in sight. It is a sweet, quiet evening. The heavens are bright and the waters are calm. God has richly favored our pilgrimage, and with thankful hearts acknowledge his goodness.

We have crossed the Ionian sea. To the left, as the ship forges ahead, Mt. Etna, a beautiful rounded cone, with a white cloud hanging over it, is faintly discernible. We are near the Italian shore, and are sailing along the toe of the boot. The mountainous coast rises high above the waters and slopes off in clay beds into its waves. Along its edges are white villages, and church spires, and villas scattered closely. The wind is high and we are driving right into the teeth of it. It is too cold to stay long on deck, but the sea is calm enough. In the night there was just enough stir to rock us gently in the "cradle of the deep," but there is no motion of that sort now. We all took breakfast together with right good jollity. Our 430 pilgrims will breakfast together tomorrow for the last time, then the great company breaks up. Only a fragment will reassemble on the Friesland, nine days from today to start on the homeward journey. Paul and Charlie have come for their fees and gone away smiling, all trunks have been packed and baggage arranged for the overland trip. In the morning we will find ourselves in Naples.

Since we entered the Mediterranean, over a month ago, the weather has been charming. Not a storm has swept under us. Only one or two showers have darkened the sky. Every landing has been satisfactory and successful. Surely God's people have been praying for this good ship. The sailors have a superstition that the presence of a preacher on board is a dangerous thing for the comfort of the ship. This is a relic of Jonah's time. I suppose that the presence of forty-six preachers on the Friesland has broken the record and that henceforth, the sailors of this ship, will consider her proof against danger from that source.

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We are passing near the island of Sicily. We had hoped to land there. Unfortunately, this will be impossible. Our backward journey to Constantinople has prevented it. But it is something to have a view of that island, of the villages on the shore, of the great mountain, Etna, that has made it famous, of its rough coast and bold headlands. We can think of, if we cannot see the remains of its ancient Greek civilization, and mentally we call up Archimedes, whose zeal for mechanical mathematics has made Syracuse famous.

Two hours of steady steam carried us through the lovely straits of Messina. The sky was intensely blue, made bluer yet,

by the white clouds scudding across it. The sea was a deep cerulean responding to the heavens. On either side rose steep mountain ranges, on the Italian side breaking close to the coast in precipitous descents. Rivers came raging and sweeping down through wild gorges.

The country was exceedingly populous; hamlets, villages, cities, towns, cottages being thickly strewn along the shore. We passed close enough to Reggio to count the windows in the houses, and near enough to Messina on the Sicilian shore opposite to note the people walking on the quay. Village followed village in rapid succession. Trains were seen passing on the shore. Many craft were on the waters. The whole land was under beautiful cultivation, many mountains being terraced to the very top. About 3:30 we passed between the low shores of Charybdis on the one side and the bold rocks of Scylla on the other. We passed safely. Many a ship has perished here. On either side towns were built clear out to the utmost verge. And now, we are steaming straight forward into the Tyrrhenian Sea. The lovely shores are fading into dim distance. The whole passage of the strait is a picture of surpassing beauty. As the scene unfolded, the wish was that all this might be kept unfadingly in the memory, as a heritage to be treasured. Surely, God's earth is very beautiful.

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Dinner was finished, even to the roast turkey, plum pudding and strawberry ice-cream, the nuts, the raisins and the coffee, (for we fare well on board) when the news reached us that we were passing Stromboli. The sun had gone down and twilight was settling on the sea; but there, through the haze, and distinctly visible, though we must be thirty or forty miles away, rose the great cone from the sea; yet it was easy to see the clouds of smoke boiling furiously out of the crater and borne toward the southwest for a great number of miles, for the wind is blowing heavily.

For the first time, I am brought in touch (by today's experience) with this great phenomenon in nature—the volcano. The view of Etna was a good, though a distant one. That volcano is possibly the cause and origin of Sicily; but Stromboli rises out of the sea, having no connection with the mainland, apparently doing business wholly on its own account.

One cannot help but ponder the question, of the true nature of these wonderful chimnies. At one time there was no hesitation in saying that the whole interior of the earth was molten, and the volcano was a sort of chimney—but these later theorists doubt everything and among the rest, away go our "internal fires." And yet the old theory has much to commend it, and is dying hard, if indeed, it be dying at all.

But the sun is gone down below the Tyrrhenian sea. The stars have come out. A long swell is on the waters, through which our ship ploughs with a forward pitch, and a "short uneasy motion."

But it will be a pleasant night, and long before day, we will be anchored in the bay of Naples.

## THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD

The gong sounded early this morning. On the Friesland that means an early landing.

I went up as quickly as possible to the deck, to catch an ante-sunrise view of what I knew would be there, and there sure enough it was, the rounded cone of Mt. Vesuvius, with a white cloud rising like smoke from a chimney and thence as the wind caught it, floating away to the southwest. Our ship was hauled close in to the shore, but not so near but that a steam launch was needed for landing. Breakfast was quickly dispatched. Satchel and valise packed, and the crowd surged up the companion way toward the landing stage. Just then a cry was raised that even dwarfed Vesuvius. "Letters, letters in the aft cabin." If there had been twenty Vesuviuses, that call would have downed them all. A bunch of love-letters fragrant with messages from the darlings! What news they brought! A little grandchild added to the increasing number of my gray hairs! She who bade me farewell for the last time on earth had entered into rest and the love of God. Sixteen little girls join in one roundelay of affectionate greeting. So the messages came and gladdened or saddened.

And now for the deck again! Here, too, are scenes to make one smile. A diver, stripped, with only a loin cloth about him, is fishing up the coins that eager passengers are dropping into the sea. A swarm of hotel runners is besieging the landing stage. In one boat an impromptu band is playing on mandolins and adding some quiet, sweet songs thereto, to win a little "backsheesh."

And, from the inodorous condition of the waters, one is tempted to recall Mark Twain's remarks "Smell Naples and Die."

There are twenty-six Frieslanders, who intend sailing with the ship, this afternoon, to Antwerp. These first were landed for their day on shore. Last of all, a party made up for Mt. Vesuvius, *quorum pars fui,* was dropped into the lighter, and very presently landed at the custom house. The officials saw their chance. Five hundred articles of baggage mean something contraband. One good brother had three cigars seized, and was fined a dollar for not "declaring" them. A Catholic Priest was robbed in a similar way of a few pinches of snuff. A bottle of Attar of roses was fined a dollar because it was not French brandy. An indignant Frieslander wanted to thrash out all Italy, because they interfered with his plug of tobacco. Oh ye smokers, how ye did pay for your little sin. For my part, I was all right, and landed on my feet.

A large party of us was made up at once for the ascent of Vesuvius. In company with three friends, we were soon on the way in a handsome open carriage and with a pair of horses. Our ride through the city itself before we got into the open country was five miles at least; through the older and less beautiful portion of the city however. Life was every where. It did look at first, as if Friday must be wash day in this beautiful Napoli. On the side walks from the street windows, on the housetops, from window to window—the week's wash was displayed. All the unwashed multitudes as well were on the side walks; women with their babies and their spinning; shoemakers and hucksters on the curbstones, butchers cutting up their meat half way between doorway and streetway. Everybody seemed interested in being on the streets for fear something might happen without their finding it out.

Villa Nuevo, Villa Vaca, Villa Jesu,—names endless in variety. Each "villa" had an archway entrance, leading back to the rear through which visions of gardens could be seen, palms, oranges, and flowers catching the eye. The upper stories, in many cases were palaces for beauty, and right under these majestic buildings, the first floors were let as a fruit stand, or a beer shop, or a butcher stall, or a livery stable.

Well with beggars great and small besieging us, from the poor old blind mendicant who had been at it from babyhood, to the little rabble of the street urchins, who turned somersaults backwards and up hill at that, or choirs playing on violins run-

ning after us for a penny, we were almost chased out of the town. Every body had a word, or a gesture or a gag of some kind for us. It was amusing enough until it became monotonous.

We left the city behind us and rattled on out over the paved road and between high walls into the more open country. The great cone of Vesuvius towered far above us. From its topmost crest, the volume of smoke rolled and poured outward and upward. The mountain sides were green with grass, luxuriant with vineyards and with orchards, and alive with industry.

We began the ascent—a splendid road has been graded clear up, past the awful lava beds to the base of the great cone itself. As we rose higher we came to these beds of lava, the black rocks showing how fearful had been the power of the eruption of 1872 that produced them. Over miles of surface, the terrible rocks, once molten, now harder than flint, had squirmed and twisted like great roots, or masses of furious worms, or serpents in agony. In places, the masses had been broken up into wide fields of disintegrating stones, piled, mingled, overwhelmed in confusion. In other places, the hard, solid, flinty mass had poured wave on wave, overlapping each other, twisting back, rising higher, and higher, into waves fifty and a hundred feet above the level, then forcing their way resistlessly on. It was desolation, fearful and terrible, yet sometimes, as if by a miracle the awful flow had been stopped and in its horrid folds, bloomed a garden of beauty. On and up we rode; the eye, turned backward, caught a scene of surpassing loveliness. Away below us, spread out the city of Naples. A wide semicircular sweep of coast took in the waters of the bay—the coast rising toward the north in lofty elevations. The sea, itself, melted at what might be the horizon, into the air. There was no water line. Ischia, Capri, seemed to float in the sky; the sun shone down upon the water changing it to liquid silver, and in this the ships hung and floated like fairy things. On one side the view was terribly sublime, on the other surpassingly beautiful.

Away up on the mountain there is a royal observatory for watching the fierce mountain. A wire reaches to a station at the crater and there is a terminus in the city. For Vesuvius is the city's friend in the multitude of tourists it entices, but is also the city's danger.

At length after a glorious ride over a magnificent high-

way, we reached the "Station inferieur" of the Funicular railway. One car (each holding ten persons) ascends while the other descends. Parties take their turn in going up. I was soon in the car. A wierd sensation took possession of me as I felt myself rising in the air, life depending on a rope, for if that rope should break, there would be—a calamity. But it didn't break. A good graded path, leads from the "Superior station" to the crater. But I was now 4000 feet above sea level. The air was thin. The heavy ashes and scoria of the volcano made climbing difficult and I went puffing and climbing away to the top. The ground was smoking all about me. And down in the crater there were active forces, explosions, rocks bursting, hissing, thundering noises. Indeed, such were the dangers that the guard would not allow a close inspection. After all a volcano is a dangerous toy; one did not care to dwell too long upon its ragged edge. Upward was smoke. Below, the road coiled in and out over the mountain side. Still lower, the city spreads out like a map; and the sea, now that the sun was melting into the waters shone and flashed and sparkled like an ocean of fire, fading away into the thin air, with a strange and marvelous beauty.

The descent was long. We had many miles to go to reach the Hotel Vesuvius, where I was to camp tonight. It is a hotel to dream of. Our supper was taken in a gorgeous room, over head, swelling into a beautiful arched and frescoed ceiling. The side walls were decorated in Pompeiian style. A band of stringed instruments with rich voices, discoursed delightful music and the spread was in harmony with it all.

As we came in, the city was all aglow with innumerable lights. We passed squares, arched entryways, curves, all ablaze with beauty. Away down the thoroughfares, the lamps were countless. It was a scene of wondrous loveliness. And yet I am not prepared to say "See Naples and die."

P. S. This band afterward came down to the common level and begged for Backsheesh.

Perhaps, nowhere in civilized and christianized Europe are the beggars more skillful in their begging and the whole thing more impudently done than in Naples. In this first class and altogether magnificent hotel, this noble band of musicians descended to the common level. Its agent stood at the door, hat in hand, and fawned upon the guests with his beggary. Everywhere it is still the same. Attentions are forced upon the

unwilling traveler, then he is asked to pay for what he neither bargained for nor wanted. And the whole thing is pleasantly but impudently done.

## POMPEII

I awoke this morning about 6:30 a. m., and rubbed my sleepy eyes. When I had wakened sufficiently, to get them open and to look about me, before undertaking the labor of the "toilet", I found myself looking out on a beautiful scene, the like of which I never expect to see again. The cone of Vesuvius filled the window, smoking still, while the beautiful bay was asleep between me and the distant mountain. I lay for a few moments watching the wonderful vision to see what was the prospect of an eruption, when right out of the crater rose a great blaze of light. Could the world be on fire? Or was it only the sun rising behind the crater? So rose this orb of splendor more wonderful than all volcanoes. And with it Naples awoke to activity. A breakfast of bread and coffee was served to the guests and as soon as possible we were ready for the trip to another of the city's superb sights. The carriage was quickly under way.

Among the interesting things to be seen in passing, was the castle of St. Elmo, on a hill high above the city. We found remains of the old fortifications standing grimly, up above the buildings round about. We discovered that our trip last night had led us past the palace, the Royal Theatre and Arcade and the church where the King celebrates, when he comes to Naples.

The railway ride out to Pompeii had several points of interest. Not only was there the constant presence of sea and mountains, but one could not help noticing the oriental character of the houses, square and windowless, or almost so: the roof of stone, with a flat oval of the arched dome rising a little above the level.

I am now writing at the railway at Pompeii, having an hour to wait for the special that carries us back to Naples. The walk of several hours through the town of Pompeii, has put me into good condition for moralising. To describe the picture is impossible, but there are some points to be noted.

With a very few exceptions only the first stories of the houses are standing. These were built down long, narrow streets,

side walks being from eighteen inches to four or five feet wide, and elevated six to eighteen inches above the roadway, averaging probably twelve to fourteen inches. The road way is usually only wide enough for a single carriage to pass at a time; the ruts worn in the stones of the road-way being sometimes as deep as six inches. Every where along the streets are oval stepping stones, standing twelve inches above the road-way, and being often three feet long by a foot and a half wide, apparently a great obstruction to vehicles. The streets are all paved with large blocks of stone of all irregular shapes. Remains however of beautiful mosaic-paved side walks are to be found along some streets.

The entrances to the handsome dwellings are pierced through street walls, and do much, in that respect, resemble the "Villas" in Naples of the present day. There are the remains of innumerable bazaars, a dozen feet square. The counters are often built of stone, with marble top. Many indicate the business carried on—pots, sunk in the counters for boiling, bakeries, amphorae for wine. These are under the mansions of the rich and great, as in Naples today. The bazaar streets must have been much like those we have seen in all these oriental cities, and which are slowly giving way to modern handsome stores.

I visited very many of the private dwellings. They are, as a rule, spacious, and built on the same order. A large atrium with a fountain, opening into a yet more beautiful hall, with a covered arcade resting on pillars, and ornamented with paintings. All around are little dark rooms, used for the various purposes of the house. The supply of water was universal. Often both the large water mains, and even the lead pipes, faucets and stop cocks were in place. Almost every house was adorned with wall frescoes, fluted or polished columns with Corinthian capitals. The colors of the frescoes were often wonderfully clear; the pictures easily recognizable. For summer use these houses with floors were comfortable. I saw no fireplaces. They must have depended on brazier fires for heat. The houses were beautiful and cool. But the streets I judge were no better than those we found in native portions of Beirut, Smyrna, and Alexandria. Driving a carriage through them must have been a fine art. Two horses must have been hitched to the vehicles. A one horse concern would have needed big cats to pull them, if they got there at all.

I visited several public buildings. The temple of Jupiter must have been a very handsome and spacious structure. So

also must the pantheon. The columns were indicative of ample means to construct a great edifice.

There is a beautiful little theatre, with marble seats and facings, that once was very beautiful. It was probably used for the opera and the drama.

About one half of the old city is excavated. A view can be had from the edge of the excavation, which gives an idea of a large, thickly built area. Beyond this is the old amphitheatre, which is in a remarkable state of preservation. Some of the sections of seats are in place. The great parapet is whole and entire. The substructures under the seats, are as they were in A. D. 79, when the rain of ashes and cinders began. It was almost impossible to prevent the vision of that ancient time from coming to the eye, with Bulwer's picture of the fierce gladiatorial shows recurring. As I walked down the great paved highway to the arena, how vivid seemed that sentence, "Morituri Salutamus."

On the way to this Amphitheatre, we pass the deep aqueduct that supplied the ancient city. The city is dead these 2,000 years, but the waters, fresh and living were pouring through it, as if still bent on the mission of mercy. Here was food for thought, indeed. This only lived, of all Pompeii. The ruins of its Baths so beautifuly described in "The Last Days of Pompeii" are very complete. The richly carved arched ceilings are there. The swimming pools, the private bath rooms, the great atrium where the lazy Pompeiian gentlemen lounged, are all there. It was easy to people the scene, with the gentle (?) Sallust, the polite Pansa, and the rush and the gush of the youth of the ancient city.

Into some places we were carried, where the pictures had much better have perished,—they were so infamously vile. One could not help asking the question, what does art do for morals? Nothing. Art and religion are not coordinates. Religion can flourish without art. But art destroys when there is no God; or a false God. The contrast between Baltimore and Pompeii is very great but no greater than the contrast between Baltimore and Naples. Ancient and Modern Italian life seem to be running along the same lines. Man is the same in all ages. Evolution is a humbug. It solves nothing; it explains nothing so far as man is concerned. The east is today more degenerate, less manly than it was 2000 years ago, save where pure religion has permeated it. Evolution nonsense! It may do for fish, but it wont do for man.

One thing that surprises us, is the fact that so fearful a shower of ashes could have fallen on this city as was needed to bury it 50 feet deep. The city is full 12 miles from the crater, about the distance of our ride yesterday. And yet that rain of ashes swept the city out of existence, and buried it so that for years the ploughmen planted their crops upon it and never knew. They are doing the same on the unexcavated portion today.

The various uncovered houses in the city have been given fancy names. These have no connection whatever with any real archaeological facts but spring from suggestions that appeal to the imagination.

Some buildings of course, tell by their construction just what they are; and even the inexperienced can catch the general idea from a cursory examination.

It was a solemn thought that arose in the heart, as I traversed those old streets that had been dead and buried for all these eighteen centuries. The mind will re-people the highways with the chariots and palanqueens of the wealthy, the cries of the rabble, the street beggar's piteous appeals. And the question would suggest itself—"what will be the outcome, and where will be our cities, after the lapse of another thousand or more years. Will our sins speak as plainly then as do the vulgar wall pictures of these voluptuous Pompeiians. That which we do in secret, will it be blazoned upon the house tops?"

Old Vesuvius is still smoking. Vineyard and olive grove and the homes of another race still adorn her sides and creep up almost under the shadow of the crater. Here men are living, in old Pompeii, over the very ashes which buried this town out of sight.

A "tourist" has just answered the question—"Well, how did you like Pompeii?" with the reply, "Oh, well I suppose a fellow has to say, I've been there." "Didn't enjoy it?" "Naw, it's nothing but rocks."

But the more thoughtful traveler feels that there is an infinite deal to be seen in Pompeii. One learns a great deal who only runs through it as I have done, but time to study—to take each point one by one, would repay for the labor. I am glad I have seen Pompeii.

## "I MUST SEE ROME ALSO"

So said no less a man that the illustrious Paul. He would see Rome, not that he cared for a sight of the splendid palaces of the "divine Augustus," nor even to catch as much as one view of "flava Tiber", but because there were here, immortal souls and he must needs preach the gospel "to them also."

I, too, have long desired to see Rome and now that I am in the beautiful, new-old city, I am trying to realize that in this place lived also such illustrious men as the great Caesar, the eloquent Cicero, the poetic Virgil and ten thousand other "illustri vires", and that here Paul and Peter, Mark, Luke and Timothy spent a few troubled years.

I left Naples yesterday at 4 o'clock. The ride was planned for ending in Rome at 9:20. This deprived me of a much coveted view of the lot of the Italian farmer. For an hour, out of Naples, we rode through a beautiful and level plain. The mountains were on our right and not very far away, the sea on our left. The whole land was in a high state of cultivation. It was something to see trees again, and plenty of them, only all of them planted by the hand of man. The most striking features were the umbrella pines planted along the highway; and there were fig-trees in abundance; and great orchards, and wheat green and beautiful under the western sun.

Toward five o'clock, our engine brought us up into the hill country. There was much roughness, many towns and villages were passed and many olive groves. The mountain tops close on our right were covered with snow and the air was chill.

In a half-drowsy state I came into "the eternal city." It was night. There was a rush for rooms in the hotel by our Frieslanders. Away we rattled over the well paved streets. Out of the bus window, the city seemed fresh with paint. We rolled past splendid areas, lofty houses, towers, palaces and columns. But it was late and the first thought was our own creature comfort. It was midnight before the table d' hote dinner had been completed and the tired traveler lay down to a dreamless sleep in ancient Rome.

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Many a head has slept as soundly in this city and waked to a less satisfactory day than I have spent, today. It was

the sabbath. A stranger in the city I knew not its ways, but there were two things I wished to do, I wanted to see the mighty congregation that I had heard assembled at St. Peters, and I wanted to hear some good, evangelical, Scotch Presbyterian preaching. Alas I missed both of them! Not but that I made an effort in both directions, however.

Very soon after breakfast and a whole batch of delightful letters from home, I took, in company with Bros. Quigg and Caldwell, a carriage for St. Peters, at which most of our pilgrims were to assemble. On the way we crossed the yellow Tiber, by a bridge, which is a lineal descendant of the one built in the early times, its columns now adorned with angels, but in the days of old Rome, with the "illustrious Gods." It is directly facing the so called "Castle of San Angelo" from the angel of the apex of the roof. It was really the tomb of the Emperor Adrian; an immense structure, no picture that I have ever seen doing it justice. It is of circular form, massive walls and lofty, and certainly roomy enough for at least five thousand men to lie in, though they were all as large as Adrian.

It was but a few minutes drive thence to the great and magnificent open square of St. Peters. On the side was the superb semi-circular colonnade, built by the popes for the shelter of pilgrims. In the center stands an obelisk, which probably stood not far from the same spot in the days of Ancient Rome.

The Church itself appears dwarfed when so near it, as the dome is hidden by the cornice of the building. The first view of the dome as we were driving toward it, is much more inspiring.

But as we passed up the superb entrance, through the great bronze doors into the structure itself, it was easy to see why a description of this magnificent structure is impossible. It involves too many particulars; nor is it possible by technical terms to produce the poetic emotions that fill the heart and mind at the prospect. It is slowly and with difficulty that the mind takes in the immensity of the splendid proportion, the simplicity, the complexity, the ornateness of this greatest building on earth dedicated to the service of God. It is easy to tell of the 175 sorts of marble used in its construction, but the superb effect, of contrast, of order; the constant easing and satisfying of the eye with change of color and symmetri-

cal arrangement is impossible to describe. You are told that all the apparently magnificent paintings of heroic proportions, scattered through the building are not paintings but mosaics, you almost decline to believe it, even when told that each one occupied the labor of several artists for fifteen or twenty years. You pass under superb arches, through great collonnades of square pillars, each one ornamented with magnificent medallions carved in marble, all bearing great carvings of pope after pope, each a study by the very best artists; and these columns flanked with splendid Corinthian pillars, polished to perfection, great and graceful in structure; side chapels adorned with columns twisted and fluted and covered with carvings, beautiful enough to have come from Solomon's temple, where you are told they did come from; you go on and stand under the great center dome and look up and, and if your ire does not rise at the appropriation of that sentence around it "Thou art Peter and upon him I will build my church," your soul will certainly be filled with emotions of a high order. Just before you hangs a dove, in pale sunlight, golden glory shining about you. This is almost the only stained glass I noticed in this great structure. But the use of gold leaf was everywhere; all of the ceiling being hand work in beautiful panels, having required an immense quantity of it. The building is really a history of the Catholic Church in stone. Here the dogma of the infallibility of the popes, and here that of the immaculate conception (waited for by the whole Catholic world) was proclaimed. This is the statue of St. Peter whose bronze toes have about been kissed off. These 96 burning golden lamps, are ever trimmed at the grave of the Apostles Peter and Paul. But to describe this majestic building, is as I have already said, an impossibility, in less compass than a volume and not then without the aid of innumerable plates. It is a superb picture of the possibilities of genius. One feels however that it is dedicated to Michael Angelo, rather than built for the glory of God.

And now for the great congregation, the pealing organ and rich service, to make illustrious the bright beautiful sabbath morning. I didn't find it. Once I came across a handful of people in a little chapel going through a few services; they could all have been put in a 20 x 20 room. And this was Sunday morning in St. Peters.

I returned to our hotel, De Milano, on the piazza Montecitorio, lunched, got hold of the Christian Observer for Feb-

ruary, and had a good time, till 3 p. m. We had been told that there was to be an English service in the Presbyterian church, 20th of September street at 4. We started out to walk thither. On turning the corner from our hotel, we came *en face* with the world famous column of Marcus Aurelius. It is in fine preservation, and superb proportion. A band was playing at the base. A crowd was around the band. We passed on. How superbly the streets of Rome are paved, with little four inch Belgian blocks, true and square and very clean; cleaner than any American city. The streets were quite irregular, owing to the many hills on which Rome is built. We soon found that we knew too little Italian to make ourselves understood, and returned to Clark's office to be put in a cab, and whirled off down the streets, to the Presbyterian Church, opposite the office of the Minister of War. The church building is one of a large cluster of rooms occupied by Presbyterian work. It is a paralellogram in form with beautiful ceiling and handsome windows, very bright, tasteful and attractive. But alas, as we reached it, the last of the congregation was disappearing out of the doorway. The service was over.

It was quite a pleasure to call on Rev. Dr. Gray, a well built, handsome gentleman of 38 or 40. He welcomed us very cordially and gave us a good account of the work. The Scotch Presbyterians give the fruits of their labors to the Waldensian Church. This mission works specially along the educational line. I asked him about sabbath closing in Rome. He sustained me in the view that it was becoming general, though the motive was philanthropic and not religious.

We wandered down along magnificent streets, among a splendid outpour of equipages, with beautiful women and handsome and well dressed men every where. We could not help but feel that these modern Romans are a splendid race, physically. They are however light hearted and unreliable, and lacking in ballast and solid character. Only let them take the gospel into their spiritual constitution, and they would be one of the finest races on the face of the earth. We found our way down to the church of Santa Trinita del Monte. The church was full, the aisles being crowded. The audience was quite attentive even solemn. But they had come together to hear the nuns singing and not to hear the gospel preached. Oh, that another Savonorola might arise in the Catholic church, only not with the cry of John the Baptist on his lips, but with the sweet and glorious invitations of the Lord Jesus.

So ended this first day in Rome,—a day to be remembered,—for what it taught me as well as for what I saw.

## OUT ON THE APPIAN WAY

One cannot help noticing, just after leaving the oriental cities and Naples also, that Rome has few or no balconies, that it believes in Venetian blinds, that it is up to the times. The way in which many streets are paved, from wall to wall, without sidewalk, or only with a parallel row of larger paving stones to mark the curbs, quickly excites attention. The drainage of the city on all the wider streets is peculiar, the water being thrown into drains under the sidewalks, as in Paris.

How many squares there are with obelisks and columns. Just in front of this hotel on the piazza Monte Citorio stands one of the Egyptian obelisks that was brought here in imperial times, was overthrown, and about one hundred years ago, reset, after being revamped and repaired. Not much of the ancient Egyptian heiroglyphic writing is to be seen.

The carriages were ready by 9 a. m. How many records in brick and stone of the ancient days were to be seen on every side. Clustered near each other, were a neat little circular temple known as the temple of the Vestal Virgins or by others the temple of Hercules, with a circle of Corinthian columns about it, the house in which Pontius Pilate is said to have lived and Rienzi to have been born, and a neat square temple of very ancient date, called also the temple of the Virgin. All were small, but must have been solidly built to have lasted so long.

Our pathway led us by the side of the Tiber, through the ancient part of Rome. Many of the houses along the way were built of the material used in constructing the old city. The thin, large flat brick so noticeable in ancient Pompeii were seen everywhere, here. The road led out to the ancient Ostian gate so called because it was nighest to the Roman port of Ostia, 22 kilometers distant. Parts of the massive old wall as erected by Aurelian, 270 A.D., are still in site. The two great round towers, the work of Bajazet in the 6th century are perfect. The superb pyramidal tomb of Carius Cestus, built B. C. 46, is part of this wall. It is something above 80 feet high. It is perfect and must have caught the eye of the Apostle as he came into the city.

We quickly passed these interesting points and drove to what is considered the most beautiful church of Rome,—the church of St. Paul, without the walls. The approach to the building is lofty and superb, although the exterior with the exception of the new facade is not very attractive.

On the interior, money has been recklessly spent, to embellish the house and to make it the most beautiful possible. The floors are of manifold marble, laid in patterns of beautiful designs. Its walls are of alabaster as were also some of the magnificent columns, so large that two men could not reach around them. The altar is richest malachite, and so also some of the columns. Overhead, the ceiling is corniced and panelled in rich heavy panels and with great and dazzling use of gold. Beneath the cornice runs a line of medallion Mosaics of the portraits of each of the 273 popes. There are many superb Mosaics of great size upon the wall. One candelabra is shown of the ninth century, while some parts of the edifice were constructed by Constantine and others in the time of Theodosius and Honorius. The main portion of the building is supported by 80 great and beautifully polished granite monolithic columns. The building makes the impression that it is a superb gallery of art. It is more properly a tomb than a church. It is said that one half of the bodies of St. Peter and Paul are buried in this church, the remainder being at the Cathedral of St. Peter's. St. Paul's head, however, is said to be buried in the church of St. John in Laterano. These good Catholics believe in a fair division.

We drove to the church and Catacombs of St. Sebastian, the entry to which is on the Appian way, not far from the three-mile post. St. Paul passed this spot, perhaps he entered the fearful place into which we descended. The catacombs are not quarries. The stone taken out of them is unfit for building. No, these catacombs were burial places and the hiding holes of the early Christians. Rich brethren provided means for their construction and gave permission for their use. It is said that if all the excavation were in one line, they would be 300 miles in length. It was like descending away from hope to enter them. I only entered for half an hour, winding about in narrow passages, descending from story to story, here and there noticing loculi, and little tabs bearing such expressions as "Dulcis filia" marking the homes of the dead. Had the lights gone out, it would have been enough to run one crazy and yet to think that for the love of Jesus, boys and tender

girls and aged saints forsook the light of day and hid away in these noisome places among the dead. Oh! what a picture it gives of heroic fortitude. One could see, also how the foes of the faith would fear to hunt for men who burrowed down into these deep underground ways.

Just a little beyond the entrance to the catacombs is the round tomb of Cecilia Metella who died about 50 B. C. So substantial was it that in Byzantine times it was changed to a fortress. It was also there when Paul, Luke, Timothy and some Roman Presbyterians moved along this old Appian way to the Eternal City.

We drove back by the Sebastian gate to the city, noticing as we came the remains of the huge baths of Caracalla; and also the great Pantheon which stands but a few feet away from our hotel.

After dinner and an hour spent in visiting among the shops, we started out on another tour of exploration. We passed the forum and column of Trajan. How these names bring back the ancient past. Trajan meant to perpetuate his name. For two thousand years he has succeeded in doing it. The column is 135 feet in height, made of thirty-four blocks of marble. It contains upon it, figures of 500 horses and men, and all in beautiful proportion. It celebrates his victories over the Dacians.

We made a pause at the Baptistry of which it is said that therein Constantine was baptised. The fact that the columns are of solid porphyry and that no mines are now known where such columns could be gotten out, lead to the belief that the building is very ancient. It is now a gallery of paintings connected with the conversion and life of Constantine. It is to be noted that not only this great baptistry, but also the great Mosaic of the baptism of Christ at St. Peters, proceed upon the basis of baptism by sprinkling.

Near by is the famous church of St. John in Laterano; this church claims to be the oldest in the world in continuous existence, having been founded and built in 308 A.D. It was destroyed by fire a thousand years later and was rebuilt and beautified. Again badly injured by fire a few decades ago. It is undoubtedly one of the most ornate buildings I have visited. It is a great church with lofty ceiling and marble floors. The most precious materials are used in its construction, and

yet, everywhere that it is possible, every foot of ceiling and floor and side walls, is decorated with paintings, mosaics, engravings, cameos, statuary, inlaid and inset stones, so that decoration could no farther go. The head of St. John is buried here (?) so that this great and wonderful building is only another pyramid.

But I am falling into the guide book style. Shall we stand on the steps of St. John in Laterano and wonder why yonder ancient Roman acqueduct was constructed on great arches. Was it that they did not understand the principle of conducting of water in pipes (Surely not; answer Pompeii) or was it that they could not cast pipes sufficiently large. Or shall we moralize over your largest of Egyptian obelisks, here in strange company, and wonder why London, Paris, Constantinople, Rome and even New York should rob Egypt, poor Egypt, of her treasures.

No, we must hurry through the biting north wind, across the street to a plain building, in which we witness a strange and touching sight. Here are 28 steps, known as the Scala Sancta, said to be the steps on which Jesus ascended to the tribunal of Pontius Pilate; two of them; the 2nd and 9th having been wet with his blood. We remember that the popes proclaimed an indulgence (from the fires of purgatory) of nine years to each step, to whomsoever would climb the stairway from step to step on his knees. It was the sight of the poor deluded, superstitious victims of this error slowly climbing, praying and weeping, that so stirred the heart of that visiting monk, Martin Luther, that he came to know the value of Justification by faith only. Then and there he broke with error and began the Reformation.

I visited the Scala Sancta. My soul fell into sorrowful thoughts as I beheld from top to bottom, every step filled with kneeling votaries, as many as each step would hold, and all praying, sobbing, working up slowly from step to step. Oh! that the John, the Paul, the Peter, whose shrines adorn this city could rise again and put to shame this ignorance and error.

But I must hurry. I visited also the church of St. Mary, on the Esquiline hill, on the site of the temple of Julia; and from thence down into the subterranean Cemetery of the Capuchin Monks. Well! do you ask what sort of thing this cemetery was. It was grotesque, horrible or humorous, just as

you choose to put it. In seven or eight rooms, the decorations were of the ghastliest kind, lamps of human thighbones, ribs or tibia; flowers and floral decorations of finger and foot bones; nice arches built up, decorated and adorned with grinning skulls. It was quite wonderful, quite artistic, horribly funny. To see an old fellow in yellow garments and a skull that winked at you, complacently resting on a bed of femurs or fibulas, gave one the cold shudders. Some four thousands of poor dismembered monks contributed to the entertainment. One could not help wondering, whether these bones could ever find their mates on the resurrection morning.

I ought not to have forgotten the Coliseum, but I surely have. The majestic ruin is in the very heart of the city closely surrounded by buildings. It impressed you as one of the most majestic of the remains of ancient Rome. It is just like the innumerable pictures we have seen of it. But only after one has been in the building itself, can a conception be formed of its solidity and vastness.

A short and pleasant walk carried me from my hotel to the Pantheon. This is one of the noblest remains of Ancient Rome. It is circular in form with massive walls. From these arises a dome 132 feet in diameter, of solid stone. There is a circular aperture at the apex of the dome, which is its only source of light. Rain also pours down through it to the marble floor. This great structure, dedicated to all the gods, was erected a few years before our era. It was a hundred years old when Paul came to Rome. It is a signal memorial of the triumph of the cross, being now a church of Christ. Under its floors lie buried 175,000 bodies of Christians, taken from the catacombs. Victor Emanuel II, "padre della patria" the late king—and the first of United Italy lies buried here. The antiquity and perfect condition of this building is very impressive. One feels on entering it, that it is no common place. For two thousand years, ever since the time of Caesar Augustus, innumerable multitudes have entered it. For 600 years it was devoted to Paganism; for 1300 to Christian worship. God speed the day, when Christianity in Rome may become purified of its multitudes of superstitions and when it may be a great force for the salvation of the world. But first it must bid goodby to its doctrines of Purgatory, papal infallibility, the immaculate conception, penance, auricular confession, the celibacy of the clergy, indulgences, image-worship, and a multitude of minor errors.

The heart is certainly stirred to its depths by the study of such buildings as this. As I stood within it, with one companion, the only persons present were the two guards at the tomb of Victor Emmanuel, and a priest at the door, but what multitudes of sixty generations past have gone up and down those stone floors. The thought is a solemn reminder of mortality.

## ANCIENT ROME

I bought a very good guide book to the city of Rome, yesterday, which begins with the following period: "Although Rome has undergone so many and such varied vicissitudes, she may still call herself the most beautiful city in the universe." I have only been in Rome these three days and it would be exceedingly presumptuous for me to contradict an author who has lived here all his life. We will admit the fact for the present so as to avoid discussion, and will go on to say that the same guide book informs us that Rome has *about* 400,000 inhabitants, is entered by 15 gates, has 360 churches, 46 public squares, (some of which are as wide as an ordinary street in an American city) and has 12 principal fountains and "in a word she still remains the city in which art most flourishes."

I am quite sure that it is impossible to do Rome in a half week. It was not built in a day. It took it more than a hundred years to die for it did die once. And it is still world-famous.

But this is enough of guide book literature. I put it in to show what I could do if I tried.

With two other friends, I took a coach early, for which we paid 20 cts. for the course, and drove down to the front of St. Peters. I made a hasty walk into the great Cathedral and was even more impressed than on my first visit. It is undoubtedly one of the poems in stone, that grows more beautiful the more you look at it. By no means is it so thoroughly decorated as St. John's in Laterano, but the majesty of its size, its proportion and its grand beauty, is simply overwhelming.

I had come to the square, however, for the purpose of visiting the Vatican. There are many treasures of art, and a splendid library in this great pile of buildings. But the public does not get a chance to handle them. I cannot say that

there was much of the work that impressed me. And were I to mention the pictures that charmed me most, it would be to name the more modern. In sculpture, the ancient Greek reached the highest pinnacle of perfection and modern artists have nothing to show, superior. But the paintings that have been made within the past fifty years seem to my untutored eye better than those of the old masters. Michael Angelo paints in stone. Raphael is divine in some of his touches and harsh in others. Rubens, do I shock you to say, is coarse, and even vulgar. He is too fond of nakedness. Murillo is my favorite. He is always sweet and natural. But I fear to add one more line; I even am afraid to say, now, that I like Rosa Bonheur and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

After several hours of wandering through the great buildings, and lunch soon after, I made a pilgrimage to the Colisseum. This great structure was not in existence when Paul was in Rome, but the early christians suffered here by the hundreds, so it has a deep interest for us. It is said that all of this vast structure was erected by the Jews who were captured at the destruction of Jerusalem. Its solid walls have been used as quarries for other buildings: none of the seats are in place; the great arena has been partly excavated, showing the immense substructures; it nevertheless is perfect enough to give an idea of what it must have been in its glory.

Not far away is an exceedingly interesting group of buildings. The arch of Titus is in fine condition, and is famous as having cut in bass-relief on its interior walls the procession bearing the seven-pronged golden candlestick and the table of shew-bread captured at the destruction of Jerusalem.

About the Roman Forum are many parts of buildings, columns, porticoes, pavements, just enough to show that at one time this must have been a grand and beautiful arena. A few rough blocks of stone mark the spot where Cicero delivered his eloquent oration and where Mark Anthony made his eulogy over Caesar. This little section of ancient Rome has made and changed the history of empires. The whole known world was at one time obedient to the Senate that sat within its walls. I sat upon a broken column and wished that some photographer would come along to picture me musing like the "New Zealander on London Bridge."

But there is so much to be seen, that one cannot possibly do justice to it. On yon side of the spot at which we stand,

the great mass of broken walls and ruined arches is the palace of the Caesars. Just over yonder is the world famous sculpture of Moses, by Michael Angelo, which makes famous the church of St. Peter in vincole; and here is the arch of Septimius Severus. That old church has under it the "Mamertine prison", famous as the spot in which St. Paul was confined prior to his execution.

But Rome is not dead. It is growing, vigorous and progressive. It is wide awake. Its women are beautiful. Its equipages are superb. Its shops overflow with beautiful things. It is delightful to visit. Its cooks and hotels understand the business. People that visit Rome like it. It is the one place at which I wish my stay could be lengthened. Goods are cheap. Water is good. Living is not high. Rome will live for a long time to come.

But I must say, I do not think that Rome has four hundred thousand inhabitants. It may have when it about doubles in population. Neither do I think it safe to say that it is the most beautiful city in the universe. There is Boston and Washington and Edinburg. Besides, no astronomer has yet told us that there are no such cities in the planet Mars, as our city of Rome.

## RIDING THROUGH ITALY

In order to make proper connection with our Steamer, the Friesland, which was booked to sail from Antwerp, on the 30th of March, and to have the privilege of a stay in Paris, it became necessary to take a flying trip of over 1000 miles. The Friesland party began to break up at Naples; a very large number was left behind at Rome, but still, there was a most respectable contingent that boarded "Clark's special" for Paris.

We had to say "good-bye" at the door of the Alberco di Milano, to several choice spirits who had decided to remain longer in Europe. A handsome suite of cars had been selected. Three of us, Dr. Henry Quigg, of Conyers, Ga.; Rev. W. S. Caldwell, of Hazlehurst, Miss., and the writer secured a compartment for the long and trying ride. There were four compartments in the coach, each about 7 x 8 feet square (on a rough guess,) upholstered in velvet and with heavy brussells on the floor. For each two compartments and situated between the two with a door connecting was a toilet room;

the privacy and comfort of which is a decided improvement on the American plan.

We had our last ride over one of the finest streets of Rome, taking the cars at 8:10. The ride out of the city carried us past the most perfect of all the ancient aqueducts, in fact, it is now in use for the watering of the city. The pyramid of Caius Cestus, and the Ostian gate were easily recognized. We were soon outside, and on our way through the open country.

One thing that quickly surprised and rather did more than that, was the date-palm growing in the open air in Rome. Vegetation was not very far advanced, but garden crops were beginning to show well; and all along our first day's ride there were extensive olive orchards. The railway track often touched the Mediterranean. At times, the breakers rolled in at the side of the track; at other times its beautiful calm surface was lost to view. To the west of the track, the mountains were sometimes far away, and sometimes near at hand; while between sea and mountain a broad and fertile plain spread out, with many towns and villages in sight.

For many miles the road ran through as beautiful farming country as I ever saw. For miles below and above Cecina the country was dotted over with white farm houses, usually two stories and sometimes three. Nearly every house had a lean-to at one end of it with a round-arched wagon way in it, this evidently being the barn. There were great stacks of rough feed in the yards. Nearly all the houses had chimneys or smokestacks. Many had cupolas on the apex of the roof. Very few had piazzas. All were more or less square; all were of concrete; and roofs of tile. Along the splendid highways they were scattered at distances of one to three hundred yards. But off the roads they were few in number, there being very much open country. The fields were beautifully cultivated, almost like a garden. Cultivation was done by oxen, two to the plow and *all* white.

While there seemed to be few extensive vineyards, there were many rows of grape vines in the fields, set along neatly cut boundary and irrigation ditches. The rough hill-sides were even covered with pines, and of these, there were extensive forests. The skies were as blue as in our own bonny southland.

I do not remember to have seen anywhere as well-housed a rural population, but their houses were not ornate, seem-

ingly being constructed on the principles of durability, economy, and roominess at the least possible expense. All seemed to have been long built, but very few were dilapidated. The people seen appeared to be hard workers, roughly clad, but sufficiently well fed.

We passed Collesalvette at 3:35, just after having cleared through the first tunnel on the way. It is quite a town, with fine farming territory about it. The grain was well up, ready almost to begin heading; the hills were out of sight on either side of the way. And trees of any sorts were few. The whole land was under the plow,

These notes were written in the train, and are observations "in situ," not being written out from notes afterward. They present the case as it appears to an eyewitness.

At 4, we reached Pisa. To the right of the track the Baptistery, the Cathedral, and the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Everybody has heard of this latter object and ably taken part in the discussion as to whether it was built so, or the foundation has given way. The foundation probably is to blame. At present the inclination out of the perpendicular is fifteen feet. The tower is certainly very much out of plumb, and looks as if the next earthquake ought to send it earthward.

Splendid stone bridges cover the rivers where we have passed them. In fact this country seems built to last.

Between Pisa and the station of Sarzanna, the mountains on one side, the sea on the other, the country was indeed beautiful. It was a real garden, rich with vines and olives.

About Vizano-Ligrice, mountains are magnificently terraced to the top—and set in vines and olives. The people are getting everything out of the land that could by any possible way be done. Tunnel was following tunnel on the road which indicates the rough-(a tunnel here) ness of the land; every where man had been busy. The land was both mountainous and level? Moun-(another tunnel) tains had made the roughness, but man's terraces had stepped them into levels.

Everywhere among and around the terraces, irrigation canals conducting the mountain streams had been dug so that plants spread out their roots by living streams.

At this point in my notes, the whole proceeding of jotting down on the highway come to a sudden stop, for we had reached

that most wonderful series of tunnels that carried us along the Riviera, the shores of the bays of Genoa. For much over an hour we were most of the while, rumbling through subterannean caverns, for twenty or more miles. The mountains here come down to the edge of the sea. Our road pierced the mountains, only making entrance into daylight to catch one glimpse of the sea dashing against the side of the cliffs, and then instantly rushing back into cimmerian darkness. A score of times were we treated to these beautiful views:—sometimes it was the sea and only the sea, roaring and surging at our very feet, that filled the picture. And sometimes there were short visions of quaint cities, clinging to the sides of the hollows and declivities. (Five tunnels while writing that sentence.) There were pictures, near Carrera, of marble quarries. There was an orchard of lemons in a beautiful, fairy like valley. There was an old tower perched up on a high rock at the sea side. To the right hand, cliff rose on cliff. To the left, the sea, with distant sails, wave breaking after wave, on black pinnacles of rock. Because of the sudden transitions from blackness to beauty, the beauty seemed all the more glorious.

Night at last settled on the scene. But we knew ourselves to be still rumbling on through tunnel after tunnel.

At 8:30, according to the promise of our conductor made six months ago, we stopped at Genoa. Innumerable lights, long rows of them down side streets, told us that it was no mean city that we were entering. Out of the car windows, we could see seven and eight story houses. Art, beautiful taste, skillful seizing of the possibilities of the situation were the distinguishing marks of the city.

Our supper was furnished in an ornate dining hall, in the railway station, that would have been greatly admired had it been only a little antique and in a palace. It was an introduction to us of the taste that pervades all Italy, where interiors are considered useful only as they are beautified, where indeed, the useful is subordinated to the aesthetic.

One must pay $7.00 here to get a sleeper from 12 p. m., to 5 a. m. This is one of the delights of foreign travel.

## FOUR HUNDRED MILES THROUGH FRANCE

Shortly after leaving Genoa, I curled up, in a most uncomfortable position, on a seat in the compartment, spread my over-

coat over my body, and slept. At 4 o'clock, after having passed through the country of the Waldensees and Turin its capital, I woke just before the train entered the Mt. Cenis Tunnel. This, and the St. Gotthard, are the two longest continuous tunnels in Europe. But neither are so long as the tunnels of the Riviera, which almost amount to continuity. But both our exit from and our entrance into the tunnel occurred under cover of darkness. So far as the scenery in the tunnels itself is concerned, that amounts to nothing. The Mt. Cenis tunnel, therefore, is the only part of the road that I can claim to have seen, if one can see what he does not see.

Shortly afterward, at 5 of the clock or 4 by Paris time when we all were sleeping such fitful sleep as is possible to a man who is twisted almost double and wedged into a railway seat, every door was suddenly thrown wide open, and in came ice-cold weather from the snow covered mountains among which we were, and the guard shouted, "baggages!" which meant that every mother's son and daughter of us had to shoulder our grips, wade around "through snow and ice" to the custom officers and have him put a chalk mark on them. When we got back the old train had rolled out, from every compartment all the stray shawls, lunches and debris generally had been gathered up and heaped up in one promiscuous pile, and a new and ice-cold train of cars stood ready to receive us. I need not say that there was wild and useless kicking. It was a way of the "Republique Francais" that we had to put up with.

When daylight came, we were steaming down a valley, level, and beautiful with young grain, and half a mile away on each side, the rough Alpine mountains rose abruptly,—every one of them robed in white. Presently clouds gathered and the rain began to fall. Once, a dim vision of Mt. Blanc was caught, but the clouds shut out the vision. But the scene was, for all the discouragements, sublime in rugged majesty. The streams pouring down in cascade and waterfall were pictures of beauty. We pass through tunnel following tunnel, along the shores of a wide and beautiful lake. The Rhone was on a tare,—her banks were away out in the middle of the uproarious river, while trees and houses sat down in the foaming flood. We breakfasted at Culoz on a bowl of coffee and a chunk of bread. It took a quarter lb. of sugar to sweeten the coffee, and tablespoons were served to dip it up with. Breakfast was quickly over.

The journey was through a rugged enough country for several hours,—but every where, along the superb roadways, the well

curbed streams, and the boundary lines of fields, long rows of sentinel poplars streamed across the landscape,—the line lost in view, through distance at either end.

There was much open timber; and great breadth of grain, and vineyards nicely trimmed and trellised. Of country farm houses there were few; the farmers must surely be a town-folk. They are said to be the most well-to-do farmers in the world. It was this "peasantry" that paid the huge indemnity demanded as the result of the Franco-Prussian war.

At Macon, the cathedral and many private buildings were noticed; and here the raging Rhone, spread far beyond its banks, was crossed on a noble bridge. The country beyond was rough and mountainous. Again the train swept on through tunnel after tunnel. A table d'hote lunch was served and enjoyed in a handsome observation car. The darkness of the tunnel coming between courses added to the interest of the occasion.

And now the mountains were lost to view. Everywhere the busy plows and the toiling laborers were in the field. The evidences of thrift and industry were everywhere. It was easy to see why the French farmers are so well-to-do—they know how to farm and they work. If our farmers would only do the same, there would be less complaint of the hard times, than now.

Dijon, a handsome, growing, manufacturing place was passed. And there, our cars swept down into the valley of the Seine. It was common place enough—the picture is this—the level, fertile garden-like farms; the innumerable orchards, the superb roads, the vines covering every available spot, the highways and the streams lined with carefully set and regularly trimmed lombardy poplars; the hawthorne hedges, the busy oxen, and the busy people. There, too, was the Seine. We crossed it, we recrossed it, we steamed along by its side for mile upon mile. We glide into busy cities on its banks.

Now the villages became more numerous, there were more church spires; the villages became city-like: the mansard roofs were counted more frequently; the horizon line was one mass of houses. Almost before we knew our train was rolling into the Gare de Lyons, at Paris.

## SNATCHES OF PARIS

I was in Paris some nine years ago and at that time took a deep interest in exploring its streets and in hunting up all its

objects of interest. Beginning with Glasgow, and spending weeks in going from city to city in Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, I at last, on my journey home, reached Paris last of all. I was wearied with city sights and scenes. But the bright, breezy city, with its kaleidoscopic variety of entertaining things revived my faded interest and it was hard to get away.

And now, after these years, at the close of a journey of thrilling interest through cities each one of which held and charmed, I find myself rounding up my experiences as before. Only parts of three days can be given to the city, but there is such an immensity of things to be seen; the panorama of the streets is so wild with life; the stores shine with such brilliancy of innumerable things; in even the commonest item there is so much of taste displayed; the fare at the hotels is so pleasantly good; that one feels the time slip by and wishes it were longer.

We have had bad weather to contend with on this 29th of March, for the month is going out like a lion, and withal the April showers have come in before their time, and that too, with a spiteful dash as though they were out of place but meant to stay there. The whole day was spent in sight seeing. The graceful and beautiful Trocadero was revisited. The Eifel Tower was studied carefully. A near view was disappointing as to its height, the prospective being foreshortened by proximity. But later on from different parts of the city, it rose high above all the city towers, and then its beautiful proportions combined with its 900 feet of height showed to such advantage as to awe the beholder.

A special visit was made to the Sainte Chapelle, erected to contain the sacred relics of the crucifixion. It is one brilliant maze of stained glass, in gilding and carving, in the style of the renaissance. Nothing in the city is more worth seeing.

Of course I revisited Notre Dame on the Isle de Paris. One could not help but be profoundly impressed with this beautiful structure. It was Friday. We found a great crowd in the building, collected about the altar to kiss the "crown of thorns" which they were told was the real crown from the Saviour's brow, and a nail that had been driven through his hand. It was a shameful imposture, and it thrilled one with fear lest these unholy priests should have bad times when the accounting comes.

Near by in the Morgue, two poor unnamed dead men were exposed, awaiting recognition. Curious gazes were fastened upon them by multitudes. It was a solemn thing to see how lonely

death is, and then how appropriate the motto placed there as well as in innumerable other places in Paris, "Liberte, egalite, fraternite."

The picture and statuary galleries of the Louvre were crowded with visitors. I suppose most of them felt as I did that to rush into that wonderful collection of the fruits of genius, and stare at this or that for a moment or two, is like attempting to swallow a pudding whole. Very wisely, we selected only a few of the world famous subjects, gave them a thoughtful examination, and then like the swift ships, we were gone.

I never pass the church l'Auxerrois without a shudder. Its bell sounded out a call to murder on the fateful day of St. Bartholomew. Even Paris is horrified at the thought of that dreadful time, and Catholicism would blot out the record of it if it were possible.

We rode past all the famous things of Paris; the Place Vendome, the Arc de Triomphe, the church of Madeleine, the church of St. Eustache, the tour of St. Jacques, the Bourse, the Hotel de Ville, the Palais of Justice, le grand Opera and through all the principal places and squares. We passed through miles on miles of beautiful streets, thronging with equipages of every sort, and full of people. Paris in winter seems more full of people than it was in summer when I saw it last. The street crossings have to be managed with great care for fear of collision. The "hi! hi!" of the drivers; the shrill whistle of street cars, dummies and level trains keeps up a continual warning. Paris has neither subterranean nor elevated railways. Its streets are in a state of dangerous congestion, especially as their theory seems to be that the vehicle has the right of way and foot passengers must blame themselves if they get run over.

There is an immense multitude of things to be seen in the city. One who wishes to do it in a week is kept busy. But fortunately there is a multitude of good hotels. At the hotel Terminus, there is a great abundance of ornament. It was the only place on the whole travel where we had electric lights, and even "telephones" in our bed rooms. We were just one hundred risers above the office floor, but there was a "lift" which did away with the annoyance.

I spent part of these days in Paris, going most of the time, and beginning also to feel the longing for rest, that comes from incessant sight seeing.

At 8:20 a. m., on Saturday morning, we went out from the Gare del Nord on the way to Antwerp.

## ALONG THE OISE

We left Paris with a bright sun shining in the heavens. It was cold, however, and now and then dark clouds foretold coming showers.

For a while we were passing amid houses and factories. At last we reached the open country. It was open, in that, ofttimes, we traveled apparently for miles without a house in sight. The fields were level. The plows were busy everywhere. The culture seemed to be as near perfect as man could make it. It was, for the most part, in far better tilth than the majority of American gardens. This remark applies to the whole surface of the earth, between Paris and Antwerp, 248 miles.

Very great attention seemed to be paid to arboriculture. There were large forests of planted trees: young plantations just made, and whenever it was possible, as along railway embankments, trees were set.

Our path lay along the river Oise, which like the Rhone and the Seine, seemed somewhat rampant with over-much rain. The whole winter has been a succession of bad weather days. We have had bright balmy weather on the Mediterranean, but here it has been rough and cold.

The Oise has every mark of being a tame river. Its banks are clean and fresh. A tow path runs along it, and its waters were full of canal boats. It runs through a plain as level as a floor.

As we pass along, there is a continual succession of interesting things to be seen. Towns, like Noyon in France and Mons in Belgium, famous for their historic interest, attract both the eye and the thought. All of this beautiful country has been fought over. It contains the birth-places and the ashes of the great. One cannot help noticing the splendid cattle and horses. The innumerable sheep flocks of all the rest of the Mediterranean world are not seen here. In Paris, all the buildings were of concrete, stuccoed, with long balconies, extending along each story. But we have left even rubble stones behind us. Brick takes the place of it. We are even yet not in the country of wooden houses though wood is more plentiful than in any region yet traversed. Old fashioned Dutch windmills adorn the landscape. Every road

and boundary line, and river bank is lined with well trimmed shade trees as though it were a park. Old gray churches and church spires are seen near by, or rise up beyond the distant horizon.

We lunch on a palace car, with the swift changing scenery, moving past us. And at its close, the great white tower of the Palais of Justice, Brussels,—one of the largest and costliest courthouses on earth, looms up above the roofs of that city.

One cannot help but notice, short as our stay is in Brussels that it is a beautiful city. All of the towns occupied by the French seem to point to an innate taste for the beautiful. French bread is the best; French manners the politest of the nations. And yet the eyes open wide at what we in America would call 'the *indecencies* of their people.' Things that shock our sense of propriety and that are forbidden by our laws, they seem not to regard at all. There is certainly a change needed here.

This people, with a firmer religion,—one that *taught* them the greatest truths, God and eternity,—would develop into a glorious and noble race.

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Our stay at Antwerp was brief. On the day following we once more found lodging aboard the Friesland for ten days of storm and shine on the wide Atlantic which called for 3,333 nautical miles of travel.

Without mishap after a delightful voyage, we reached New York, our journey ended.

We can wish each of our readers no greater happiness than to take just such a journey as we had the privilege of enjoying. It is the happiness of a life time, our only regret being that it is ended.

At this point we take a farewell of our readers.

# If a Man Die Shall He Live Again---He Will

By William Plumer Jacobs, D.D., LL.D.

The Following Pages Also Include:

Excerpts from the Will; Biographical Sketch of Dr. Ferdinand Jacobs; Opening of the Thornwell Orphanage; Easy Question Book; Call to the Thornwell Memorial Church; Birthday Celebrations; Sketches of the Older Homes of the Orphanage; Some Aspects of the Character of William Plumer Jacobs, by Dr. A. T. Jamison.

# If a Man Die Shall He Live Again--He Will

By William Plumer Jacobs, D.D., LL.D.

## WHY I WROTE THIS BOOK

READERS, LET ME introduce myself to you. I am pretty near on to my four score years.

I partly realize, in myself, that unpleasant remark of Shakespeare's:

"Sans ears, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything".

However, I rejoice to say that I have an active, thoughtful and wide awake mind, but you may judge that as you read this book. There is an old saying that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

It may chance you will throw away this book with Shenstone's saying,

"He surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, 'What stuff
is here'?"

or you may decide to read the book, and we hope may get some good out of it.

And now reader do you wish to ask the question, what possessed you to write this book?

Milton, in his blindness, wrote a book. It is a book of the ages Like Homer another blind poet he declares that his purpose was

"That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man".

Homer's purpose was to unveil the mysteries of divine interference in the ways of men. While this was not Virgil's plan, at least not his expressed plan, he nevertheless carries out Homer's theory of the many gods who took sides with Aeneas, or against him, to found a great nation in Latium.

So these three greatest poets of the world all thought it of tremendous importance to let the world know that,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

I cannot claim for this little brochure of mine any such high dignity, but I feel that in trying to lead you to the thing I want to prove I must recognize the presence of the Infinite God even as they did.

I would advise you, my reader, that in reading this book you must not expect to find it to be the driveling nonsense of an old man. The soul's dwelling house, the decaying body, may be losing its connection with the outer world, but the soul within the body is that of an eagle, perhaps an eagle with a broken wing, caged in, and fighting for liberty with the force and earnestness and splendid purpose of the eagle to fight on against captivity, to the very end of life. I advise you of this that you may congratulate yourself that there is a hope that if you have lived a clean life and kept your mind to its task, and that task a worthy one, no matter what happens to your body, your soul will step out into Eternity ready to meet your God face to face.

## THE SUBJECT OF THE BOOK

It was my desire to find an easy and satisfactory argument for the proof, first of spirit, and secondly of the immortality of the spirit. I wanted to answer the question, If a man die, shall he live again?

By way of being truthful and honest I may state that all my life I have been prejudiced in favor of an affirmative answer to the question. Let the reader judge the argument in the light of this confession.

A keen critic, in expressing his views, says of the writings of Malebranche:

"Many of these things are new,
Many are beautiful,
All are false".

I trust my reader that you will find in this argument that all things said here are true. As to their newness and beauty, I am not concerned. The whole value of the argument will depend upon your feelings toward the question. Some men are greatly eager for another life. Many believe in it without know-

ing why, and many even hope that the motto put over the gate of the Pere Lachaise cemetery is a true motto. These Frenchmen of the Revolution of 1798 wrote down to their intense satisfaction, for their hands were very bloody,

"Death is an Eternal Sleep."

I have the happiness of knowing that my views are those of a vast multitude. Hundreds of thousands of books have been written on this topic. They have taken to their use almost every possible thing to be said. Why should I add another word to all this vast mass of literature? Perhaps every single one of all this mighty multitude of publications has had an uplifting influence on some one who read the book carefully. I have such a book with its margins all full of commendatory expressions. I have never read the book, but it helped the man who did read it. So may it be with this little volume.

One cannot call this subject a hackneyed topic. It has aroused its interest in every thinking mind. I am aware too that books such as this do not satisfy the ordinary, eager yearning after immortality. The solution of the problem must come to every man from within. But such a book as this may start him on a course of thinking that will end in a perfectly self-satisfying answer.

The book is small. I wanted to make it such that it could be read at a single sitting, and that after the reading, the interested man might sit awhile and talk with himself about the subject presented.

Reading without meditation is a very poor and trifling employment. Reading does not make "a full man," unless one digests what he has read.

You will admit at once that I have selected a great subject. It must not be compared with either the size or fullness of this book. There is a great multitude of other arguments besides this that could be presented. You may not be satisfied with my argument, but remember that there are others.

## WHERE I WROTE THIS BOOK

Among the books that the world will not willingly let die is that immortal book of John Bunyan, entitled "Pilgrim's Progress". It is a parable of the old times written in very plain and humble English, but written so as to hold and interest the reader.

The first sentence of this book reads as follows: "As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream."

Bunyan's den was none other than a cell in Bedford Jail, dark and lonesome, and lighted only by the sweet and smiling face of his little blind daughter Mary, and the love of the dear God before whom he laid many prayers, not for himself, but for those who had been led to Christ by him, and were now as sheep among wolves.

Some very thoughtless people call their libraries or home offices by that same word "Den."

But for me the name is not so inappropriate. This place where I write is my library. I am surrounded with books on every side. Once I dedicated a poem to my books. It was written by one who was almost a child, and the first few lines of it were as follows,

> "Dearest friends, in all my sorrow,
> True companions, welcome ever!
> Ye who with the changing morrow,
> Though disastrous, leave me never."

But now in my old age I am meditating on a match to it.

> "Loved books, Farewell.
> A long and sad farewell to all your sweetness."

Grieved am I and grieving still that the light has failed in my weak eyes and that my companionship with men who wrote in ancient times has been transferred from the pages of their printed books to the spirit land of thought. I may rightly say therefore that I am writing in my den, for the light has grown dark, and were it not for the skillful hand of a quick typewriter, these lines would never have been written. Sickness, blindness, deafness, none of these things can conquer the immortal soul. The mind is mightier than them all.

I have therefore written these pages in darkness, but there is no darkness in the mind. Everywhere the light is shining. For he that dwelleth with God, like God, dwells in light inaccessible and full of glory.

## A POOR SORT OF IMMORTALITY

I have a book in my library, which shall be nameless, for I do not care to advertise the book or the society that published

it, or even help to a quasi immortality, all of which shows my prejudice. This writer claims that man's hope of immortality consists of doing or writing something worthy of going on the pages of history or of being remembered. According to him Cheops, who wasted one hundred thousand Egyptian lives in building his pyramids, lives in the infamy of his record. Likewise the trilobite, which lived in the ages when the first forms of life were coming into existence, has won an immortality in our museums and books on geology by giving his body to be pressed between laminae and slate. Even the rain drops that fell in good old red sandstone times have scored a line on the page of existence as they whipped past its sand hills and left their mark to the ages following. They also achieved immortality, but our writer laid special stress on books as conservers of all that is best in man, forgetting that not all men write books. Even some of the most wonderful men that have ever lived have not been written up, and have not written up themselves.

I have an old book in my library printed in 1755, about eighty years after the settlement of Charleston. It is entitled The Works of John Bunyan. It is now over a hundred and fifty years old. It was presented to Miss Mary Lee by a Mrs. Wanderplank. Miss Lee left England to settle in the new colonies of America, and its discolored pages show very plainly that it came very near sinking a portion of John Bunyan's immortality in the Atlantic deeps. The vessel was overwhelmed with water, and had it not been for sharp work at the pumps, Miss Mary and all her belongings, which were well saturated with the salt sea, would have ended life and immortality together. As it is, the man who wrote this book, the publishers and printers who gave it to the world, the book sellers who distributed it, the captain and the sailors and the good ship that brought her to America, all alike are

"Unnamed, unhonored and unknown."

And so it is with all these books around me. I have one, the author of which was Martin Luther, which was printed in 1552, scarce a hundred years after printing was invented, which is now only the tombstone to the memory of a great man. Every man who has ever had anything to do with the making of it has dropped into the great oblivion. Only a few books outlast their century. A very prominent librarian urged some ten years ago that the immense amount of what he called trash should be hauled away in a cart, piled up in great piles, moistened with

kerosene oil and set on fire. What a horrible monster! He would at one full swoop destroy the only hope of immortality of a great multitude of hopeless authors.

We are not seeking after this sort of immortality. What we want is the continuation of personal identity beyond the grave into the unspeakable eternities of God.

## A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

One day while sitting in my den in a very easy chair, which was the memorial of my seventieth year of life, I fell asleep, and in that sleep I dreamed a dream. I thought that I was in the land of Egypt, the land where, ethnologists tell us, religion came to its fruitage before the days of Moses. And where should I go, to find the light of truth about the great spirit world, to find a better land than this? Into the sand stone rocks through which the Nile long ages since forced its way to the sea were cut many caverns, used by former anchorites, who in their dream believed that they could find God by thinking continually upon Him. Whether they found Him I know not, but it seemed reasonable to me that if they found Him, there I also could. Close by the river bank which furnished both sweet water and good fish, and whose banks were rich in trees and the date palm which furnished food for both man and beast, I found a cavern suited to my purpose. Its low door was overshaded by a splendid fig tree rich in fruit. I took within a few cooking utensils and some cans for preserving fruit. A large gourd furnished me a water bucket, and a smaller one a drinking cup. My scanty bedding furnished me all the comfort I needed for sleep. Here I spent many days and nights. My thoughts were oftener of my own necessities and how to meet them, than about God, to find whom was my main business there, for I had my daily meals to provide, and I had to guard myself both by day and night against the wandering jackals of the desert, and an occasional howling hyena.

One eve I lay deeply pondering the cause of all things, when a brilliant light shining into my cave showed me that I had a visitor at the door. I rose at once, and opening the frail planks through which the light shone, I saw a strange car unlike any that I had ever seen before. It was not like the chariot of fire and horses of fire that swept Elijah upward, nor was it like our modern motor cars, for it had neither engine nor machinery. Its wheels were lifted up and moved by the power of thought. There seemed to be a living creature in the wheels, and where

the driver would, his wish moved the car, and at what speed he would. He sprang from his seat lightly to the ground, and said to me, "My name is Ish-ael", the meaning of which I learned afterward was simply Man of God. "I am come for you", he said. He looked about my apartment, if I may call it such, and said, "What do you here? If you would see God you must come with me. You cannot find Him in this dark den. God dwells in light, and they that would find Him must enter into light." I thought he lifted me to my feet, and turning placed me in the car. Here he closed the door of my little cabin. I was surprised to see that some one lay on my pallet on the floor. I mused on this, for I did not feel that I was asleep and dreaming.

The car rose swiftly through the air. He touched me and pointed downward. A vast number of miles below I saw the great round ball of the earth, half of it shrouded in darkness, and the other glowing with the splendor of a silver tinge. The dear old world was grandly beautiful. My guide said to me, "We are going to see God, but watch carefully everything we pass." In a moment more we swept past the moon, a mysterious sad world that had done its duty and run its course. In a moment, but at some distance, we noted what the astronomers call the planet Mars. Tens of thousands of dusky men were digging briskly at a great canal that was being opened through a desert section of the planet where myriads of an increasing race were to be provided for. All seemed bright and happy and beautiful, and we heard snatches of chants to Almighty God. The great planet Jupiter was an immense distance from us. We could make no observation, but we swiftly approached and entered the marvelously wonderful planetary system of great Saturn. The planet itself seemed fiery hot, the heat reached even to our car, and warmed the little world, full of a wild and vigorous life that rolled around it. Onward we sped, passing out of the solar system altogether. As we neared the vast canopy of the milky way, the innumerable multitude of its grand galaxy of planets and suns, amazed, confused and overwhelmed me. I seemed to hear a voice saying to me, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." In DeQuincey's words "I cried aloud, the soul of man acheth with this infinity." Turning to my companion I said, "As systems and universes pass through me, is there no end?" And he answered, "End there is none." Then fastening his eye upon me, he asked, "Is it enough?" And I answered with a faint breath, "Enough, and more than enough." In an instance we were back at my desert home.

## ONE OF GOD'S MINUTES

"Ish-ael," I asked, "how long have we been on this journey?"

"For only one of God's minutes."

"Tell me, I continued, how long one of God's minutes are in revolutions of the earth."

"Look up, said he, and count for yourself." Then I noted that the same constellation that hung over my cave when I left it was shining in the same place.

"But Ish-ael," I asked again, "You have not shown me God." He replied, "If you could not endure a little vision of the sight of his works, how could you bear to gaze into the face of the great Creator?" And then he added very seriously, quoting from Holy Scripture, "No man hath seen God at any time, but the Son of Man who is in the bosom of the Father."

He was about to leave me, when, laying his hand upon my shoulder,—and the touch of it thrilled me to my heart's depth,—he said, "My son if you would see God, leave this solitary imprisonment, go among men made in the image of God, there seek to be as much like your Master as you can. You may never satisfy others that you have beheld the Divine face but your labors for the King will fill yourself with the joy of knowing 'That whom not having seen, you have loved'."

He was gone. I roused up from my sleeping position, for it was I myself that had been left alone in the den. I knew that my message had come from one who had the right to command. I changed my raiment for that of the world I was to enter. I fastened the latch of the little den so that others might find the dates and figs that I had preserved for my own use, and soon I was upon the Nile. I roused up from the easy chair in which I had had this double dream. I stood upon my feet and henceforth I am walking about in the pathway the Master sent me.

I shall have something to say of God, in this little tract. We must find God before we find ourselves. We can know nothing of spirits save as spirits are revealed unto us by the Father of Spirits. Arise let us go hence.

## THE OLD QUESTION

A young friend, who is much interested in things spiritual, but who has very many doubts in his mind, in conversation re-

cently suggested the following inquiry, "If a man die shall he live again?" This query is probably as old as the human race. Men who have studied the life of the race upon the earth have found that the very careful way in which the people of the stone age buried their dead indicated a belief in an after life. This young man desired an answer to the question such as would satisfy a modern, educated agnostic. He failed to recognize that those last two words did not fit into each other, as an agnostic is an ignoramus. If one is educated he is educated away from ignorance. This writer suggested that an answer to this question could be found in the teachings of Jesus Christ, but the young man said that he did not believe in the teachings of Jesus Christ. He wanted an argument from reason and experience. This article is written to indicate what such an answer would provide for the thinker.

What is the greatest thing in the world? It isn't the ocean, neither is it a mountain nor a great river, neither is it the great Urasian Continent. Nor a whale. Nor an elephant. These are all great of their kind. In fact they are the greatest of their kind, but they are very far from being the greatest thing in the world. The greatest, the most remarkable, in fact the wholly unparalleled thing in the world round of universal experience is the human mind. Man's intellect is of course unequaled by the minds, if they can so be called, of any other creature on earth. It is an inexplicable phenomenon. Man's work has filled the world with surprises. He mounts into the air, he sails under the water, he skims over the surface of the sea and rides over the land with tremendous rapidity. He spans rivers with his bridges. He pierces mountains with his tunnels. He erects great cities. He writes and prints imperishable books. He speaks so that his voice can be heard around the world, and there is no part of his earth that he has not investigated; in fact by his wisdom he has done everything short of making the world. The human mind is the greatest thing on earth. Beauty and happiness are synonymous terms.

What is the most beautiful thing on earth? Every creature has its own ideals. Man, of course, has his. The brush of the painter and the chisel of the sculptor have alike undertaken to render by their noble art into imperishable marble or durable canvas man's mate and companion, lovely woman. As long as art endures woman will be man's ideal of beauty. The mind of the artist finds loveliness everywhere. In the sunset, the lily, the fan of the peacock, the sweet, grassy lowland scenes

cut by purling brooks, snow-capped mountains cleaving the clouds, but none of these furnish a theme that will compare with the face, attitude and motions of a perfect woman, the encasement of a soul that looks tenderly out of sweet, clear, bright eyes, and seems ready to speak with its ruby lips. Doubtless we have here the answer to the question what is the most beautiful thing on earth?

Whether in man or woman, which is the most splendid endowment of either? Dr. Drummond has said that the greatest thing on earth is love. "Now abideth faith, hope and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love." It is even so. Love does all the great things that are done in the world. Love is only an emotion, but it is an emotion that thrills the hearts of the greatest minds and the most beautiful beings on earth. Love is not material. It is neither an extract nor an essence. It is the reality of beauty and of thought turned by some strange creation into power. One may indeed fancy without fear of being contradicted that love is the end and aim of the entire universe of God; that love indeed is God, or to reverse it, that God is love.

## GOD IS A SPIRIT

The trend of these three thoughts as given above is to lead to an answer to the question, "If there be a God, what is He like?" That there is nothing greater on earth than the mind, for mind of itself could not have come into existence. The world is full of evidences of design. One thing is certain. Man never made the world. Who then is the designer? Moreover, man is not willing to assume, not for modesty's sake but from pure good sense, that he is the greatest being in the universe. He is forced to acknowledge that he never made the world, in fact that he cannot even make a fly. The trend of mind is upward. The existence of man's personality is a proof that there is something greater from which mind derived its existence. Man is glorified in the thought. He is driven to accept the reality somewhere of his Father, God. Moreover beauty stands for all that is lovely in form, in motion, in happiness, and in giving happiness to all creatures that are on earth. The existence of man's ideal is a proof of the existence somewhere of a fountain of perfect beauty, the source of all happiness of all creatures that dwell upon the earth. Here again we are brought against an impassable wall of difficulty, unless we find out that God is the source of all happiness and beauty upon the

earth. These two great qualities are summed up in their direction, which is love. We have already found that the greatest thing on earth born of the greatest mind and the greatest beauty and leading to the greatest happiness is GOD, who is love.

The purpose of these statements is to get our young friend to realize that there is something in the world that he cannot see, that his hands cannot handle. It is still true that man has not seen God at any time. His invisibility is of course a proof of His spirituality. Man's likeness to this great spirit has been shown by His identity with that great spirit, with the most beautiful things in his nature. An evidence here that there dwells in the body of man a thinking, beautiful, happy soul, and that this soul is not material, but is a spirit like God.

## CHRISTIAN EVOLUTION

The evidence of design in the Universe did not affect my young friend as an argument for the existence of God. He claimed that the doctrine of Evolution amply explained the existence of the world as it now is. He failed, however, to be able to answer this question, who gave to the universe the law of Evolution? His answer that it was the law of nature did not even satisfy himself. It was easy to see that if nature was the creator of the universe as it now stands, he was using the word nature as the descriptive title of what we Christians call God. Evolution from a germ driving along certain great lines that led at length to the development of identical germs of an oak tree, or a whale or a magnificent Arabian horse, or a Sir Isaac Newton must have been a most wonderful germ, and as this germ had a beginning it must have had a cause, and that cause was efficient in producing a most wonderfully interesting and magnificent executive in its giving to the universe, out of nothing so to speak, a germ filled with powers unspeakably transcendent and finally resulting in a state of being indescribably perfect. If the laws of nature could have produced such a germ, then the laws of nature must have been provided for by a being, infinitely wise, powerful, good and great. We grant that, but why not call it God. There surely is no antipathy to the name iself. Here then through another line of argument we are compelled to admit the existence of God. If God exists, it is certainly possible for the existence of such a spiritual nature as we have described man to be. Having brought our readers to realize that the spirit of man is a reality, it remains only to show that this spirit may live after death. This is the Scripture doctrine

of Immortality. Our Saviour declares that those who accept Him have now the everlasting life.

## WIRELESS MESSAGES FROM BEYOND

But our friend belongs to that large class of men who have drunken but not deep enough of the Holy Scriptures. He has read them only to discredit them and forget them. What he wants is a proof of the soul's future existence, to be proven from facts, to be real. In order to get such facts one must have gone into that country and come back. In the Holy Scriptures there are given seven experiences of that kind, but not a one of these has had a word to say. Perhaps there is one exception to this, if we accept the testimony of Jesus Christ. Personal information being lacking, our inquirer is dependent for information on dreams and apparitions and mediums, and other things of that sort.

Flammarion, the celebrated French astronomer, has written a book entitled "the Unknown." In this book he gives an account of an English lady whose husband was an officer in the British Army. While sitting quietly at her sewing on a delightful afternoon, she suddenly sprang to her feet, dropping her basket in her excitement, throwing out her arms, exclaimed, "Oh, my husband." She declared that she had seen him standing up before her, dressed in his uniform. His face was very pale, and as she rushed toward him, he faded from her view. Letters confirmed the fact that at the very moment when she claimed to have seen him, he had died suddenly in India. Such apparitions as these, some of which have been undoubtedly substantiated, do not prove the existence of the soul after death, but only show that the soul can exist separate from the body. Though she saw her husband, he was clothed in his regimentals, which ought to prove that our ordinary wearing apparel can likewise be made a specter as well as a physical body. Flammarion gives seven or eight hundred such illustrations, but in them we see no evidence of immortality. No, we cannot explain them.

Dr. Funk, in his recent, rather remarkable book, "The Widow's Mite," takes up the question, forced upon us by spiritualism, of the ability of certain people called mediums to act as messengers from the spiritual to the visible world. He declares himself to be no believer in spiritualism, but on one occasion, being urged to attend a seance, he met with the following remarkable incident: It seems that in the preparation of the great

Dictionary published by Funk and Wagnalls, he had borrowed a very valuable small coin known as the Widow's Mite; later on he asked his book-keeper where the coin was, and he was told that it had been returned to the owner. The owner died very shortly afterward, and Dr. Funk dismissed the whole matter from his mind. At this seance however, the owner through the medium asked if Dr. Funk were not present. The reply being in the affirmative, a message was delivered to Dr. Funk asking him to return the coin to his family, as they were in need, and the coin was worth about twelve hundred dollars. Dr. Funk replied that he had returned it. The spirit answered that the coin returned was not the Widow's Mite, but that the latter would be found in his safe wrapped up in a piece of brown paper, lying within the pages of a certain book. On his return to his office, he made the examination as suggested, and there to his amazement he found the coin. He took the coin himself to the family. They were surprised to get it, as they thought they already had the right piece of money. Dr. Funk claimed that this incident proved beyond doubt the existence of communication with the spiritual world. He declared that no one could possibly have known the fact connected with this incident, but the dead. We give this incident for what it is worth. The absolute facts of the case may not have all been given to us. There is so much superstition and deceit and greed connected with this spiritual revelation that a doubt is cast on everything of the kind.

There is a line of facts, however, altogether believable because they look forward instead of backward, that may throw a little light from this side of the grave into the world of spirits. As an example, we give an incident which occurred in our own experience and can be relied on to be accurate. Quite a number of years ago there lived at Thornwell Orphanage a little orphan girl about twelve years of age, whose name was Ida Bishop. She was not at all a pretty child, but was a good little girl, young as she was, a member of the church and thoughtful and dutiful to her duties. About ten o'clock one morning this little girl was taken suddenly ill. She was got to bed as soon as possible, and the doctor was called in. I was sent for at once and reached her bedside about an hour later. As soon as I entered the room I noticed that something unusual was occurring. The doctor was standing near the bed looking very much surprised. The matron was in tears and motioned me at once to go to the child. As soon as I had taken my seat, little Ida, with a supremely happy smile upon her face, drew me near her and said, "The

angels have come for me." I thought this only a poetical expression falling from the lips of a child who had nothing romantic in her disposition. I drew near to her and said, "Ida, where does your mother live?" In very clear tones and wholly without excitement she told me where her mother then was, at a house not more than seven miles away, and also how to find the house, as it was a little off the highway. I gave the instructions to the driver as the child had given them to me. When I returned to the bedside, the little girl said, "Doctor, mother can't get here before I leave. I told you the angels had come for me." I looked around as if expecting to see them. She said, "You are looking in the wrong place. They have passed around the bed. and both of them are standing by you. Oh, they are so beautiful, good-bye. I am going with them." Now this little girl was evidently conscious to the last. I give all the circumstances that the reader may judge for himself. That beautiful look which came to her with the angels remained after death. The perfect loveliness of the child was commented on by all who saw her. Someone may say that incidents like this are the effect of death upon the brain at the passing, and that most of such stories are told of children who are particularly susceptible. I often think with profound wonder of the passing scene of that illustrious man of God, Dr. James H. Thornwell. He lay dying in the prime of his vigorous manhood, and just before his spirit passed his eyes opened wide and he was heard to say, "Beautiful! Wonderful! Expanse! Expanse!" He seemed to be looking into the inner world.

## LOOKING INTO THE OTHER WORLD

There are other visions of the spiritual world that have been frequently repeated and of the truth of which there is abundant evidence. These visions are those in which the passing Christian seems to look for a moment into that strange country whither we are all going, and to see the faces of loved ones that have gone before. It has been stated by those who have examined into it that in every case the dying man or woman has seen the faces only of the dead and never of the living. Natural causes have been assigned in explanation of this phenomenon, this explanation depriving it of everything supernatural. There is an incident however, thoroughly well attested, in which the dying man after calling the names of several of his dead loved ones suddenly paused, looked hard before him, and exclaimed, "Why, Annie, what are you doing there?" Annie was the name of a daughter living some hundred miles away,

who was believed to be alive at the moment of the vision. This would have contradicted any theory of supernaturalism, but even before the death of the father, almost at the very moment of the vision, a telegram was received informing him that two days before, his daughter in crossing a river had been drowned. This and a few similar incidents would seem to indicate that there is more in visions of this sort than the world dreams of.

But there is one thing about all these visions and revelations that make of them only a suggestion of the future life, and not by any means a proof of it. While very many of them can be thoroughly substantiated, there is always the human element to be considered. Impressions made upon the brain in sickness are often impressions of horror or of beauty, and they are not made by supernatural power but by disintegration in the brain itself. There are innumerable death-bed scenes on record similar to that marvelous one of Dwight L. Moody, that testify that the Christian is passing away in triumph and is entering into glory. Perhaps such scenes as these have done more to convince the world of a future life than any single form of experience. My friend, to whom reference has been made, avowing his disbelief in the New Testament as a revelation, though admitting it to be a statement of events that had happened, stated that the one thing that gave him more hopes for the future than any other one was that the universal experience of mankind pointed with hope to another life, and that this hope was not confined simply to the superstitious, the ignorant, and barbarous nations, but that not only the enlightened Egyptians, Syrians and Greeks, Romans of the Ancient world, but that wise and learned men, as well as the masses of educated men and women of modern time held tenaciously to the opinion that after death the soul still continued to exist. He thought that this universal hope seemed to be the one important evidence applicable to every man and received without controversy and worthy therefore of profoundest acceptance until a satisfactory explanation could be discovered. This friend of mine, while denying the existence of a revelation in writing, was perfectly willing to acknowledge that every man could have a revelation in his own soul.

And herein is a wonderfully new thing, that a man should admit a Divine revelation to the ignorant man of the stone age, to the Indian, the Peruvian, the Hindoo, the Arab and the Turk, and yet deny the possibility contained in that revelation of Himself in the person of his son, Jesus Christ, which seems to the

profoundest thinkers to be the one only way in which God the Spirit could reveal himself to physical and corporeal man. The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation may be stated briefly as follows.

God wishing to give indubitable proof of man's relationship to Himself, selected the pure personality of Jesus of Nazareth into which He entered and remained, and through whom He spoke for all the years of His ministry to the people of Judea. God was manifestly in the flesh. Man himself is a spirit. The divine co-dwelling with the human spirit in the human body is not only possible, but appears to be the only way in which the revelation can be made. Necessarily the statements then made by Jesus of Nazareth would carry the weight of Divine authority with them. It has been urged that if the infinite intelligence of God dwelt in human form, it would have shown itself by giving to the world some magnificent invention, discovery or scientific knowledge. It appears to us that all this latter would have been wholly unworthy of God. That the wonderful thing about the teachings of Jesus is the fact that in not a single incident do they run in contradiction to any fact of science, and that in the Divine purpose, these teachings give us a perfect light on the present life of man's great expectation of immortality. We hold to it therefore to be true that every man who rejects this light from the outer world has refused the one splendid means of knowing the truth about man's destiny. The life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth confirmed by the operations of the Holy Spirit on the human heart and bringing him also into alliance with the living God through the new birth, gives the all sufficient answer, for all time to come, to the question "If a man die shall he live again?" God hath spoke through His Son.

## SUMMING UP THE WHOLE MATTER

My dear old father, who notwithstanding the D.D.'s tacked on to his name and his grave and dignified profession to weigh him down, was nevertheless fond of a good joke.

"Jim," he said, "Can you draw an inference?" "No sah," he answered, "I don't think I can. I never tried it but once, and it almost broke my back."

"Jim," said the Doctor, "What's the matter with old York?" York was his horse, "His coat is entirely too wet."

Jim answered, "I spec't they done feed him on too much green stuff this mornin."

"Ah Jim," said the old gentleman, "I see you can draw an inference very well."

To which Jim very quickly replied, "Yes mistah, dat sort, but der's one kind I can't."

Perhaps that is the way with all of us. The inference I wish to draw from this argument is a very natural one, that information as to the existence of the soul after death, to be a mathematical demonstration, must be based on the testimony of the spiritual world itself, and not a testimony from this side of the grave. This points out immediately the value of the Holy Scriptures, more especially the New Testament, in which we have the record of God's scheme for revealing the eternal life to man, for the Scriptures declare that Christ's great commission here, as a teacher, was to bring life and immortality to light. If it be asked then, why Jesus did not leave us a reliable record over his own name, of the Eternal world, we call attention to the fact that John, his most intimate friend, has given us a very full account in his Gospel bearing upon this very point. The whole Gospel is just a revelation, quoted from the lips of the Master, of the fact that such a life exists and that he Himself is the agent of it for distribution among mankind.

As to a personal communication from the Lord of all to the children of men, I advise the reader to read the first verse of the first chapter of Revelation, called in our Scriptures, in spite of the title in the first verse, the Revelation of Saint John the Divine. It will be seen here that the authorship of this Revelation is ascribed not to John, but to his Lord and Master. It is very probable, because of the wonderful fact that Jesus is the author of the book of Revelation that the church has been so long in doubt as to the authorship of this book, and has finally assigned it to John, who was simply Christ's secretary, as well as His bosom friend. It would be a great treat to open up before my readers this wonderful book, for I behold it to be the most wonderful book that was ever written, but time will not suffice and the purpose of this article would be defeated.

Now reader, take consciousness of this statement:—First, that God has revealed Himself in the person of Jesus of Nazareth to the sons of men, and that Jesus reveals to the world the magnificence of the human soul, and beside that prints through the power of the Divine Spirit upon the conscience of every man

the absolute necessity of holy living to be based upon this wonderful hope, so strangely revealed unto the sons of men. Bigby's numerous books on the doctrine of regeneration, specially his "Twice Born Men" will supply the argument along this line. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" makes this renewal of the soul of man for the higher life, a natural process. His argument is enticing, if nothing else. Therefore he who throws away the Word of God is simply throwing away his titles to his heavenly possessions. He goes stumbling like a blind man into Eternity. If he finds on reaching the gate of death that there is nothing beyond, and that these hopes are all fallacious, the Christian will never know it, and will therefore not be disappointed, but on the other hand, if the hopes are true and realized, the Christian's heart will be happy beyond expression. As the Apostle Paul has said, "If He be not risen, then we are of all men most miserable." On the other hand if He be risen, we are of all men, the most happy.

My final urge upon you my reader is to hold fast to the perfect story of Jesus of Nazareth. Take it all, and take all the inferences that the eight New Testament Writers draw from it.

# My Last Will and Testament

This booklet may seem to be a rather large one for so small a matter as that of leaving the world. After life is over, no human will is of power, and it is only by the mercy of others that it is projected beyond the article of death.

This will will avail only as others kindly see that it does.

There are two parts to my life—that which I have lived to God and his church and that which I have lived for my own household. With the first of these I have been greatly concerned and with them I will deal first. My little private property will form the latter part of this document. I touch upon it only as I see it needful to make others happy and to avoid discord.

I have lived for three great Institutions:

1st the Church

2nd the Presbyterian College

3rd the Thornwell Orphanage.

## THE CHURCH

I served the First Presbyterian Church as Pastor for forty-seven years and eight months. Since then, to this date, I have served one of its daughters, the Thornwell Memorial, in the same capacity.

But, I still most devotedly love the dear old First Church. I entreat my children and grandchildren to stand by it, and I pray most earnestly, that God would ever have it in his holy keeping.

## THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE

The honor of founding this Institution has been assigned to me by others.

For twenty-five years I was President of its Board of Trustees. In all of its years, I have loved it, prayed for it, and served

it as I was able. I am most happy in its present state of prosperity. Officially I have no connection with it. But my heart is bound up in its prosperity. My most urgent hope is that it may ever remain, what its name now indicates—and which I hope it will ever remain, whether under that name or any other,—a devoted Presbyterian Institution. I pray God that my offspring to remotest generations may uphold, defend and assist it.

## THE THORNWELL ORPHANAGE

I was led early in 1872, I trust by the good hand of God, to conceive and set on foot this Institution for fatherless children. Since then, to this present hour, I have toiled, prayed and spent myself for its erection, development and success. For nearly forty years, this work was done without receiving remuneration. At the outset, I sacrificed my home and personal property to its uses, and later on, my heart was broken, by the loss, in its service, of the one noble woman that was my life blood and that I loved above all others.

Two years ago, Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick of Chicago and Mr. John J. Egan of Atlanta, Ga., cojointly founded a Professorship, that was also a life pension, the interest to be used for my support and after my decease, to become a foundation for the President's support. Both I and the Board of Trustees accepted these terms; and since then I have been cared for as provided, receiving a salary of $100.00 a month, this being the largest and best paid salary I ever received. For fifteen months prior to this by direction of the Board, the Treasurer of the Endowment Fund paid me $100.00 a month, and instructed payment, whether I received it or refused it. I received it but with it I built Cottage No. 2 on Centennial Street, north side, on ground belonging to the Thornwell Orphanage.

My wish is, that immediately after my departure hence, the Synodical Board of Trustees should be called together; and that they should proceed without delay to elect a President. This President should be a Christian man, a good speaker, but also a thoroughly practical man, imbued with zeal for this institution, a willingness to carry out its high aims and of good repute before the people. I have no nomination. I am a President but not a King. I do not name my successor.

I beseech the brethren of the Board that they take every possible means to perpetrate the great principles on which the Thornwell Orphanage was builded.

1st. The Cottage System

2nd. Earnest Presbyterianism

3rd. Freedom of Children from all legal control

4th. A thoroughly good education of the hand as well as the heart.

5th. The maintenance of Primary School, High School and College.

6th. Piety as an essential to the Office of President, Matrons and teachers.

7th. Absolute preservation of all trust funds, as now provided for by the charter.

As a guide toward the perfect and permanent support of the Institution I suggest

1st. The securing of a table board child-supporter, for each child in the home.

2nd. Constant pressure to secure a monthly contribution from each Sunday School in the three controlling Synods; and an annual and thanksgiving collection from each church.

3rd. An endowment fund sufficient to provide for the salaries of every officer of every sort, connected with the Institution, to pay all insurance, to meet all repairs, and necessary outlay for the betterment of property.

Eventually the Synods of Georgia and Florida may elect to found institutions of their own. In that case a heavier burden will rest upon the Synod of South Carolina, but I urge that any such contraction of our sphere of usefulness, may not contract our desire to help fatherless children from all parts of our common country. I would urge, moreover, that there be no change in the character of the classes of children now excluded from the home, not but these also need the help of God's people and deserve it, but in order to preserve a necessary uniformity in the work we are trying to do.

But, the matter is in the hands of the brethren, specially appointed for this work. May God give them good success and his guidance in it. To my children and their descendants I give my earnest hope that they may remember this great work for their father's sake and love it and support it as our God gives them ability.

# Autobiographical Sketch of Dr. Ferdinand Jacobs

My dear Willie:—

In clearing out a drawer in which was a number of letters, I found one of yours written some years ago (it has no date). In it you requested me to give you a sketch of my life, and you urge your request with considerable earnestness. I remember that when I received the letter I felt a great repugnance to the writing anything about myself, and I feel no less degree of reluctance now—for there is nothing in my life that is worthy of record, notwithstanding the very flattering terms in which your filial piety lead you to speak of it. The only notice of which my life is worthy, is this: He was born, he lived so many years, then died.

However, I have concluded to repress my reluctance, and to write you some memoirs although it will require a great struggle for me to do so.

I was born August 10th, 1808, in Alexandria, Va., then in the District of Columbia. My parents were excellent persons, respected by the community, revered and loved by their children whom they were solicitous to train for usefulness in life.

There were nine of us children, Margaret, Lemuel, Elizabeth, Caroline, Ferdinand, Augustus, Emily, Cornelius, and Almira. At this writing, 1893, there are living beside myself, only Augustus and Cornelius. Our parents though in moderate circumstances, were careful to provide for us the best mental culture that the schools of our city afforded.

It has ever been a matter of regret to me, that I was not favored in childhood and youth, with the advantages of Sunday Schools, as such schools are now conducted. They were then, at least in our town, a new institution, and were generally understood to be designed chiefly, if not exclusively for the instruction of such children, as were not favored with instruction in day schools. Religious teaching and training was not then as it is now, the

chief aim of the Sunday Schools. The most prominent religious thought, that at this stage of my life I entertained when I was about 14, was under a sermon by our pastor, Rev. Dr. Harrison, addressed to youth. I was impressed with the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of judgment to follow, and I was disturbed. But I quieted my disturbance, by promising myself that I would in future lead so correct a life that my condemnation, if indeed I should be condemned, would not be very severe, and that under it I would in the spirit world, conduct myself so devoutly and so humbly, that I would be approved, and thus gradually I would work my way up to the heavenly world! Preposterous as such a thought is, yet it was by me seriously entertained. Yet it is not more preposterous than the thought of many adult sinners who are at least partially convinced of sin. The spirit of Grace, however, still follows me, which I have never since deplored. Of course, the prosecution of the studies of two years in one, must have resulted in superficialness, and given me but a poor foundation for the right and profitable prosecution of the studies of the following years, and of subsequent life. Yet, with great labor, I maintained my proper condition in college. My reason for undertaking the studies of two years in one, was my age. I felt that I had no time to lose, but in my efforts to save time, I lost that accuracy and thoroughness of scholarship which is needful, from the beginning. Yet at the graduation of the class, the highest honor was conferred on me. It is but just to say however, that to another member of the class, W. D. Leake, the same degree was assigned, and the Faculty could not otherwise determine which should wear the first honor, than by lot. Tickets were prepared by the President, and the hat containing them being presented to my competitor, he drew a blank, leaving me the distinction.

After being graduated, without delay I entered the neighboring Union Theolgoical Seminary, under the Rev. Dr. Geo. A. Baxter, Rev. Dr. H. P. Goodrich, Rev. E. Ballentine, the principal teachers. I cannot look back upon my course in the Seminary, with special approval. Perhaps the lightness of the studies in comparison with what I had in college, induced in me indifference. Perhaps my piety was feeble, and my zeal had become weakened. Whatever was the cause, I certainly did not profit by the Seminary course, as I ought to have profited. I was licensed to preach the Gospel, by the Presbytery of the District of Columbia, in the year 1835.

At the close of my Seminary course, wholly unexpected and indeed, in a very surprising manner, my attention was called by one of the teachers in the Seminary, to an advertisement for a Principal Teacher by the Trustees of the Washington Academy, Somerset Co., Md., and was advised to offer myself to them.

This I did, fortified by numerous commendatory letters from the faculties of the Seminary and Hampden-Sidney, and was elected. Having thus the prospect of a fair living assured me, I was married to Mary Elizabeth Redbrook, who had been reared from childhood in the family of Mrs. Hasel, of Chapel Hill, N. C. Mrs. Hasel, at this time had become Mrs. Plumer, wife of W. S. Plumer, pastor of Briery Church in Prince Edward Co. The marriage ceremony was performed by Dr. Plumer, at the Vineyard, the home of Mrs. Samuel W. Venable, near Farmville. Miss Redbrook had for two or three years been teaching in the family of Mr. Venable, and was much beloved by them all. I was well received at Prince Anne, the county town, near which was Washington Academy. I taught successfully in the Academy two years, at the end of which time I was unanimously called to the pastorate of the two neighboring Churches of Princess Anne (Manokin) and Salisbury (Wicomice). I accepted and was ordained and installed by the Lewis Presbytery.

I served these two churches acceptably for four years, but owing to repeated attacks of chills and fever my health became very feeble. At this time my attention was called unexpectedly by Rev. Dr. Plumer to the advertisement for a teacher by the Trustees of a proposed school at Yorkville, S. C.

As this was a healthy region, I did not hesitate to apply and sustained as before by numerous testimonials, amongst which were highly commendatory letters from Dr. Plumer, Dr. R. J. Beckenridge, and Dr. Harrison, my former pastor of Alexandria. Having been accepted I moved at once to Yorkville.

While living at Princess Anne my wife presented me with two sons, Samuel Venable and Ferdinand Redbrook.

My residence at Yorkville was very pleasant, as it had been at Princess Anne. I was successful in getting a good school and at the same time preached at Yorkville, and in the surrounding country. There was no organized Church when I went to Yorkville, but ten or twelve Presbyterians were resident there. These with some additions I organized into a church. A church building was in process of construction at the time of my going there, which was in 1841. The church was organized. And on my

leaving them, the number had considerably increased and it was accounted and called a pretty strong church. While I labored here a controversy arose between me, under the title "A member of Bethel Presbytery", and Rev. Mr. Russell, the leading minister of a Church that existed in that region, called the Independent Presbyterian Church. The controversy was carried on in the columns of the Charleston *Observer,* Rev. B. Gildersleeve, Editor, but was subsequently published in a pamphlet under the title, "Both Sides Heard," a copy of which I have preserved, in the 2nd volume of a set of bound volumes of pamphlets, amongst my books. The controversy, on my part, was to show that the Independents were absorbed by Bethel Presbytery, and, as one of their ministers gave me to understand, the Union was the result of the Controversy. The views exhibited had gradually made their way amongst the Independents. It is only on this account I thought it worthy to mention it.

While I was living there my sons William Plumer and Thomas Pressley were born and it was in the last year of my living here that my loved wife was taken from me. She lies buried in the graveyard of Bethel Church, twelve miles from Yorkville. After four years of labor at Yorkville, my continuance there was cut short by the action of the South Carolina Synod in session at its first meeting at Pendleton.

Altogether unlooked for by me, they elected me as their Professor in Oglethorpe University, then located at Midway, near Milledgeville, Ga. I accepted the appointment.

Yet it was a severe trial to sever my connection with Yorkville. A strong attachment had obtained between them and me, and when I bade them farewell—men wept. The Professorship assigned me at Oglethorpe was that of Mathematics. My stay there was wholly agreeable, but was terminated in the course of three and a half years. In consequence of the mismanagement of the funds by which my professorship was sustained my means of support were so curtailed, that I cast about to find a place to which to move. By the earnest invitation of Dr. Smythe of Charleston, S. C., seconded by the session of his Church, the second Presbyterian (or Flynns) Church, I went there to open what they termed a Parochial School. The school opened quite full and prospered two years, at about which time Dr. Smythe who had suffered from an attack of paralysis, was ordered by his physician to travel abroad, and I was invited by the session to relinquish the school and take charge of the Church during the absence of the pastor.

I should have stated in place that while at Oglethorpe, I met Miss Annie O. Ripley, daughter of Gen. James Ripley, of Maine. She was teaching in the family of Mr. Alfred Nisbet, in the neighborhood of the College. A mutual attachment having occurred between us we were married and I never had cause to repent the marriage. She gave me while we lived at Oglethorpe, a son, James Ripley, and after we moved to Charleston, a daughter, Annie Nisbet (Minnie). While at Oglethorpe, I preached once a month at Eatonton, twenty four miles distant, and three Sundays in the month in the Penitentiary at Milledgeville. From my talk with the convicts, I had impressed upon my mind a remark of the Rev. Dr. Payson, that in all his conversation with convicts he had never met with one who would frankly admit his guiltiness in the crime for which he was imprisoned. He would either affirm that he was innocent of the charge, or that there were such palliating circumstances as to render him guiltless although he committed the deed.

And such unwillingness to acknowledge ones guilt before God, is too commonly manifested in every day life. Men very reluctantly admit that they are sinners, and deserve to be excluded from divine favor.

On the return of Dr. Smythe from the East, where he had traveled, I opened a female Seminary, in which for about eight years I was greatly prospered. This perhaps was the most important work of my life. Hundreds of young girls and young women were educated for usefulness in life, and very many of them, I hope, were educated for the spiritual and eternal life.

Innumerable manifestations of affection have I received from my former pupils, and such manifestations have not even yet, after a lapse of thirty years* ceased. This is and has been to me a source of great pleasure.

My residence in Charleston was, however, overshadowed with very severe afflictions. My son Samuel a most promising lad was, at the age of nineteen, killed by an accident on the railroad. Shortly afterwards my much beloved wife, whose health for a twelve months period, had been declining, fell asleep, and about three years after that, her sister Abbie Osgood Ripley, who had lived with us from our marriage, also died. She was a lovely Christian woman. Their mother I had buried at Milledgeville, while we lived there. My son, and wife and her sister are buried in the cemetery of the second Church Charleston.

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*This sketch was written in the early nineties of the nineteenth century. [The Editor.]

But I had a burst of sunshine also, while living in Charleston. After a period of three years of widowhood, I married Caroline Lockwood Lee, daughter of Rev. W. S. Lee of Edisto Island, and I am happy in saying that up to this time she has been spared to me as the comfort of my life, and oft-times my counselor. I preached very frequently in the various Churches of Charleston to supply absences, or to assist pastors. But my heart longed for a Church on which I might bestow my undivided energy. I consequently relinquished the school and accepted the pastorate of the Fairview and Newberne Churches, Perry Co., Ala. I hardly think now that this was a prudent move on my part, yet it seems that Providence ordered it wisely for me, for in the following year the war was commenced, which would soon have broken up the school.

I did not find Fairview an interesting field, and after one year's service to them, I felt disposed to look out for some other place of labor. Our daughter, Mary States Lee, now Mrs. Henry Sperry, with whom we are so happily living, was born at Newberne, while we were on a visit to Mr. Ervin, the elder of the Church, twelve miles from our home; our other daughter Bessie Chew, was subsequently born at Laurens C. H., S. C. At this juncture, I received an urgent and repeated invitation from the Trustees of the Laurensville Female College, Laurensville, S. C., to take charge of their college, at the same time I was elected President of the Female Seminary at Marion, Ala. I accepted the position at Laurensville. The College opened with sixty pupils, but soon increased to ninety, and in the second year numbered two hundred pupils, very many coming from Charleston and the low country. The school prospered greatly till by the collapse of the Confederacy, everything was ruined. All pupils from a distance were called home, and the local pupils were not sufficient to maintain the school.

During all my time at Laurens I preached at Friendship and Bethany Churches. From this time forth, for years I was unsettled. Under the influence of uncertain, but what seemed satisfactory information I moved to Washington, Wilkes, Co., Ga., to take a school and perhaps a Church. But other and good provision was made for the Church before I reached there, and the school by itself, by the same cause that scattered the school in Laurens, was small. The whole country was in a state of distraction and uncertainty. After struggling there for a year and a half, I accepted a call to the Churches of Bath and Waynesboro, Augusta Presbytery. But the impoverishment of the country

soon satisfied me that, however pleasant was the work and the sympathy of the people, the place would not afford me a home. I was invited from here to the Lucy Cobb Institute, at Athens, Ga. But such were the divisions among the people of the school, and even among the Trustees of the Institute, I soon became convinced it would be impossible to succeed there. Yet I had many and strong friends. I preached quite often in all the churches in the town, and monthly in a church ten miles distant.

While in Athens the Georgia University, very much to my surprise conferred on me the distinction of D.D.

Not succeeding satisfactorily at Athens, in the school, I accepted the pastorate of the Church at Tallahassee, Fla., and in the year '71 moved there. Here everything was favorable for a time, but as to the temporal support, the Church soon became very much crippled. Beside the general poverty of the country —the result of the war—this region suffered greatly by loss of crops. The caterpillar, year after year destroyed all the fruits of the labor, just as the promise of liberal returns was highly flattering. The church suffered severely by this, and my salary which was twelve hundred dollars was reduced to six hundred! I do not remember any special spiritual benefit to the Church resulting from my labor. There were but few additions, yet I had evidence that the Godly were edified. Indeed, by the division of my energies in life between teaching and preaching, I fear my preaching became sadly inefficient for good. From my experience in this regard, I would earnestly advise every young preacher, determinately to decline all offers of favorable positions in teaching, or in any secular work, even though at the same time they continue to preach. Secular or semi-secular work induces a state of heart, unfavorable to the spiritual engagements of the pastor; this, in great measure, is what had rendered my life so nearly abortive. On looking back, deeply as I deplore its fruitlessness, no doubt God has graciously used me as an instrument for some good in life, but had my energies and my heart been devoted exclusively to one line of labor, I might have accomplished something worthy of more consideration. I became wholly discouraged at Tallahassee, and was therefore prepared to entertain an invitation from Hon. Wyatt Aiken and others, of Cokesbury, to return to South Carolina and open a school at Cokesbury. Had I known fully what Cokesbury was before I went there, I probably would not have gone. I found it to to a Methodist community throughout, with a mere sprinkling of Presbyterians. While there, however, I gathered a

a few Presbyterians, and organized them into a Church, and indeed by the efficient co-operation of Col. Aiken who was elected elder, secured for them a good church building. But the more we succeeded as Presbyterians, the more we lost favor in the community. Our Methodist brethren, who loved us no doubt as Christians, could not find it in their hearts to bid us God-speed as Presbyterians. They treated us kindly enough as neighbors, but withdrew all countenance from our work in the Church, and in a great measure from the school.

My income consequently became diminished and I was constrained to look out for employment elsewhere. I became almost desperate in view of probable want of means to buy food and clothing. I moved to Atlanta, on insufficient grounds, in hope of finding employment, but was disappointed. I remained there only six or seven months. On the invitation of the Trustees of Laurensville, I moved there and again took charge of the Seminary. But the condition of things was far from promising, times were sadly changed. I cannot think of my return to Laurensville with any pleasure. I had my warm personal friends there, whose friendship I valued and who regarded me warmly and kindly, but there were divisions in the community about the school, and consequently it did not furnish me a support. As I always did wherever I was, I preached very frequently as opportunity afforded. But this preaching was gratuitous, and added nothing to my support. After about eighteen months, I accepted a call to the Church on James Island. Here I found a very pleasant field of labor. Although my salary was small, I took great pleasure in my work, and here I continued to labor, till my strength by advanced age became so enfebled, that I found myself unable with any degree of comfort to take long rides which were necessary in visiting the congregation. In the 79th year of my age after having served them for seven years, I yielded though reluctantly to the earnest remonstrances of my married daughter in Nashville, and her urgent and repeated invitation with her husband, to move to Nashville and spend the remainder of my days with them, their means being ample. Their urgency was increased by the terrible earthquake which occurred Aug., 1886, and by frequent and continued shocks which continued for a long time. I was in Charleston at the time of the earthquake. My church had given me a holiday for the two months, August and September. By invitation of Dr. Thompson of the first (Scotch) Church of Charleston, I agreed to preach for him these two months. For the benefit of the change I had moved to Charleston. I was fulfilling my engagement for the month of August

when the great shock came which wrought such devastation. The house in which my wife and I were was greatly shattered. We were in the fourth story and were tossed about, but received no personal hurt. The Scotch Church was greatly damaged, and rendered wholly unusable. My engagement with them was consequently terminated, and I returned to James Island, to look after my own flock. I found that no damage of consequence had been done on the Island. I preached the following Sunday on the earthquake as it was felt in Charleston. I continued to labor for them to the best of my ability till the following April when I yielded to my daughter's urgency and moved to Nashville. The reason I assigned to the Church for leaving them, was my inability to visit at their homes. They made reply, that as much as they prized my visits they were willing to forego them if I would remain and preach to them. But I could not consent to remain and perform only a part of pastoral work, while they might get a minister who would perform the whole work, and consequently I moved. While at James Island, out of that small population there were some important and interesting additions to the Church. At Nashville I preached very often in the various churches, as I was desired to do, till my strength became so impaired by age and sickness, as to unfit me for further work. I have thus, my dear Willie, in compliance with your request given you an outline of my life. I have done it only from my love for you, for I see nothing in my life worthy of record. It has indeed been a painful task to me, for it has brought up to my mind so vividly my great deficiencies. My heart deplores, yes, bitterly laments my uselessness. In comparison with what my life should have been, I can only pray that the heavenly Father shall not account me a wholly unprofitable servant. My only ground for hope of acceptance with Him is the righteousness and atoning sacrifice of the great Redeemer.

You intimated that you desired me to write that it may be published. I have not complied with your request in that regard. No, emphatically no. I have written only as I would talk to you, and for your personal gratification. I hope in this respect I have written to your satisfaction.

Your Father, affectionately,

Ferdinand Jacobs

Clinton, S. C., September 1893.

# Opening of the Thornwell Orphanage

(From The *Southern Presbyterian,* of October 14, 1875)

By Constant Observer

Many who read these lines have heard no doubt frequently of the Thornwell Orphanage; and since they may have contributed something toward its building, I propose giving for their benefit an account of its opening exercises.

The desire to establish such an institution has been made known by circulars and appeals for aid in The Southern Presbyterian. Nor have the generous and benevolent Christians of our land been insensible to the appeals for aid. The Lord has put it into the hearts of many, from the aged fathers and mothers to the little children, to send their offerings with the prayer that it may be blessed in erecting a home for the fatherless. Jehovah-Jirah is true to his promises. They are firmer and surer than the everlasting mountains; clearer and brighter to the believing Christian than the myriad host of stars that shine in the firmament. It was relying only upon the promises of God, "Leave the fatherless children, I will preserve them alive," and "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, it shall be given you," that so arduous a work was undertaken.

The institution was first conceived in 1872; but after many days of prayer and anxiety it was no longer a conception of the mind, but an undertaking for the heart and hands, and at last a reality, and it is hoped to be a success. It was on the fourth of last January that the Board of Visitors resolved, with God's blessing, to open the Orphanage on the first day of October. Then looking forward to that day, how far it did appear! How did the heart throb, when the doubting mind would suggest, will it ever come? or if it does, will the Orphanage be completed? But time sped rapidly on, and when it ushered upon us the first of October, we no longer looked upon the bare granite walls, but a completed structure, whose doors were that day to be opened for the reception of orphans. The day did not dawn as most of us might have wished, for it was cloudy and threatening rain,

which might come at any moment. Notwithstanding the uninviting weather, the crowd began to assemble on the Orphanage grounds at the appointed hour; almost everyone bringing some gift. Precisely at 10:30 a. m., the crowd moved in front of the building; the President then announced the Doxology. After the announcement the choir sang the Long Metre Doxology; for those who had labored and prayed for the success of the institution amid great discouragement and toils, when permitted to see the desire of their hearts realized, could truly sing, with a burning zeal, from the depth of a heart overflowing with gratitude,

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
> Praise Him, all creatures here below;
> Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The President, Rev. W. P. Jacobs, read several selected portions of Scripture appropriate to the occasion; after which a fervent prayer was offered by the Rev. A. P. Nicholson, thanking Almighty God for his promises that he would be a father to the fatherless, and for his mercies in the past, and imploring his blessing on the institution and all connected therewith.

The building was then publicly and solemnly dedicated and opened to visitors for the inspection of the house and presents donated by friends. Over the first door to the right of a visitor entering the passage-way, was a card bearing the inscription, "Entire contents furnished by Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston." It was indeed completely and handsomely furnished. At the farther end of the passage the door leads into the beautiful and commodious dining-hall, a card above the door also informs the visitor that it was furnished by the Aveleigh Church of Newberry. The crockery and everything else was indeed beautiful. We only regretted there was no representative from Aveleigh to witness how well the hall appeared. Adjoining the dining-hall is the cook-room, well furnished with a fine stove and all necessary cooking utensils by the Society of Earnest Workers of Clinton. Conspicuous among the other rooms, was the one furnished by the Glebe St. Church of Charleston; also rooms furnished by Presbyterian Churches of Laurens and Spartanburg C. H. While the visitors were enjoying themselves in pleasant conversation, a committee of ladies and gentlemen were busy preparing dinner for the benefit of the Orphanage. At 12 m., the cry of dinner was heard through the house and in the grove; at once the crowd proceeded to the table, and everyone ate to their satisfaction; and still an abundance

was on hand. All praise to the noble ladies for such a dinner. At 2:30 p. m., all assembled at the Presbyterian Church to hear addresses. It was much regretted that the speakers were not present on account of their necessary attendance at a court then in session at Laurensville. Also, that the Rev. W. P. Jacobs could not be present on account of sickness. The Rev. J. R. Riley made a short address; and Rev. J. H. Thornwell, son of the honored man after whom the Orphanage is named addressed the orphans in a short but interesting speech.

As night drew on, the crowd dispersed to their homes; and the fatherless children were received by the kind matron into that dearest word of our language, a "Home." Oh, what a change there is when we compare the once silent granite walls with their vacant rooms to the Home now filled with children—the dead silence broken by the merry ringing voices, and gloom dispelled by countenances and sparkling eyes! If the noble and generous souls who have given to this institution could now see the happiness and contentment depicted upon the faces of the little ones, from the satisfaction of having a home, they would be glad it had been their blessed opportunity and privilege to give.

On the Sabbath morning the dedication sermon was preached by the Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, D.D., from the text, "No man liveth unto himself." To say it was an excellent one would not be injustice to the preacher. It surely was one of the Doctor's best.

# The Easy Question Book *

## For Very Little Children

### Lesson I

Question 1. Who made you and all things?

Answer. God.

2. To whom do all things belong?

To God.

3. Is it right to do what God hates?

No, it is wrong.

4. Why?

Because we belong to Him.

5. Does God see us when we do wrong?

Yes, He sees everything.

6. Does He know when we think wrong?

Yes, for He knows everything.

7. Can He hear all we say?

Yes, for He hears everything.

8. Where is God?

He is everywhere.

9. How ought we to think about God?

As our heavenly Father.

10. Does God think about children like you?

Yes, He knows the very hairs of my head.

11. What does He call those who disobey Him?

Sinners.

12. Why?

Because they commit sin.

13. What is sin?

It is doing anything that God forbids.

### Lesson II

1. How do we know what God forbids?

The Bible tells us.

2. What is the Bible?

The word of God.

3. Who wrote it?

Good men who lived long ago.

4. How did they know what to write?

God told them.

5. How ought we to treat the Bible?

We should read it, love it, and obey it.

6. Ought you learn to read, then?

Yes, so that I may read the Bible.

7. How many parts are there in the Bible?

Two.

8. What are they called?

The Old and New Testaments.

9. How long has it been since the last line of the Bible was written?

Eighteen hundred years.

### Lesson III

1. Who was the first man?

Adam.

2. Who was the first woman?

Eve.

3. Where Adam and Eve holy?

Yes.

4. In what place were they put?

In the Garden of Eden.

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*Hundreds of thousands of copies of this little catechism, written early in his career by Dr. Jacobs were sold and used all over the English speaking world. [Editor.]

5. God plantetd a tree; what was it named?

The tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

6. What command did He lay on Adam and Eve?

Not to eat the fruit.

7. What did He say would happen to them if they ate of its fruit?

They would surely die.

8. Did they eat of it?

They did.

9. Who tempted them?

Satan, in the form of a serpent.

10. How did God punish them?

They were driven from the garden.

11. Did God condemn them to death?

Yes.

12. Are we all, like Adam condemned to die?

Yes, we are.

13. What for?

For our sins.

14. Can we not live so holy as to deserve God's love?

No.

## LESSON IV

1. Who was the first murderer?

Cain.

2. Whom did he kill?

His brother Abel.

3. Who was the oldest man?

Methuselah.

4. What happened to the world in the time of Noah?

The world was covered with a flood of waters.

5. Why?

Because everybody in it was wicked.

6. Who were saved from the flood?

Noah and his family.

7. What were his sons' names?

Shem, Ham and Japhet.

8. How were they saved?

In an ark of wood which floated on the waters.

9. Who was Abraham?

The father of the faithful.

10. Who was the meekest man?

Moses.

11. Who was the wisest?

Solomon.

12. Who was the strongest man?

Sampson.

## LESSON V

1. Who is Jesus Christ?

He is the son of God.

2. By what name is He known?

The Saviour.

3. In what way did He save sinners?

He became a man, obeyed God's law for them, and died in their place.

4. Where was Jesus born?

In Bethlehem.

5. Where is Bethlehem?

It is a town in Palestine.

6. What was His mother's name?

Mary.

7. How long did He live?

About 33 years.

8. In what way did He spend his time while He was on earth?

In teaching the people, healing the sick, and doing good.

9 What became of him?

The Jews put him to death.

10. Why?

Because they hated him.

## LESSON VI

1. Near what city was Jesus put to death?

Jerusalem.

2. On what mountain?

Mount Calvary.

3. How did He die?

On the cross.

4. In what way?

They nailed His hands and feet to it and let Him hang there till He died.

5. Is this a cruel death?

Yes, very cruel.

6. Who buried him?

His disciples.

7. How long did He stay in the grave?

Three days.

8. And then what did He do?

He came out of it.

9. Did anybody see him?

More than five hundred people.

10. How long did He stay on earth after this?

Forty days and then He went to heaven.

## Lesson VII

1. What does the Bible say becomes of the wicked?

They go to hell.

2. Who are the wicked?

All who disobey God.

3. Is any one perfectly good?

No, not one.

4. Where, then, do all deserve to go?

To hell.

5. What is hell?

It is the place of the wicked.

6. How long will sinners remain in hell?

Forever.

8. To what place do the others go?

To heaven.

9. What is Heaven?

A place of happiness and joy.

10. How long will they remain there?

Forever.

11. How does it happen that they deserve to go to hell, and yet go to heaven?

Jesus Christ saves them.

12. If we do not trust and love him can we be saved?

No.

## Lesson VIII

1. Are all men sinners?

We all sin and that continually.

2. What does every man deserve?

God's anger and the pains of hell forever.

3. How can we escape God's anger?

By believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

4. How do we believe on him?

By trusting Him as our Saviour.

5. If all men believe, would all be saved?

Yes.

6. How is He our Saviour?

God was willing that he should die in our place.

7. Why Jesus rather than any one else?

Because He was both God and man.

8. Can any one else save us?

No.

## Lesson IX

1. How many Gods are there?

Only ONE.

2. Is the Father, God?

Yes.

3. Is Jesus Christ, God?

Yes.

4. Is the Holy Spirit, God?

Yes.

5. Are there not three Gods, then?

There is but ONE only, all these three are one.

6. How is that?

None but God can tell, and He has not told us.

7. What does the spirit do for us?

He helps us to believe in Jesus.

8. How does He make us believe?

He gives us a new heart.

9. How may you know that you have a new heart?

By my trying to love God and keep His commandments.

10. How ought you to live?

As if God were always looking at me.

11. Can you be good without God's help?

No.

## LESSON X

1. Does God help all who want him to?

Yes.

2. How does God know when we want help?

By our praying for it.

3. What is prayer?

Asking God for what we want.

4. Does He answer prayer?

Yes, if we pray aright.

5. What ought we to pray for?

That we may love and obey him.

6. Ought you to pray for yourself and others?

Yes, I ought.

7. When you do wrong things, what ought we to do?

I ought to tell God about them and ask him to forgive me.

8. What prayer did Jesus teach us?

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

# The Call to Thornwell Memorial

Clinton, S. C.
June 10, 1909

At the close of the regular Thursday night prayer meeting a congregational meeting of the Thornwell Memorial Church was called, with Rev. J. F. Jacobs as moderator, the object of the meeting being to elect officers of the church. Dr. J. D. Jacobs was selected secretary of the meeting. Rev. W. P. Jacobs explained who were eligible to vote in the election. Before proceeding with the election the following were, on request, admitted to membership,—Mrs. L. C. Baird, Miss Miriam Jennings, Mr. R. B. Brissenden and Mr. H. J. Brissenden.

On motion the congregation decided to enter upon the election of officers. Dr. A. J. Briggs and Mr. Thos. C. Scott were elected elders and Messrs Johnson Kilgore and H. J. Brissenden deacons.

Mr. Wilson Harris then presented the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

To the Board of Trustees of the Thornwell Home and School for Orphans.

We, the members of the Thornwell Home and School for Orphans have organized ourselves into a church known as the Thornwell Memorial Church. We believe that our beloved father, Dr. W. P. Jacobs, ought to give his entire time to our church as pastor. Believing this the providential will of God, seeing the finger of God pointing out the need, and after earnest and prayerful consideration we call Dr. Jacobs as pastor of the Thornwell Memorial Church, to go into effect the first of September 1909 or as soon after said date as possible.

We, as a church pledge ourselves to meet all the expenses, including all the different causes set down by the Church of God. We realize, however, no pastor can live without a salary, and at the same time that our financial support, as members of Thornwell Memorial, will be small, yet we are willing to do all in our power toward the support of said pastor. We therefore, pledge ourselves for $250.00 a year. As a church we request

the Board of Trustees of the Thornwell Home and School for Orphans to pay the remaining portion needed.

Yours in the Lord,

Thornwell Memorial Church,

Thornwell Orphanage,

Clinton, S. C.

Signed, A. J. Briggs
Thos. C. Scott
S. J. Kilgore
H. J. Brissenden
Officers Elect.

Subscription blanks for pastor's salary were then distributed among the congregation and the resulting subscription amounted to $256.90.

Mr. Thos. C. Scott presented the following resolution which was unanimously adopted.

The Thornwell Memorial Church, being on sufficient grounds well satisfied of the ministerial qualifications of you, Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs, D.D., and having good hopes from our past knowledge of your labors, that your ministrations in the gospel will be profitable to our spiritual interests, do earnestly call you to undertake the pastoral office in said congregation, promising you, in the discharge of your duty, all proper support, encouragement, and obedience in the Lord. And that you may be free from worldly cares and avocations, we hereby promise and oblige ourselves to pay you the sum of $250.00 in regular monthly payments, during the time of your being and continuing the regular pastor of this church.

In testimony whereof we have respectively subscribed our names this 10th day of June, 1909 A. D.)

A. J. Briggs )
Thos. C. Scott ) Committee appointed
S. J. Kilgore ) by the Church.
H. J. Brissenden )

I certify that the above committee was appointed to sign the call, by unanimous vote of the congregation.

J. F. JACOBS, Moderator of
Congregational Meeting.

Rev. W. P. Jacobs announced the following Sabbath as the date for the installation of officers.

On motion, the two elders and two deacons elected were appointed a committee to sign the call of the pastor. The meeting was closed with the benediction, pronounced by Rev. J. F. Jacobs.

Signed, J. D. Jacobs, Sect'y.

# Birthday Celebrations

*I am not allowed to tell you who wrote this one. But when asked to write "for publication" she did not hesitate. I know you will enjoy reading it.* [*Editorial Note*]

Well, Marion Stutts! After that fine, racy fire-story of yours how could you be so unkind to the dear alumni this month? Had I suspected what turn the conversation would take I might have hurried on to the post office without stopping to say how much I had enjoyed your story.

But a promise is a promise, and I must admit that when you said "March issue," a fleeting thought of birthdays flashed into mind—Doctor's, my mother's, Dr. Lynn's, and some others. So "Birthdays" it shall be.

One of the earliest memories I have of Orphanage life is the celebration of Doctor's birthday: A crowd of girls and boys in front of the Home of Peace, pressing round "Mishayus," trying to get at least one finger on his person, and begging for an afternoon holiday—he was fifty years old, and, oh, how they loved him and longed to honor him (and yearned for a holiday), and how good and studious they would be tomorrow, etc., etc. Just what argument finally prevailed and just how the afternoon was spent has faded from memory, but from that day, so far as the writer knows, no one in the Thornwell Orphanage, except the students in P. C., has ever gone to school on the 15th of March. Moreover, if the date fell on Saturday or Sunday the nearest school day was claimed.

Now, in those days when the Orphanage family scarcely exceeded one hundred, the honoring of birthdays was a reciprocal affair. Doctor honored the children on their birthdays with an invitation to tea in his home. He always took breakfast and dinner in the dining hall. This was a rare treat for the young guests. Once, however, a little girl recently come, responded to the invitation with "No, thank you, Mr. Jacobs; I don't drink tea." But what snowy linen, and what a gloss the faithful Edna always put on it! And those lovely old spoons! (Where they came from originally and to whom they first belonged I do not exactly remember, but I trust that some one still prizes them)*

*He does! They were from the silver chest of Mary Elizabeth Redbrook, Dr. Jacobs' mother. They were inscribed: M. E. J. [Editor]

And such delicious food! If some of us were too timid to take quite as much as we really could have eaten, it was perhaps all the better for our night's rest.

And long after graduation the birthdays were still remembered. An excerpt from one of those treasured birthday letters may not be amiss in this connection. Never mind the date, but here is a part of it as it came in Doctor's own handwriting:

"My dear daughter,

"I passed through B— the other day on my way from Presbytery. I craned my neck out the window to see how I liked your town. As you about that time were dealing with your jewels, you were of course invisible. I felt sure, however, that had it been Saturday you would have been at the train to meet me.

"So my little M— is nineteen years old—only nineteen. Now, just stay at that for a while, dear girl, and don't get old fast. I used to be nineteen myself once, but I didn't stick at it, and now, alas, where am I? Stick, my child, stick, be nineteen or nothing! . . . .

"Our school is getting on splendidly. We have a fine corps of teachers, and the girls, if they will only study, will have all the advantages of anybody's girls and a great deal better than most. All of the College faculty are teaching in our school.

"All are well here . . . . I am also well. We have certainly had hot times. I have been to three sociables and parties this week, which does very well for a youth like me.

"Well, my dear daughter, accept a bushel of love, congratulations and affections from

"Your devoted father,"

Another memorable birthday celebration was in 1912. No doubt most of you have read of it or heard of it, but not one of the children now in the Orphanage took part in it, and probably not half a dozen of the present staff of workers witnessed it. Doctor was seventy years old. The children and the alumni, at the suggestion of Mr. Branch and under his excellent management, had clubbed together and bought a handsome loving cup, suitably engraved, to be presented to him at the morning worship. In spite of a perfect downpour of rain the Orphanage family and many of the Clinton people gathered in the Chapel

at seven o'clock. Doctor could not understand why Mollie herself was up in time for worship that morning, and why she so readily walked out in the rain with him instead of trying to keep him in, and why she marched him past the Memorial Hall on to the Carolina Memorial Chapel. At sight of the unusual crowd, the flowers and decorations, and the speakers on the platform, he looked about for a moment with almost a dazed expression. But not for long. By the time the preliminaries were over and the song composed by Miss Kennedy, principal of the College, had been sung, and the speech of presentation made, he was quite himself again and ready with an appreciative and touching acceptance. Among the lovely flowers, I recall an exquisite bunch of seventy carnations from Dr. Douglas and Mrs. Douglas of P. C. As the little children filed out, I think, each laid a handful of violets on the platform at his feet. This feature of the program was especially pleasing to him. He went out with heavenly light on his blessed face.

And, dear fellow alumni, there is going to be another notable celebration of his birth—his Centennial in 1942. The Alumni Association has voted approval of a proposition to raise a fund for the college education of girls. Shall we not begin planning for it at once? The Association will be expecting about $10 a year from now until 1942 from every one who went as high as the eighth grade, and more, of course, from those who had the privilege of finishing in college. Now, it will be impossible for you to be the first to contribute to this fund, for the first contribution has already been made, but you may possibly be the second and the largest contributor. Send your check to that handy Marion Stutts, Treasurer of the William Plumer Jacobs Centennial Fund, Clinton, S. C.

*—Our Monthly*

# Sketches of the Older Homes of the Orphanage

By *An Old Girl*

(Editor's Note—We begin in this issue* what we feel may be of special interest to very many of our friends and to all the former pupils. One of our former pupils has consented to give a write-up of the homes on the campus.** She has been doing a lot of work on the old records of the Orphanage and her own personal acquaintance with the Orphanagae as a pupil and teacher here especially qualifies her for this task. It is our hope to give the write-up of one home a month. Of course, we begin with the Home of Peace.)

## *I. THE HOME OF PEACE*

Over the hall doorway of the first building erected in the Thornwell Orphanage is a marble slab bearing the simple legend:

"THORNWELL ORPHANAGE
OPENED
OCT. 1st, 1875"

At the left, on the south wall, is another tablet, with this inscription:

"THE LEES HOME OF PEACE
BUILT AND DEDICATED OCT. 1st, 1875
REBUILT BY
MRS. SUSANNAH PRESTON LEES OF N. Y.
OCT. 1st, 1896."

Of the intervening twenty-one years many volumes could be written, and from the latter date, 1896, to the present, 1932, many more volumes might be added. Indeed, prior to the first date, within the years 1872 to 1875, there lies a marvelous story of the faith and courage and devotion, toil and self-sacrifice of a small Presbyterian congregation, led by an energetic young pastor.

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*Of *Our Monthly*. [Editor]
**Martha Hellams? [Editor]

Oh no, you dear Home of Peace girls, do not imagine that your hard-wood floors, white-tiled bath rooms, and attractive study just happened so, or were always there. In those early days such comforts existed for few in Clinton. Only seven years had elapsed since the close of the Civil War. Our State, prostrate, burdened with taxes, still suffering the effects of a devastating army, was under the heel of ignorant freedmen and corrupt carpet-baggers. Everywhere throughout the land was the sore distress of the widows and orphans of men who had followed Lee and Jackson, or ridden with Gary and Hampton. Something must be done, but what and how?

On October 10, 1872, the pastor's plan for an orphan's home was unanimously adopted by the session of the Clinton Presbyterian Church. The first gift for the high enterprise was a treasured half-dollar from an orphan lad, and then another from the pastor's own little daughter. Surely, if little children were thus moved to give their all, God's people could not turn a deaf ear to the cry of need. But times were hard and the first two months brought in only $78.60. The opening of the new year, however, was more encouraging. The receipts for January were $160, and by the close of the first year $1350 had been collected for the purchase of land on which to build the home.

In the present day of bank failures an account of the providential saving of this fund will bear repeating. An agreement had been made for the purchase of the Williams tract of 125 acres, at $1500, with time in which to pay for it. On August 8, 1873, the owner unexpectedly declared that full payment in cash —no checks for him—must be made *that day* or else the trade would be off. A ride to Laurens, withdrawal of the money from the Savings Bank, $375 borrowed, and by night the gentleman had his cash, and the Orphanage had the titles. A few days afterward came news of the failure of the Bank. To the world, merely a case of good luck; to those who had toiled and prayed for this money, one more instance of a loving Father's kind providence.

Early in January, 1874, a team of oxen began to draw heavy loads of granite from the quarry that Mr. G. C. Young had offered free to the Orphanage. On the 28th of the month two excellent stone masons, William Whalen and Tim Barry (alias Frank McGann), arriving with a group of immigrants, began work on the walls. On the 28th of May, the 10th anniversary of the pastor's ordination, the cornerstone was laid. This was a great day in Clinton—great even in a long line of great "An-

niversary" days. Masons, Grangers, Good Templars, Sunday School children, people from Laurens and the neighboring counties gathered in the little village of Clinton. In long procession they moved down Broad Street to the site of the building—then quite in the woods—no Baptist church, no college, no dwelling anywhere near. Col. B. W. Wall, of Laurensville, addressed the crowd. At noon the cornerstone was laid, and immediately thereafter the Ladies' Society of Earnest Workers served a wonderful dinner. On this day nearly six hundred dollars was added to the treasury. What encouragement!

Gifts came in from all parts of the country, many of the largest from generous-hearted people of the North. The work was sponsored by the Synod of South Carolina, but orphans and money were to be received irrespective of locality and denomination.

January 1st, 1875, was set for the opening of the home school. To quote from a mimeographed MS. addressed to friends in 1874:

> "We are putting up a three-story granite building and are making all speed to get it ready for opening by January 1st, 1875. We need money at once to keep the work pushed on. Will you agree to raise $10, and more if you can, by Christmas . . . . It would pain us beyond measure if we failed to keep our promise to open the Orphanage on the first of January, for several little ones are already waiting for admittance. Will you not work with and pray for us?

But on account of delay in the work the date had to be postponed to May 28th. Still the building was unfinished. Not until October 1st, 1875, was it ready for occupancy. On this date all Clinton turned out with pots and kettles, household articles, chickens and eggs, produce of all kinds to fill the pantry of the orphans and give them a real house-warming. From that early day to this the dear good people of Clinton have stood solidly by the Orphanage, with kind hearts and open hands ready to respond to every call for help.

It is hard to realize that on this first day of October, 1875, the four solid granite walls, 40x60, two stories high, surmounted by an unfinished half-story of wood, held all the departments of the Thornwell Orphanage—dining room, serving room, kitchen, sewing room, laundry, printing office, school room, library, museum, President's home and all; yet such was the case. Prac-

tically all the later developments were there in embryo during this first year.

As friends came in on the first day of October they came into the front hall—there was no piazza until 1878. On the right, the northeast front, was a large schoolroom furnished with patent desks, blackboards, maps, globe, etc., the gift of the Second Presbytetrian Church in Charleston; to the left, the printing office, and just beyond that, on the front, was the pastor's study. At the right of the back hall, just to the rear of the schoolroom, was the dining room, furnished by Presbyterian Church, Newberry; at the left was the pantry and storeroom, and just beyond that, on the southwest corner nearest the well, was the kitchen. On the second floor, the northeast front room, just over the schoolroom, was occupied by Dr. Jacobs and his family. It was in this room, later called the "Anderson room," that Dr. Thornwell Jacobs was born. To the rear of this, on the northwest corner, was the teacher's room; next to that, on the west, was a small guest room. The southwest corner room was occupied by the boys; the southeast corner room, by the girls.

Later, when more children came, the half-story was finished up, and the boys and the printing office were moved to the third floor; Dr. Jacobs and his family moved into the room vacated by the boys; the girls occupied the two front rooms; and the former printing office became the reception room. This was in 1877. After the death of Mrs. Jacobs, January 16, 1879, Dr. Jacobs and his family moved to the third floor, and his room was taken for the new matron. This has been the matron's room ever since. And what became of the boys? They, with Mr. Scott, moved into the second story of the laundry, a wooden building adjoining the well, where they stayed until the Faith Cottage was completed.*

In the meantime the dining room became too small. A wooden storeroom and a kitchen were built at the rear, thus leaving the two rooms at the left of the back hall to be converted into a second dining room, divided from the first by folding blinds. After the wooden laundry gave way to the concrete "Bee Hive", the cooking was done in the lower room nearest the Home of Peace.

But enough of the early arrangement of rooms. Let us

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*The Printing Office was moved into the southwest corner room on the first floor and thence into Faith Cottage. [Editor]

note something of the life within the home: On that first day eight orphan children, five girls and three boys, two brothers and two sisters from the same family; one more before the close of 1875; five more during 1876; four more in 1877; three boys in 1878; and by October 1, 1880, nine more girls and four more boys, making a total of thirty-four received during the first five years.

The first teacher was Miss Emma Witherspoon, a young lady of fine Christian character, winsome, charming, cultured, a college graduate, direct descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. After one year she resigned, was married to a Mr. Price, and after the death of her husband sent her daughter back to the collegiate department of Thornwell. She now sleeps in the churchyard of the First Presbyterian Church of Columbia, S. C.

The second teacher was Miss Pattie Thornwell, daughter of Dr. J. H. Thornwell, in whose honor the Orphanage was named. It has not been ascertained whether or not she was a college graduate, but she was an excellent teacher and a fine musician. She remained at the head of the school until 1884. As numbers increased and the course of study was enlarged, she was assisted by Prof. States Lee, who taught Latin, French, Algebra, and Chemistry to the advanced pupils, and by Mrs. Eliza Fuller and Miss Laura Whaley in the Primary classes. After more than seven years of service she resigned to marry Mr. Hague, of Thornton, Indiana, a man of considerable wealth. For many years afterward she remained a loyal and generous friend of the Orphanage.

The first matron was Mrs. W. P. Jacobs, daughter of Dr. J. H. Dillard, one of the signers of the Ordinance of Secession. She was a graduate of the Laurensville Female College, cultured in art and music, and skilled in all household accomplishments. Sweet Mary Jane Dillard, organist in the old Rocky Springs Presbyterian Church, won the heart of the young minister who supplied the pulpit. After ten years of planning and working, a sweet snug home and four lovely children were theirs. Imagine the sacrifice of giving this up, adding to her own family a group of orphans, children of strangers, rearing them all together and being a real mother to all! It was the rule that her own children should give up to the orphans, in things great and small. Surely the salary promised, $150 and board for the year had nothing to do with her decision. The amount was canceled and

more than $160 was paid by the President for board for his children. An effort had been made to secure Mrs. Thornwell, but she could not accept the work. Other efforts were likewise fruitless. It was then that this noble woman came forward and offered herself. She should have a place of reverence and love from all succeeding generations of Home of Peace girls. She served lovingly and faithfully until January 16, 1879, when she laid down the work for which she had sacrificed her life, leaving her rosy-cheeked, golden haired baby to be reared by his elder sister and the orphan girls. An old journal, entitled "Life in the Thornwell Orphanage," 1877-1881, reveals what a large place this baby held in the family life at the Home of Peace. The first tooth, the first step, all the playful mischief—as pulling off the table cloth and laughing to hear the dishes rattle down—were matters of prime importance in this household, and there was no small rivalry for a place in his affections. It is recorded, however that Minnie was the apple of his eye.

This journal, by the way, throws a flood of light on those early days in T. O.:—The Christmas trees, the meetings of the "Mite Society"; Mr. Scott's gift of a croquet set—he brings in two pigs, four chickens and four pairs of shoes—he brings in a cow, named Belle Means for the lady who gave her—he and a negro push the cow into the river, she swims downstream, the negro loses her, Mr. Scott has to go for her, later he saws off her horns, and finally kills her, but she was a good milker; Johnnie, who almost always has dirty hands, is given a cake of soap by Mr. Jacobs—he keeps this in his trunk and chips off a small piece each time he uses it; the children beg for holiday on October 1—Miss Pattie refuses—Mrs. Jacobs tells them they would better be begging to go to school—Mr. Jacobs comes home from Presbytery, brings them candy, and yields the holiday on October 2nd; Mr. Jacobs makes the printing office boys work one minute extra for every type he finds on the floor after work hour; D. plows the horse, and Tom and John plow the mule—they get ten cents for every acre they plow; they clean up the church for meeting of the Presbytery—girls sweep, and wash windows, Miss Pattie cleans the lamps, boys clean up the yard, Mr. Scott and Mr. Tribble repair the doors and paint the blinds, they go to Mr. Jacobs' house for flowers to decorate the pulpit and platform; the gift of a piano and sewing machine; the "peacemakers" set to work in each room; visits from Mrs. Thornwell; the World's Prayermeeting in the dining room; the celebration of birthdays; complaint by a writer signed "States" that

he had to stay in on his spelling lesson, with the added item that "Mr. Holmes has gone to the college to resight his lessons;" various prizes offered for the best work in school, etc.*

For three months following the death of Mrs. Jacobs, Miss Pattie was on double duty as teacher and matron. Her mother, Mrs. Thornwell, stayed with her until May when the new matron, Mrs. Sallie M. Lee, arrived. Mrs. Lee was the mother of Mrs. R. Z. Wright, of Clinton, S. C., and the sister-in-law of Professor W. S. Lee. For almost three years she had charge of the "school of domestic arts," and very efficient did she prove. Under her supervision the girls did all the cooking, housekeeping, laundry work, and sewing for the girls,—the sewing for the boys being done for the most part by the kind ladies of Clinton. It was with sincere regret that the Board, early in 1882, accepted her resignation. She retired to be married to Mr. Walker, of Langley, S. C.

The unexpired term of Mrs. Lee was finished up by Miss Annie C. Starr, of York, S. C. She also rendered very faithful, loving and efficient service. At various times in later years she served as substitute matron in different cottages during vacation. One of her accomplishments that filled childish eyes with wonder was her ability to walk into the kitchen, cook supper and serve it, and never a spot on that shining silk dress—this in the days when silk was rare and ruffled and not generally washable. Miss Starr is an alumna of the old Yorkville Female College.

Following Mrs. Lee, was Mrs. Lucy Watts Boyd, of Laurens, S. C., who served two years. She, too was well-qualified for the work. She is a graduate of the Laurensville Female College, class of 1861. She still survives and lives with her sister, the widow of the late Col. B. W. Ball, in Laurens.

In 1884 she was succeeded by Mrs. Ann C. Simonton, of Hampden Sidney, Va., widow of a Presbyterian minister, and sister of Dr. Thomas Peck, of the Hampden Sidney Faculty. With her came her daughter, Miss Mary Simonton, who assisted her mother and taught sewing to a class of little girls. After seven years Mrs. Simonton retired as matron of the Home of Peace and gave all her time to the laundry and storeroom. We shall hear more of her in a later sketch.

Next came Miss Katherine Crockett, of a distinguished Vir-

*Fuller excerpts from the children's journal may be found on pages 187-224 of the Diary of William Plumer Jacobs, Oglethorpe University Press. [Ed.]

ginia family. Not a college graduate, but educated under the private tutorship of an uncle who was a college graduate. For the first two years she was also the teacher of the 7th and 8th grades in the Seminary. She then gave up teaching and devoted herself entirely to the duties of matron. Being a woman of rare intelligence and strong initiative, she brought about many happy changes in the home during the seven years of her incumbency. In 1925 she came from her home in Norfolk, Va., to attend the "Golden Jubilee of Thornwell Orphanage." She is still quite active in church work and social service, teaches a Sunday School class that easily walks off with the banner of the year, and, in spite of much frailty of the flesh, has plenty of time for reading, studying and writing.

Lack of space forbids more than a bare list of the succeeding matrons, all of whom have served faithfully and efficiently: Mrs. S. H. Bullard, who after about 12 years returned to Washington, D. C., where she died at the home of her daughter; Miss Mamie P. Burgess, daughter of a skilled and much-loved Christian physician of Summerton, S. C., who after three years resigned on account of ill health; Miss Mamie Critz, of Virginia, and a few others who served for only a short time; and Miss Cora Richey, native of Ohio, now of Camden, S. C., who with some intermissions has served from 1921 to the present time.

But to return to the building itself for a brief summary of some outstanding changes in its structure and equipment: In April, 1896, Mrs. S. P. Lees of New York, gave $2,500 to be used for building purposes. During the summer vacation the roof and the interior partitions were removed, a third story was added, all the old rooms renovated and remodeled, eleven new ones added, a handsome stairway was put in, and a splendid piazza was constructed round the entire building. The next change was brought about by a fire that occurred at midnight, January 16, 1912, when snow lay on the ground and icicles hung from the roof. The damage wrought by fire and water furnished the occasion for carrying out a number of needed improvements in flooring, plastering, bathroom equipment, etc. This work was completed at a cost of about $600. Again, more than six years later, occurred a second fire, this time in the middle of the day and during vacation. On July 4th, 1918, when Dr. L. Ross Lynn, the new president, arrived in Clinton, he found the roof of the Home of Peace destroyed, and much of the furniture damaged beyond further use. This damage was repaired at a cost of $2,-399. Of this amount, fortunately, $1,961 was collected from the Insurance Company.

At a later date, under Dr. Lynn's management, when the whole sewerage system of the Orphanage was enlarged and improved, lovely white-tiled bath rooms were installed, with an abundance of hot and cold water. The space once covered by the bedroom of one of the finest and best educated teachers who ever worked at Thornwell Orphanage, or anywhere else, is now the private bath room of the matron. Long may she live to enjoy it.

And now, dear girls of the Home of Peace,—these of the present and those of the past—with this new light upon the heritage that has grown out of the toil and self-sacrifice of so many cultured Christian women, may we feel anew our obligation to cultivate all the genuine, finer graces of manners and speech that should adorn Christian womanhood.

## *FAITH COTTAGE*

### 1880

### *"Ask And Ye Shall Receive."*

To those unfamiliar with the early history of Thornwell Orphanage, it may come as a surprise that Faith Cottage, the second home to be erected, was built for boys, and that the first "matrons" were gentlemen, though all who ever heard anything of this home know that "Give us this day our daily bread" and "Ask and ye shall receive" have ever been the mottoes of Thornwell Orphanage.

Of the dozen boys who had been received between 1875 and 1880, five had been honorably discharged and were earning a livelihood as printers, clerks, and farmers. The seven remaining lads were occupying the second story of the new laundry. Many others were eager to come, but there was no place for them. The man of prayer entreated the Lord for them, and immediately began hauling up rock and gathering up such material as could be had without money, hoping and praying that God would provide some aid for friendless orphan boys.

In April, 1879, the need for such a home had been announced, but the call for donations had not been pressed at that time. In the August issue of "Our Monthly," under "Orphanage Dots," the following consecutive items appear:

"July 30, 1879. This day began to haul rock for the Boy's Home. We will do what we can, waiting on the Lord for the rest.

"The health of our household is very good."

But within a month Death had entered the home for the second time in 1879. From the September issue we quote:

"We are pained beyond expression to have to record here the death of one of our little orphan lads. Little Frank Cripps, eleven years old, a noble, generous, manly little fellow, was taken from us after only one day's illness, on Monday the 11th, dying of congestion. Suddenly and unexpectedly our household was plunged in grief . . . . He was ready for Sabbath School on Sunday. At the same hour Monday he lay a corpse.

"The setting up of the article in this issue of "Our Monthly", "The Child Voyager," was his last work. Dear little lad, he has gone on a longer voyage, and to a better country."

This lovely boy, born in Mexico, of Spanish lineage, had been supported by Mrs. A. A. Burt, of Philadelphia. In January, 1880, she sent a check for $155, the amount she had set aside for his support, and asked that it be used as a memorial to him. This was added to the fund for the Boy's home. Mrs. Thornwell had started the fund with a gift of $50. A good lady from Maryland and another from Kentucky had added $50 each. "Our Monthly" circulated through twenty-three states in the Union, and gifts ranging from $5 to $50 came in from Louisiana, Arkansas, North Carolina, New York, California, and elsewhere. The receipts crept up each month, and the building was begun.

On the 28th of July, 1880, at 5 P.M., the cornerstone was laid in the presence of a small group gathered for the occasion. After the singing of "Rock of Ages," the reading of I Peter 1:1-8, and a brief address by the President in which he gave the history of the Orphanage, the following documents were placed in the cornerstone: The Holy Scriptures, Constitution of the Presbyterian Church, current issues of seven Presbyterian Publications in the South, *The News and Courier, Laurensville Herald, Our Monthly,* all previous Annual Reports of the Orphanage, and all circulars in reference to Faith Cottage. The stone was then set in place, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" was sung, and the benediction pronounced. Mr. Scott then made a characteristic speech to the gentlemen present, asking them to

give liberal help with horses and wagons in hauling up material for the building.

Most of the money for this building had come from outside the State, but local people gave generously of their time and material. Mr. G. C. Young again offered free use of his quarry; Messrs. Green, Bailey, Newton Young, J. C. Copeland, Butler Ferguson, and others, sent teams for hauling; Mr. Dan Anthony of Gaffney, sent lime; the G. & C. R. R. and the R. & A. R. R. hauled material at half price; Messrs. Leavell & Speers of Newberry gave the marble slab with the inscription in raised letters that one sees at the right of the front entrance; Mr. Scott superintended the building, having "taken the contract" at an expense of several months' time to himself, and no pay; and the orphan boys themselves did much valuable work in hauling, painting, etc.

By October the first story was finished. This is a concrete building of rock and mortar. By the end of November the framed second story was almost finished. This is neatly boxed and corniced and the sides shingled with pine shingles. The work continued until Christmas week when on account of cold weather and lack of funds it was suspended. With the moderation of weather and some further receipts the work was resumed early in 1881 and by the middle of March the home was ready for occupancy.

The architecture of the building is in the Queen Anne style, the plan a gratuitous design by Mr. G. L. Norman, of Spartanburg. It was completed at a cost of $1500 in cash contributed by 500 persons, and by donations of material, labor, etc., amounting to $500 more. It stands directly south of the Home of Peace and faces Broad Street through a wide, pleasant grove.

But this design and cost of Faith Cottage are not nearly so interesting as the manner in which the dollars came in and the outcome in boy-character that was fostered here. Most people who have heard the name have also heard that on Monday morning no one except the Lord knew how the week-end bills were to be met, but that no workman or needy creditor was ever asked to wait over the week-end for his pay.

Of the fourteen lads who occupied this home during the year 1881-1882, four became ministers of the Gospel, three with the title of D.D., one as a foreign missionary, one dying in early manhood in the midst of a brilliant career, and a fifth dying

just as he entered upon his theological studies. Another became a physician and is now in the employ of the U. S. Government in Washington, D. C. The other nine, for the most part, became useful Christian men, serving as elders in the Presbyterian Church and good citizens in general.

Of the eighteen little boys in the cottage for the year 1891, four became Presbyterian ministers, two with the title of D.D. Accurate statistics of the other fourteen are not available at this writing, but the majority are outstanding, useful citizens and good business men.

A brief outline of the first arrangement and the succession of officers in charge will be interesting for its variety. In March, 1881, there were eight rooms. To the right of the small double-arched portico was the President's office; to the rear of this two were used as printing office and press room; on the left, a large room designed for a general sitting room, but still unfurnished. One the second floor were four rooms, one occupied by Mr. A. G. Holmes, superintendent of the farm, and in charge of the boys; the others were occupied by the boys. Mr. Holmes remained for only a year, after which time he retired to his own farm, and was soon married to Mollie Catworthy, one of the sweetest of the Home of Peace girls. In 1882 Mr. Holmes was succeeded by Mr. Robert Whaley, who remained for two years. In 1884 Mrs. Eliza Fuller, a fine, cultured woman with a big motherly heart, took charge of the home, but not the farm. She was a teacher in the Seminary. She remained until 1886, when she took charge of the newly-built McCormick Home.

In 1887 after the new printing office was built, Faith Cottage underwent repairs, the third story was completed, and eleven little girls were placed there in charge of Mrs. Mary Liddell, who had succeeded Miss Thornwell as principal of the school.

In 1891 after the completion of Harriet Home, the little girls migrated, and Faith Cottage was for a second time a boy's home, this time occupied by the little fellows, in charge of Mrs. A. B. Wardlaw, who was also a teacher in the Seminary. She remained only a short while and was succeeded by Miss Mary Simonton, who remained until the building of the Augustine Home for boys, in 1893. She and her stalwart little band moved out and left the cottage for a group of little girls, this time in charge of Mrs. Fannie T. Webb, who was also a teacher and a most conscientious worker. She died in office, and was succeed-

ed by Miss Ella Bell, a member of the Mission Training School. Next came Miss Carrie Hipp, Miss Ruth Simpson, Miss Rosa Hipp, who after faithful service as matron took up other work in the Orphanage or were married and moved away. Other matrons were Mrs. Flora Latham, Miss Lida Baird, and others of more recent years, who gave excellent but short-time service.

During these years the building itself has undergone several repairs and transformations by way of renovated rooms, stairways, addition of a splendid porch on three sides of the house, the installation of bath rooms, and other comforts. If the present group of brighteyed little misses, in charge of Miss Sterrett, are not a happy, well-behaved, well-cared-for household, their looks are calculated to deceive the most searching eyes of outsiders.

### *III. McCORMICK HOME*

The third home of Thornwell Orphanage, the McCormick, was erected in 1885-1886, five years after the opening of Faith Cottage it was solemnly announced that the addition of this home would mean enlargement along all lines—greater school facilities, better equipment for industrial training, more dining room space. Hence this expansion had to be taken care of before the third home could be built.

The interval between the opening of these two homes, that is, from March, 1881, to December, 1886, was a period of great development in Clinton. The Methodists and Baptists built churches; the Presbyterians remodeled their and added a steeple; the Presbyterian College was moved from the wooden structure on Academy Street; Rev. J. B. Parrott conducted a classical and military school; Bailey's Bank was opened; many new dwellings went up, and others were improved by the addition of piazzas, second stories, new fences, and the generous use of whitewash and paint.

In 1881 the pastor of the Presbyterian Church exchanged his house and lot just east of his church for a lot adjoining the Orphanage property and erected on it an attractive frame dwelling. The chimney of this house was capped with bricks from the first chimney ever built in Clinton and from the first and last saloon in the town, the pastor having led a mighty and successful battle for temperance. His new well was paid for with the wedding fees of the year. With a twinkle he remarked, "It ought to be a well of happiness."

Into this commodious ten-room house he descended from the attic of the Home of Peace which he had occupied for two and a half years. Here he remained for the next thirty-six years, freely sharing his home with members of the Orphanage family and hospitably entertaining hundreds of visitors who came every year to visit the Orphanage and College. After his death the Board purchased this property, and in July 1918, it became the home of Dr. L. Ross Lynn, the new president, who occupied it for the next ten years. So in reality, this belongs in the list of the homes of the Orphanage. In 1928 it was displaced by a handsome granite building erected on the site and furnished for the use of the President. The old house, which by several additions had grown to fourteen rooms of various sizes, was sold to Mr. B. L. Knight, who rolled it about one hundred yards up Broad Street. He and his family now occupy it.

In the history of the Orphanage this period from March, 1881 to December, 1886, might be entitled "Getting ready for One Hundred Orphans." Before Faith Cottage was quite complete a subscription list was opened for the Orphan's Seminary. A splendid three-story edifice with chapel, school rooms, museum, and library, was planned. The story of this handsomest educational building in the country at that time calls for a chapter all its own. Briefly however, it required two years to collect the small donations that went into this $5,000 building. When it was finished it stood 50 x 70, with concrete walls from 14 to 30 inches thick, and ninety feet high. The cornerstone was laid on the 13th of May, 1882. This house, the center around which the whole life of the institution was to revolve, seemed a special memorial to Dr. Thornwell. In the cornerstone, along with a number of current Presbyterian papers, his picture and a history of his life were placed. In the chapel, dedicated by his son, Dr. J. H. Thornwell, on July 28th, 1883, a large marble slab was set up to his memory. The whole building was formally opened October 1, 1883, with an address by Governor Hugh S. Thompson, that great leader in education after reconstruction days.

Gov. Thompson had many complimentary things to say of the work at Thornwell and its modest founder. In his address he urged the establishment of a technical school for the boys. This idea was already in the mind of the President, but money was lacking. The most immediate need was an enlarged industrial plant for girls' work. Accordingly, in May, 1884, the books

were opened for contributions for the Bee-Hive, and by early fall the $1,200 concrete building was ready for use as kitchen, laundry, and bathroom for the Home of Peace. The old wooden laundry, was rolled a few hundred feet to the west and converted into a wood shop for the boys. Now the way was clear for the proper education of one hundred Orphans and the erection of the third home.

The funds for this home came in a most unexpected way. On the 13th of May, 1884, Mrs. Nettie McCormick lost her husband, the Hon. Cyrus H. McCormick. In August she sent her initial gift as a memorial to him. Later she added $1000 more and other amounts up to the sum of $4,500 in all for finishing and furnishing the home.

In the fall Mr. A. Page Brown, of New York, a young architect of cultivated and artistic taste, came and brought plans that called for concrete, faced with native quartz and pointed with cement, windows faced with brick, window sills and steps of granite. Two half towers supporting a heavy arch over the front piazza constituted the theme of the building. The rest was to be in harmony with the front view. On the first floor were six large rooms, three piazzas, and a hall; on the second floor, were six bedrooms, with closets, a bathroom, piazza and a hall; on the third floor, six bedrooms built into the cypress-shingled roof; the woodwork was to be finished with oil and varnish, and the walls with whitewash.

The McCormick was two years in building. The cornerstone ceremonial took place on Saturday, February 14, 1885, though on account of a heavy freeze and ice-covered ground the stone was not actually placed on that date. The exercises opened with an anthem by the Orphans, "The Earth is the Lord's and the Fullness Thereof." Judge J. S. Cothran was the speaker on this occasion. His acquaintance with Mr. McCormick was of twenty years standing. He spoke in highest praise of the strong faith and good works of him who, as a lad on his father's farm in the Valley of Virginia, grew up in the atmosphere of thrift and industry and religious training. Young Cyrus was often up at five o'clock in the morning and took his place at the plow, the grain cradle, and the blacksmith shop. Out of these experiences grew the invention that revolutionized the grain industry of the world, and won for him membership in the French Academy of Sciences and decoration with the Cross of the Legion of honor. He was a Presbyterian of Scotch-Irish strain. The founding and

endowment of a chair in Washington and Lee University and one in Union Theological Seminary in Virginia, and many other such benevolences stand to his credit.

At the close of the address, the orphans again sang a beautiful anthem, "Be Joyful in God, all ye Lands of the Earth." The tin box was laid upon the desk and filled by Mr. Wm. Bell, Treasurer of the orphanage. It was then sealed, but not placed in the wall until May the 28th, at which time the Board and the Orphan household again gathered in the Chapel. After a short address by the President the children filed out to the building where each one placed a stone in the wall and joined in a hymn of praise. The stone was then set in place, and the walls went up, slowly, slowly. The house itself was not completed until September of the following year, and it was not until December 1, 1886, that all the furnishings, which Mrs. McCormick gave, were in place and the home ready for occupancy.

In the meantime, Mrs. McCormick had done another lovely thing for the Orphanage, as well as the College and the Church. The continued strenuous exercise of raising funds for these institutions, and leading in all their spiritual and temporal affairs, had told heavily upon the health of the President. She sent him a check with which to take a summer vacation in Europe. He left the affairs of the Orphanage in the hands of Mr. Scott and the Board, the editing of *Our Monthly* to Sam Fulton, the College to Prof. W. S. Lee and the new president, Rev. R. P. Smith, and the Church to Mr. Fulton and others.

On the first day of December, 1886, the family of fifteen boys, with Mrs. Eliza A. Fuller as matron and Rev. R. P. Smith as helper and adviser, was inducted into the new home. Many visitors came to witness the opening, which, as usual, was marked by prayer and praise. All were highly pleased with the beauty and completeness of the house, from the artistic design of the walls without to the arrangement of parlor, sitting room, study room, study hall, kitchen, dining room, and bedrooms within. This was probably the best appointed home in Clinton at that date, but the most important feature was to be the life and education of the boys within.

The primary purpose was to provide a home for older boys who showed industry and a capacity for college education. Six scholarships in the Presbyterian College next door were open to them, and one of the professors was to reside in the home and

help in its management. The original fifteen, however, included a few smaller boys. Some interesting stories of these little fellows have come down to us.

On the evening of that first day the President, Mr. Scott, Prof. Smith, and Mrs. Fuller met the boys at 7 o'clock and gave them good, inspiring talks and put the building in their care. Little Charlie, all the way from Boston, reckoned he would be the first to "ketch a switching." He was not particularly fond of books, but he loved the woods, the birds, and the flowers. Once he decided he would just live in the trees, as free as a bird. He crept from a third story window to an overhanging limb, curled up and went to sleep. Soon a thud and a scream alarmed the household, and the would-be bird was picked up with a broken wing.

Another boy, sturdy, serious little Jim, soon came. Then as now, baseball reigned supreme in spring and summer. Jim was much more given to reading library books than to batting, catching, and making home runs, and the boys put him off the team. Almost in tears he went to his matron: "Mrs. Fuller, I know I can play ball. Those big boys are just 'pre-juced' against me." And little Nat, one of the original fifteen, was pretty and sweet and merry, and everybody loved him. According to tradition he and Jim were the only boys who ever made a practice of kissing "M'Shayus" (Mr. Jacobs) every day.

One practice, however, common to old and young alike, was the building of huts in the woods. Some of these had chimneys; in time, pots and pans were collected, and an occasional feast was served to close friends. We must not inquire too closely into all these feasts, but the boys had rabbit gums, and occasionally got fish from nearby streams. No matron or monitor in the kitchen could be so hardhearted as to withhold a little lard, bread, and seasoning.

None too much time was devoted to baseball, rabbit gums and shanties, for every boy must go to school and put in four hours of good hard work every day. There was Bible reading twice a day, and two prayer meetings each week, and always the Sunday School lesson Sunday afternoon and Saturday night. No wonder that small Henry early learned to apply Scriptural teachings to every day situations.

Mrs. Fuller, kind and good and motherly at home, could be "hard-boiled" in school. A big boy had failed completely on his

Arithmetic, and she was pressing him pretty hard for the reason. He was excusing himself with a long string of "ifs"—"If I had not had to do the milking" and "If John had'nt been using the book" and "If I had known this was the lesson"—when, from a low seat at the teacher's right, slim, brownie-like Henry piped out, "And if the good man of the house had known the hour, the robber would not have broken in and stolen his goods!" Mrs. Fuller joined in the general laughter and said, "Well, Henry, there is nothing left for me to say."

Mrs. Fuller was a born teacher. She possessed unusual influence over her boys. They were her staunch supporters, and she was devoted to them. After twelve years of faithful service she retired and was succeeded in turn by several members of the Mission Training School, and others who served about one year each, and then Mrs. H. B. C. Garrison, who remained four years.

"Grandma" Garrison, as the boys called her, had a big warm heart, a keen sense of humor, and a sympathetic understanding of boy nature. Now and then she would determine to do her full duty by the boys and punish some of them. She could never tell the twins, Rob and Luke, apart. When either of these youngsters was due any punishment he usually got out of it by claiming to be his twin until Grandma's purpose would weaken and she would decide that the child didn't need any punishment anyway. Once, however, when both had been into mischief, poor Rob had to take two switchings because she thought he was Luke trying to get out of the one that was due him.

The next matron was Mrs. Mary F. Stansell, an earnest Christian woman, who stayed three years. If her boys misbehaved, they must sit in the study hall and memorize passages from the Bible. Then Miss Henri Etta Lee served for a year or two as matron and a much longer time as teacher of Latin in the Thornwell College. Her mother, the widow of the first President of the Presbyterian College, was with her. Dear, gentle Mrs. Lee died in the McCormick Home. The next four or five matrons remained for about a year each. In 1914 Mrs. Bessie Barnwell, a graduate of the Thornwell College, came and gave excellent service until her death, eight years later. In 1928 Miss Anna Belle Harvey took charge. She is happy in her work and the boys are happy. It is to be hoped that she will remain in the home to help and encourage many generations of Orphan boys.

During more than forty years of constant use the floors, walls, and furniture have been renewed from time to time, some internal changes have been made and modern conveniences introduced. At first the water had to be carried from the Home of Peace or the College well. Later it was run into the home from a tank over a well in the yard. Now the matron has her private bath, and the boys enjoy a white-tiled bath-room with showers. The sitting room and the adjoining guest room on the north have been turned into one room, which is now used as the study hall. The former large study hall on the south has been converted into a bed-room for the matron of the sewing department.

In the early days Dillard and Thornwell Jacobs made this almost a second home as they fraternized with Cornwell and Henry and others. Today at almost any hour of recreation Ross and Robert Lynn, sons of the President, may be seen in friendly visit on the piazza or by the church. A roll of all the boys who have called this cottage home would be interesting, but that would be beyond our limits. This sketch must close with the names of the fifteen who entered the home, December 1, 1886. They were: Dent W. Brannen, David Huntington, James G. Moffett, Wm. A. King, Chester and John K. Witherspoon, Cornwell Jennings, John M. and Nathaniel N. Harris, Wm. J. Crawford, Wm. H. Quigley, Herbert Murphy, Swinton King, Charlie Broughton, and Thos. E. Dean. At least five of these have already passed on to the home whose maker and builder is God, and we trust that all the others are still working to advance His Kingdom on earth.

## *V. PRINTING OFFICE AND MEMORIAL HALL*

As previously stated, the homes of Thornwell Orphanage did not go up without ample provision for the care and education of the children who were to occupy them. Short sketches, therefore, will be given of the two most important additions made between the opening of the McCormick in 1886, and the opening of the Harriet Home in 1890; viz., the Printing Office and the Memorial Hall.

### *Printing Office*—1887.

On May the 28th, 1886, the cornerstone of the Printing Office was laid on the north side of the campus, at a convenient

distance from the President's home just over the line. The rock left over from the walls of the McCormick had been carefully gathered up and used in the foundation. The erection of this house was of special interest to the boys, in that they were not only to work in it but to pay for it. A sealed bottle containing official documents and a battered heading of *Our Monthly* was placed in the cavity prepared for it, and each one of the printers took a hand in covering it.

The editor then made a speech telling the boys that the new house was to be their work—their gift to their Alma Mater, the whole to be paid for by subscriptions to *Our Monthly* and the labors of the boys themselves. After a song and the benediction, the audience dispersed. A little later in the afternoon the orphans assembled under the big tree in front of the Home of Peace and enjoyed the ice cream that kind friends had provided.

Work on the building was suspended during the editor's summer vacation in Europe, but it was resumed in September. Mr. Scott superintended, and much of the work was done by the boys themselves. Early in 1887 it was finished, and *Our Monthly* made its seventh move. The February number was issued from the new office.

This very compact concrete house, 30 x 30, a story-and-a-half high, with six rooms, was finished at a cost of $600, exclusive of labor and some gifts of material. It was complete throughout, from editor's sanctum to sales room and bindery. It was the first building in the county erected solely for use as a printing house. Under wise management the building and the equipment had evolved from a $20 press and a $20 set of types purchased in 1886.

From this little training school went out some of the swiftest compositors in the State, as well as some of the best ministers in the Southern Presbyterian Church. One youth, barely nineteen was earning $1200 a year, when he heard the call to the Gospel ministry. He was just entering upon his studies when he heard another call, "Come up higher," and his work on earth was done.

The boys were cheerful workers and eager to learn. With such foremen as Brannen, Fulton and Jennings, who had had their training direct from the President himself, is it surprising that Thornwell could not supply the demand for her printers?

Even the editor's small son was ambitious to be a printer. From babyhood he had meddled in the office and sometimes "pied" the work of the older boys. At the age of ten he began to set up type, and from that day to this he has continued to find the printed page a medium of an ever widening and deepening self-expression.

Within five or six years the Technical School was opened. *Our Monthly* then made its last move, this time vacating for the benefit of the Sewing Department. The editor's office was reserved as a lecture room for the Mission Training School. Later, when the sewing department found more convenient quarters on the first floor of Assembly Hall—the collegiate department having been moved into the building vacated by the Presbyterian College—the little square concrete building was used as a home for the Museum. Within five or six years the collection of specimens began to overflow these narrow limits, and an attractive building of concrete blocks was erected just before it. Ragged and in disrepute, the little old printing office still tries to "put up a good front," while it serves partly as museum, partly as store room, and generally as refuge for live specimens of native spiders and insects.

*Memorial Hall*—1889.

With the growth of the orphan family, the dining room, kitchen, and laundry became too small. The space in the Home of Peace was needed for a sewing room and additional equipment for the girls' comfort. Accordingly, in 1888, advantage was taken of the purpose of the Southern Presbyterian Church to celebrate the centennial of the first General Assembly in America by special donations to Presbyterian institutions.

Circulars, "baptized with prayer," were sent out soliciting funds for a building to be known as Memorial Hall. The sum of $4,500 was collected in small amounts, three gifts of $100 each being the largest, but they came from nearly every State in the Union and from four foreign countries.

Mr. A. Page Brown gave the plan. It called for a granite building 56 x 54, the first floor to contain kitchen, dairy, and store rooms; the second, a beautifully lighted dining hall, with high arched ceiling, large enough to seat 200 children. On the northeast corner a square clock-tower reached as high as the four-sided, pointed roof of the main building. When completed,

this was the most solidly built structure on the campus. It was designed to stand for centuries and to be a dignified memorial of the Centennial. Its heavy walls of rough granite, with nine arched doorways, a few bull's-eye windows, a four-inch ledge dividing the first story from the second, and a 45-foot clock-tower, gave the impression of solid strength and chaste symmetry in all its lines.

On the 28th day of May, 1888, the cornerstone was laid. Mrs. Thornwell, widow of the noted divine for whom the Orphanage was named, was asked to perform the ceremony, but, since she had placed the box in the Seminary six years before, she requested Master Thornwell Jacobs to take her place on this occasion.

Dr. G. R. Brackett, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston, S. C., was the speaker. His scholarly address was worthy of this historic date in Presbyterian annals. He referred to the Calvinistic faith as the chief cornerstone in the foundation of the American Reublic, and to Dr. Thornwell as a modern Calvin who did more than any other man to develop the type of Presbyterianism held by the Southern Church, that is, the type that held loyally to the Confession of Faith. He referred to the Orphanage as a memorial that would perpetuate the name of Dr. Thornwell longer and spread his fame wider than the most superb obelisk or marble statue. And he added, "He who writes the History of the Southern Church within the next hundred years will not omit the institution established here for the nurture and education of orphans."

One year later the building was finished, furnished, and ready for use. Over the doorway of the dining hall was a marble slab with the dates 1788—1888 and the inscription, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." A tower-clock, set up at a cost of $350, was given by a mother in Napa, California, as a memorial for her little daughter, Agnes Carolyn Dozier. The little girl's picture was hung in the dining hall.

On the 28th of May, 1889, the house was dedicated with prayer and song, and an address by Dr. J. H. Thornwell. In the evening eighty-four people sat down to the first meal in this hall. Following this, ice cream was served to the children in the grove. Later the young people of the College and town came in for an evening party that closed promptly at ten o'clock.

Fifteen years and five months later, a family about three times the size of the first, sat down to their last meal in the hall. At midnight, November 3, 1904, everything except the solid granite walls went up in flames. The origin of the fire was never known and there was no insurance. Just three weeks after this, on Thanksgiving Day, the Seminary also was burned. This calamity came as a result of a new heating arrangement that had just been installed. This loss was partially covered by insurance.

Immediately a frame structure was erected inside the walls of Memorial Hall, the dining room was fitted up as a chapel, and the lower story was used as class-rooms for the collegiate department, which was the only part of the school affected by the fire. The marble slab above the door of the Seminary was removed and placed in the walls of this rehabilitated structure. The name and date were changed to read "ASSEMBLY HALL, 1905," but the inscription, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," remained the same.

On the 28th of May, 1889, while the dedicatory exercises of Memorial Hall were in progress in the Orphans Chapel, a telegram was received and read in public. It was from Mrs. N. F. McCormick. She announced her purpose to contribute $3,000 for the erection of another cottage. A sketch of this home follows.

## *VI. HARRIET HOME*

The Harriet Home was the second cottage to be given by Mrs. McCormick. The first was in memory of her husband, the Hon. Cyrus H. McCormick; the second was in honor of the marriage of her son, Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, and was called Harriet in compliment of his bride. This good woman made her joys and her sorrows alike the occasion for remembering the orphans.

Her gift of $3,000 was announced May 28th, on the same day that Memorial Hall was opened. Now that ample provision had been made in school rooms, dining hall, and industrial school, for the education of more than one hundred and fifty orphans, plans for the new cottage were begun at once. A site just south of the Seminary, almost equidistant from Faith Cottage and McCormick, was selected. The artistic design of the McCor-

mick, with only a few internal changes, was to be duplicated; rough granite faced with brick was to be the material; the building was to face north.

On July the 6th ground was broken. Mr. Scott was in charge, and the work progressed rapidly. He supervised and often laid his own hands to the work. One morning he said to a brick-layer, "Keep up with me to-day, and I will give you a dollar extra." Night came and that workman had put in one good day's work, but he had failed to win the dollar.

On the first of August the cornerstone was laid. This date had no particular significance; the stone was laid when the walls were ready for it. As usual, the orphan household and their Clinton friends gathered in the Chapel where the exercises of prayer and thanksgiving were held. On this occasion Mr. Scott was the speaker. His address was pithy and full of common sense. He said:

"Children of the Orphanage, as a personal friend I speak to you. You have many more advantages than most children in our country. What use are you making of them? Remember, it rests largely with yourselves where you will stand in the future. Every fence has its top rail and its bottom rail. In this country, brains carry to the top. Where do you intend to be? If at the bottom, be idle, shirk every duty and you will be there always; if at the top, use your brains, for knowledge is power. Brain is power indeed, but if unsanctified, a power for evil.

"Church, State and nation are calling for good men, earnest men. In the future great billows of *isms* will be rising—communism, socialism, nihilism, and all the other devils that would destroy the rights of property, the sacred ties of family, and drive Christianity and morality from the land. Brain will be needed to guide the Ark of the Church and the Ship of State triumphantly through the storm."

He then calls upon the orphans to be ready to fill some of the big places, and wonders why Thornwell Orphanage may not furnish one or more to fill the chair of President of the United States.

Then Mr. J. F. Jacobs read an original poem of about one hundred and fifty lines in which he gracefully reviewed the history of the several homes and buildings of the Orphanage. Next, the box was filled with about twenty-two published documents,

and placed in the hands of the youngest boy in the Orphanage, who led the way to the new building, where it was set in the stone and sealed in due order. By the way, this same little boy is now a very grave and reverend D.D., the pastor of a city church, and greatly loved by his flock.

By the 20th of November the walls were leveled off and the job turned over to the carpenters. Mr. Lee Stone did much of the wood work and later made all the tables, washstands, etc., for the home. Willis Williams, the faithful colored man and skilled mason who built the walls of Memorial Hall, was employed for the Harriet Home. Later he built the walls of the Library, Technical School, Augustine Home and others. He remained in the employ of the Orphanage until his death.

The house with all its furnishings was not complete until late spring in 1890. Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus McCormick gave $500 for the furnishing. It is recorded that for some weeks the little people slept on pallets until their beds were made ready. On the 28th of May, Mrs. Liddell and her little girls moved out of Faith Cottage and took up quarters in the new home.

An early photograph shows this family of white-aproned children ranged in front of the matron, her daughter, Dr. Jacobs and one of the older girls who assisted the matron in caring for the little ones. In those days well-dressed little girls wore starched white aprons, tied with dainty bows on the shoulders. Mrs. Liddell's children, always clean and white, went thus clad to school. At home, however, when engaged in household work they were gingham aprons, sometimes made with long sleeves. But whether in white apron, gingham apron, or gray flannel uniform, some of the little misses were mighty "easy on the eyes," according to the testimony of some of the contemporary boys who used to linger as they passed back and forth over the grounds.

On the east of the cottage a neat little flower garden was enclosed by a low whitewashed picket fence. This was always a source of great pleasure to the children. The little square plat still retains its original outline, but the only plant that is known to have survived these forty years, is a large tea olive that sheds its fragrance for the pleasure of all passers-by. Harriet Home, however, still keeps up the traditional love for flowers. There are hosts of plants—in pots and tubs, in the garden, around the walks, in the house, everywhere.

Another place of interest to the visitor and of keen delight to the children was the play room on the third floor. Once while on a visit to the Orphanage Dr. Converse found his way to this play room. The next week the little girls were surprised to find in the *Christian Observer* an interesting account of their make-believe activities in weddings, sick-bed scenes, funerals, housekeeping, etc., as they were carried on by the forty-one dollies.

Mrs. Liddell, the matron, was the daughter of Dr. C. C. Shepperson, of Alabama. Her father sometimes visited in the home and preached in the Presbyterian Church. After about eight years' service as matron and teacher, she resigned to take charge of the Orphans Home of the Synod of Alabama. Her work had always been careful and thorough. She gave close attention to establishing habits of neatness, cleanliness, and personal hygiene in her children.

Miss Alice Warren of Mayesville, S. C., succeeded her as matron and teacher in the Seminary. She remained about seven years. She was a deeply spiritual and consecrated woman, never sparing herself and trying always to stimulate the highest effort in her children. Being very widely read, she encouraged her pupils to read beyond the actual requirements of the class. She always kept in line with the best methods of teaching. All her rules for the government of the school were summed up in just two words, "Do right."

Following Miss Warren was Miss Maria J. Atkinson, of Virginia, who was graduated from the Mission Training School, and who after several years' work as matron and teacher, went as a missionary to Japan. She is still in service there. Then followed Miss McHugh, Mrs. Bradley, and others, until about twenty years ago when Miss Janie Simpson, of Laurens County, came in to help temporarily and found her life-work. She has served in many capacities in the Orphanage, but their chief service has been as matron of this cottage. At various times she has been relieved by her sister, Miss Lina Simpson, who for many years has rendered loving service in the Orphanage.

No sketch of Harriet Home would be complete without mention of Mr. Scott. He was fond of telling that at one time he had been "matron" of Faith Cottage, and he was a frequent and welcome visitor in all the homes, but his favorite stopping place was Harriet Home. Here he found the nearest approach to a

real home that he had ever enjoyed. Miss Janie and Miss Lina knew the art of making him comfortable and happy, and they were wonderful cooks. He provided chickens, butter, eggs, and fruit. On Sunday nights and often at other times the family sat down to a feast. After supper there was an evening of prayer, song, and story-telling. He loved especially to hear the children sing and he always joined in. "My Faith Looks Up To Thee" was his favorite.

Harriet Home is a favorite stopping place for visitors. It would be interesting to tell of some of these, but space forbids. But one group must be mentioned. On March 26, 1891, the angels came. They took away with them little Ida Bishop. As the President stooped over the bed of the dying child, she whispered, "Mr. Jacobs, the angels have come into the room." Her face lighted up with a radiant intelligence. "Do you not see them? They are coming across to the bed—they are there by you—two of them." She looked up in rapture, "Oh! so beautiful, so beautiful!" Then in great joy, "And they have come for me!" She was conscious to the last. She closed her eyes and went away with the heavenly visitors.

This experience made a deep impression upon Dr. Jacobs. He never for one moment doubted the real living presence of angels in the room of the dying child. I wonder if any one can point out the room and the place from which little Ida left with the blessed angels. Would this knowledge give a deeper conviction of God's presence and His care for His children than does the beautiful provision that He makes for the daily needs of Harriet Home girls? If we could once for all take in the wonderful thought that everything is the gift of God, what a difference would be wrought in our attitude toward those about us and in the use we make of His gifts.

# Some Aspects Of The Character Of Dr. William Plumer Jacobs

Dr. A. T. Jamison made the chief address at Founder's day exercises held last Thursday* at the Presbyterian College in which he paid eloquent tribute to Dr. William Plumer Jacobs, founder of the institution. His address in full, follows:

YOU WILL PERMIT me, Mr. President, to say that I am sensitive indeed to the high distinction conferred by your generous invitation to speak at this hour. You will also allow me to say that in my opinion it is most appropriate to have planned this exercise intended to do honor to one of the most useful men in the Presbyterian Church and one of the notable men of South Carolina. My personal appreciation of the opportunity arises from the fact that I greatly loved Dr. Jacobs. It is difficult for me to believe that any person, except those within the sacred circle of his own family, cherishes a more sincere admiration for him or feels a deeper debt for the inspiration received from association with him.

In my office hangs a framed photograph of Dr. Jacobs. It was given by his daughter shortly after he left us ten and a half years ago. It is a prized possession, and many a time is it pointed out to visitors as something is told of his unusual life I knew him as a worker with children and think of him as such. But I do not forget that he was a devoted and successful pastor of a large congregation for nearly half a century. Nor that he was an educator ever busy at various problems. Nor that he was the founder of this institution that today so appropriately does him honor. Nor that he was a progressive citizen whose weighty influence was felt and is felt in this community. I omit particular facts and dates and beg you to allow me to divest myself of such responsibility.

A critical analysis of his character is not to be undertaken at this time. Nor shall effort be made to submit a balanced estimate of his work. These tasks have been undertaken in at least two volumes that have appeared—one by his son and the other by his successor. A consideration of the life and character of so versatile and so useful a man should be stimulating indeed, for as Carlyle says "great men taken in any way are prof-

* From *Our Monthly.*

itable company." Many aspects might be regarded and a few will be considered. Let us first view him in the aspect of a hero.

Does one raise a question mark against the appropriateness of the characterization on the ground that he was not a man with big fists? It is true he was not a fighter, for his disposition was not pugnacious. He was not an athlete and in fact never rioted in vigorous bodily health. He was a gentle man, slight of figure, with a quiet voice and winsome, friendly manner. Yet I assert that he was one of the bravest and most unyielding men that I have known. He had the courage to stand for the things in which he believed. Samuel Johnson said that courage was a virtue which "a man must possess else he had no security for preserving any other virtue."

Dr. Jacobs had the courage to come out before all men and declare that the prevailing scheme accepted and followed by those who were attempting to care for orphan children was utterly and absolutely wrong in principle. "Athanasius contra mundum." He did indeed have almost a whole world against him when he declared that an Orphan child was as good as anybody's child and was therefore entitled to the best one could give. He had the courage to attack the whole idea that "anything" was good enough for orphan children. He placed himself in a lonely position when he took this attitude. He had to "dwell apart" in his thinking, for his fellows did not cherish such views. The people called him queer, but he apparently did not hear what they said. The remarkable fact is that from the first time he gave utterance to this sentiment he did not change, he did not moderate, he did not retreat a single inch, no, not during the whole of his quiet extended life. J. M. Barrie without experience and without fame went to London to begin his career as a writer. He did not understand the London language and when he called for his boots they brought him a glass of water. He drank the water and worked on. Barrie and Jacobs had to work as misunderstood men until the world came to understand their language.

In calling him a hero it is not to be intimated that he was of the soldier type. He did not have the military carriage or bearing, nor had he the military temperament. He was a hero because he could resist the meanest sort of opposition and go straight on with his task. More than ordinary bravery was required to stand without flinching when opposition threatened to overcome and undo him. We should not hesitate to write

his name among our heroes. Such brave men as he have brought the changes that have turned the current of history into new channels.

Let us consider him in the aspect of a pioneer. I love to apply to him Kipling's "The Explorer." By the way, the dictionaries seem to allow a very small shade of distinction between the words pioneer and explorer. In that poem of Kipling's we are told of "God's whisper" that came to the ear. There were those who said there is "No sense in going further." There were those who exclaimed, "It's the edge of cultivation." But notwithstanding these voices the Explorer kept hearing that there was "something lost behind the ranges." Dr. Jacobs explored new fields and opened up new paths for those of us who have followed him. The new rivers and the sites for future cities were, so to speak, mapped out by him as in the Explorer. The truth is, he explored a territory and opened up a field for service for the Presbyterians when they had not invited him to do any such thing. His record is unique in that the Presbyterian Church did not call him to his job of fathering the orphan children. It was his own enterprise, set on foot by himself. Later the Presbyterians were asked to unite in so noble a task. A great many of us ordinary men have since come along into our positions, having been called by the Church authorities to do a piece of work for them. Alas, we are not pioneers, but only followers. Nor did the Presbyterian Church instruct, direct, or require him to found a college. The idea on the other hand was born in his own soul. He heard "God's whisper" in his ear. He found a few friends to give assistance at first in a small way. He was brave enough to go forward without having been called by his Church.

He was a pioneer in his strong insistence that the attitude of the dependent child should be that of a normal child in the community. This was a new idea in the thinking of the people. There was one thing that one could be assured would stir his serenity any hour of the day or night, that was for one to speak of one of his orphan children as a waif, or an unfortunate, or a child of charity. He was a pioneer in the position that he assumed toward the cause that he made the child of his heart. He insisted that he should work for the orphanage without salary. Everyone knows that large salaries were not paid pastors in his earlier years. So while he received a salary from the church that he served as pastor, he would have no salary from Thornwell Orphanage. Yet one may read the files of *Our Month-*

*ly* for many months and many years and note that in the financial report month by month the first entry without fail was that of "J. Clinton, $5.00." Some of us are quite sure we have read that entry several hundred times. We have before us today the example of one man in our state who headed a great institution and managed it in such a way that no cynic could ever say he worked for money. This pioneer man worked without a salary and worked day and night and made it impossible for any one ever to say that he got a good fat living out of the job.

Let us consider him as a builder. It is hazardous to state this point, but I shall neverthless be bold enough to call him a builder in the next breath after having called him a pioneer. I am aware that I may be regarded as a weak character-analyst to denominate a person both a pathfinder and a road-builder. The psychologist would probably say that a man may be one or the other but not easily both. However, I venture to say that Dr. Jacobs was a great builder. It was marvelous how he could build a house and with how little money he could do the work and how long he could wait in patience for the responses of a slow people. Sometimes year after year would pass before he could bring to completion a house that he had begun in prayer and with great enthusiasm. But by and by the finished building would appear, and always with the happy announcement that there was no debt upon it.

He was a builder in that he was ever trying to establish all work for children on a better basis. I have often heard him discuss the plans and methods of other men and women and frequently he would be in disagreement, but he was always constructive and not destructive. I cannot recall having ever heard him speak disparagingly of workers who were using methods that he could not approve. He was in a way a lonely man for the greater part of his life, but he impressed himself in a constructive way on many others. To the very ends of the earth his influence is felt. In all parts of the world today are men and women who have received the imprint of his influence. He believed with Daniel Webster that "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we rear temples they will crumble to dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles—with the just fear of God and our fellowman—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

Again, Dr. Jacobs was a poet. No, I do not mean that he made rhymes. He saw beauty in the world, possibilities in

young people, and glory in the service of the Lord. Carlyle says, "The poet who could merely sit on a chair and compose stanzas would never make a stanza worth much. I fancy there is in him the thinker, the legislator, the philosopher." It is said that when Longfellow was well along in years and his long hair white as snow and his cheeks red as a rose, he was asked how he looked so fresh and strong. He pointed to an apple tree and said that the tree was quite old notwithstanding it was full of the most beautiful blossoms one could imagine. He called attention to the new circle of wood that is grown by the tree every year, and suggested that the blossoms came with the new wood. Dr. Jacobs had new plans and ideas with every passing year. He told me once that he made it a point to learn something new every year, and that in his 60th year he had learned to ride a bicycle.

He was enough of a poet to believe in young people. One of those who loved him best said to me on the Thornwell campus one day, "Father ought to send that boy away. He is a bad fellow and should be shipped. He is simply spoiling things here. He is a rotten apple, but Father won't let him go because he wants to save him." Dr. Jacobs did not have very keen sight for rotten apples, but he had that power of vision that could look upon the block of marble and see the angel's face therein.

He told me in his study one day where he got the inspiration for starting Thornwell Orphanage. He went to his book shelf and took down a volume entitled "Praying and Working," and gave me permission to take the book home and read it. The volume contained an account of the work of Emanuel Wichern and his activity among the criminal boys of Hamburg, Germany. Dr. Jacobs saw the poetry and beauty of such a reclamation of bad boys, and gave a full account of Wichern in an address at the State Conference of Charities and Correction at Columbia in the fall of 1909. It is to be hoped the manuscript of that address has been preserved. As for the volume "Praying and Working" it certainly should be preserved in a fire-proof vault.

This good man rejoiced in every new institution that was set up for children. When the Presbyterians started their orphanage in North Carolina it cut off his support in a very serious way, for friends in that state were called upon to give to their own new enterprise. When the Baptists started their movement in this state he likewise suffered heavy losses again. He had many regular Baptist children. The same thing was true when Epworth was set up in our state by the Methodists.

He offered not a word of complaint. His bright smile indicated that he had a joy in every such enterprise. His happiness was due to the fact that more orphan children could now be cared for. This made him glad because such work was his passion. John the Baptist never appeared in a nobler light than when he said of the Savior, "He must increase, but I must decrease." There is no nobler test of a man than this, and Dr. Jacobs rejoiced in every new movement of the kind and set himself at once to find in his own constituency friends who would make up the loss.

Another aspect in which we shall view him is that of saint. He was not a professional saint, nor did he by any means claim to be a perfect man, but he was a saint in the true Bible sense. He regarded himself as a chosen man set apart, dedicated, called for a special work.

One recently said of him that when speaking of prayer and its power Dr. Jacobs' face fairly shone and he seemed to radiate the atmosphere of prayer. His chosen meeting place with God was his study in what is now called the President's house. There on bended knees reading from a list of needs prepared by the departments he 'phoned to God, as he styled it, asking the Father to meet their wants day by day. Everything about Thornwell Orphanaage to him stood for answered prayers. He greatly admired Geo. Muller and follower him closely, though he told me he thought Muller made a mistake not to tell the people as well as the Lord about his needs.

It is well known that the National Child Labor committee is of Southern origin. Edgar Gardner Murphy, a young Episcopalian clergyman of Alabama, enthusiast and idealist, went North for money and backing. He got Felix Adler of Columbia University to accept the chairmanship. One of the earliest meetings was held in Atlanta and Dr. Jacobs accepted an invitation to be present. He left after the first session. I met him shortly thereafter and asked him why he did not remain. A look of indignation came over his face as he replied, "Why, Sir, that Jew in the chair called the meeting to order, asked a man to read the first paper, and went through the program without a prayer for God's blessing. The idea of claiming to work for little children without asking the Lord's guidance and blessing! I shall have nothing to do with any such organization, Sir."

There was a sublimity in the devotion he gave to his work. Disappointment and overwork seemed not to quench his ardor.

You will recall the poem of Matthew Arnold written after his visit to the squalid streets of Bethnal Green that August afternoon when the fierce sun beat overhead in Spitalfields.

> "I met a preacher there I knew and said:
> 'Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?'
> 'Bravely,' said he; 'for I of late have been
> Much cheered with thoughts of Christ the living bread'."

How often did we meet Dr. Jacobs when we knew full well he was ill and overworked and yet in answer to inquiry he would answer, "Bravely."

To be sure I may not have been successful in effort to show Dr. Jacobs as combination of hero and saint or as pioneer and builder, but shall bestow those trite words originally applied to one of a very different character:

> "His life was gentle and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world 'This is a man'."

Should I be assigned the task of submitting a suitable inscription applicable to him, being allowed to search literature for a brief and fitting phrase, I should select those words of Jean Paul Richter, "He loved God and little children."

# America's George Muller

The Wonderful Story of a Life of Trust

By Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D.

Fron the *Christian Endeavor World.*

I wish to share with the readers of the *Christian Endeavor World,* an experience which has warmed my heart and greatly quickened my faith. At this same fire, I trust, their faith may be warmed and their zeal kindled.

In Clinton, Laurens County, S. C., where the last State Christian Endeavor Convention was held, is situated a noble home for orphaned boys and girls. This orphanage owns one hundred and fifty acres of land, and fourteen or fifteen substantial buildings, mostly of stone or brick and shelters one hundred and fifty otherwise homeless children.

The story of this home and its founder is enough to shut the blatant mouth of every scoffing infidel, and to confirm for every timid Christian our Lord's bold words, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed it shall say unto this mountain, 'Remove hence to yonder place;' and it shall remove."

Thornwell Orphanage originated in the brain—no, in the heart and unbounded faith of Rev. William P. Jacobs, D.D., pastor of the Southern Presbyterian Church of Clinton.

Twenty-five years ago the orphanage was founded, and it grew from a seed, as does everything for which God has large and important use. The seed was a little boy's fifty cent piece. The question of an orphanage had been discussed around his father's fireplace, and during the talk this little boy was snugly ensconced in Dr. Jacobs' lap,—a favorite place for children ever since, by the way.

"What is that you have in your hand, little boy?" said Dr. Jacobs.

"Fifty cents for the orphans," said the boy.

"But I have no orphans, and no home for them yet. You must keep your money, Willie."

"No", answered Willie. "I can't keep it. It's for the orphans," and he laid it confidingly on Dr. Jacobs' knee.

For months this man of faith had been seeking from God an indication of his will. Should he or should he not give his life to the rescue and care of homeless children? Little Willie's artless gift decided him. He took it as God's message through a child's lips, and with a silver fifty cent piece the Thornwell Orphanage was begun.

A rule of the orphanage was that the children were not to be legally bound. They are free to go at any moment. The result is that they are not like wards of the public, but like members of a great family. They live in cottages, from twelve to thirty in a family; and I never saw an orphanage before that had absolutely no appearance of being a public institution with rules and restrictions and police regulations. It is one great, happy family of boys and girls, each one actuated by a love for the father and founder that is almost pathetic to see. They run to him as he crosses the yard, cling to his arm, and twine their arms around his neck, with an abandon of love that few fathers awaken in their own children of the flesh.

But I must tell you of the triumphs of faith by which the orphanage was built and is sustained.

At first, it was inevitable, there was scepticism and opposition.

"It will ruin you", said one man to young Dominie Jacobs.

"I shall be glad to be ruined for God", was the reply.

"I will lend you ten dollars at compound interest", said another in a bantering tone, "the money not to be paid back if the orphanage succeeds". That money has never been repaid.

But the chief interest of this orphanage is, in my eyes, that it is the most wonderful monument I ever saw to the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man. Its story is a tonic for every Mr. Littlefaith and for every Mrs. Weaklove.

Dr. Jacobs' life is one long history of answered prayer. Let me narrate a few instances from many. A beautiful chapel witnesses the orphans' devotions every morning, and here the sun-

rise prayer meetings of the State Christian Endeavor Convention of '98 were held. "Every stone in these walls, every bit of plaster on the ceiling, every plank on these floors, is a witness," said Dr. Jacobs at one of these meetings, "to the fact that there is a God, and that he hears prayer."

This building was begun with one dollar. It was ninety weeks in building. Every bill for material and labor was paid Saturday night. Every Monday morning was begun without a dollar in the treasury, but the workmen never had to wait a day for their pay.

Dr. Jacobs is the most modest of men, and it was with difficulty that I could persuade him to tell of his experiences. I trust he will forgive me for publishing them. I am sure he will when he remembers that the faith of others will be quickened by the story.

On one occasion funds were low, and needs were pressing. He must have two hundred dollars before the thirtieth of the month. He asked for it in childlike faith. Small sums began to come in, and, as they came, he sent them to the treasurer. At the end of the month he asked the treasurer how much had come for that purpose. "Just two hundred dollars, even money," said the treasurer, who had not known of the special petition.

On another occasion he wanted one thousand dollars to complete a building which was much needed. The friends and patrons of the orphanage were giving liberally, and he did not like to ask for more; so he asked the Lord "in short meter," as he expressed it; "for I don't believe the Lord cares for many words," one thousand dollars from some unusual source. This was at twelve o'clock on Thursday. Throughout the rest of that day and on Friday he waited in perfect confidence that the prayer would be answered. On Saturday morning a letter came from a lady who he did not suppose had any property, containing a check for one thousand dollars, and the letter was dated Thursday twelve o'clock.

"I just as much expect to get what I ask for," he said, "as my orphan children expect to have their dinner-table spread for them and I should be as much surprised if the Lord disappointed me as they would be to find a bare and empty table when the bell rings for dinner."

This childlike trust is unselfish. Our George Muller never asks anything for himself. "I would not dare to," he says. He

lives in a simple way, eating two meals every day with the orphans, and his friends often have to remind him that his coat is getting seedy before he thinks to get a new one.

It is a submissive faith. "Thy will be done," is far from the request. God has taken away dear friends, a beloved wife, and children from the orphanage, for whom he has prayed; but he has been able to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

It is a faith accompanied by works. Dr. Jacobs does not ask God to give what he can make for himself. The children are at work. They raise their own vegetables, make their own furniture, make and wash their own clothes, cook their own food, and wait on themselves. They are not brought up in idle luxury, looking lazily to God to do for them what they can do for themselves. As a consequence they grow up healthy in body as well as studious, and in twenty-two years, among all hundreds, only four have died.

It is a humble faith. "I do not like to talk about these things," said Dr. Jacobs to me more than once. "More than all things else I dread spiritual pride. It is nothing in myself. Any one can have what he asks for in the right spirit. It is all of God."

Reader, do you believe this? Will you practice this unselfish, submissive, practical, humble, childlike, undaunted faith? If so, you, too, can remove mountains.

# Dedicatory Services First Presbyterian Church

A large congregation, including a number of former members and visiting guests, was present Sunday morning for the interesting and appropriate dedicatory services of the First Presbyterian church.

The special exercises were presided over by the pastor, Dr. D. J. Woods, who delivered an impressive sermon on "The Exalted Church." Special music was furnished by the choir. Dr. F. D. Jones gave the historical sketch.

As a part of the service, a bronze plaque was unveiled carrying the name of Rev. Zelotes Lee Holmes, who founded the church in 1855, the names of the three pastors of the church, Rev. William Plumer Jacobs, D.D., LL.D., Rev. Frank Dudley Jones, D.D., and Rev. David Junkin Woods, D.D., the present pastor. Also a list of all elders and deacons who have served the church since its organization, and the names of the building committee, architect and contractor. The tablet was unveiled by Mrs. Jack H. Davis, Sr., a granddaughter of the founder of the church who would never accept the pastorate but served the congregation as supply pastor until 1864.

W. D. Copeland, for the building committee, presented the keys to the trustees, the acceptance being made by W. J. Bailey, recently elected a member of the trustee committee to succeed the late John H. Young.

On May 28, 1864, Rev. William Plumer Jacobs was ordained and installed as the first pastor of the church. In 1911, after a ministry of 47 years, he resigned the pastorate to be succeeded by Rev. F. Dudley Jones, D.D., who came here from Charlotte.

Dr. Jones served the church for nine years, resigning in 1920 to accept a professorship at Presbyterian college. He in turn was succeeded by Rev. David J. Woods, who came to Clinton in 1920 from Blacksburg, Va. Since then he has served the church with zeal and devotion.

In 1929 the granite church, built in 1901, during the pastorate of Dr. Jacobs, was destroyed by fire. In 1930 the present building was completed to take its place. Sunday was the long-looked-forward-to dedication day, the remaining financial debt on the property having recently been paid in full.

The following interesting historical sketch on "The Founding of the Church" was given by Dr. Dudley Jones, a former pastor:

The First Presbyterian church of Clinton, South Carolina, was founded by the Rev. Zelotes Lee Holmes in the year 1855 before Clinton had grown into a village, for this section of the plateau between Duncan's creek and Little river was up to that time rather thinly settled.

This congregation was one of a number inaugurated by this truly great and worthy servant of the Lord. If a name is prophetic and if his character were the fulfillment of a prayer at birth his name was well chosen, for he was indeed a zealous Christian leader and a variously talented man whose activities ranged in many directions. In all of these concerns and accomplishments his zeal as well as faithfulness, were very marked. Besides his labors as a minister of the gospel, he was a first-rate teacher, an architect and a carpenter, a builder of houses and a farmer.

Zelotes Lee Holmes was born in Chatauqua county, New York, January 3, 1815, and passed from earth to heaven in Laurens county, South Carolina. His father died when the boy was three years old and he was bereft of his mother when he was at the age of twelve. The family care and responsibility devolved upon the oldest brother in the family. As there seemed to appear some difference between this older brother and himself about the latter's intention to secure an education in order to enter the gospel ministry, young Holmes determined to attain his end upon his own financial responsibility. He was able to finish his schooling for that purpose mainly by self-help and a small scholarship which he apparently repaid voluntarily.

After preparation in the school in his community he went to Meadville, Pennsylvania, for his college education. As he developed some degree of ill-health, he was determined to seek the more genial climate of the South, but stopped with some friends in Illinois for a while, where he built a small boat in which he intended to float down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Like John

Lawson, who went down to the London docks one day in the year 1700 and without preparation set sail, young Holmes found by chance a boat ready to leave the wharf to go southward. He sold his small hand-made craft and paid his fare without forethought or special plan. He found himself in a short while at the Presbyterian Theological seminary at Columbia, South Carolina, at the age of twenty-four years.

After the end of the usual three-year term he was graduated in a class with Dr. D. N. Frierson and Dr. Porter who were afterward notable men in the Presbyterian church. He was ordained by South Carolina presbytery at Nazareth church, of which he became pastor in 1844. At the same time, from 1842 to 1844, he began to preach for the people of Spartanburg community which, like so many court house centers of this state at that period, began to develop into a growing village. As a result he organized here in 1843 a Presbyterian group which is now known as the First Presbyterian church of Spartanburg. This work was followed by a pastorate of the Laurens church, which had been founded in 1832 by Rev. Mr. Lewers. His stay at Laurens was followed by a period as stated supply of Rocky Springs church. He also preached for the Duncan's Creek congregation. Indeed, during these and the many years that followed he extended his wide ranging and constant preaching not only on the Sabbath but during the week and served most of the churches in Laurens county at one time or another during his life time, and at a meager salary, for he supported himself by farming and the labor of his own hands. He gathered a large group into a formal organization at Shady Grove and later founded Dorroh and perhaps other Presbyterian churches. Everywhere he was a successful evangelist and gathered many converts into the church without flashing or sensational manoeuvers.

As he was well-trained in mathematics and science, he was called to teach in that first-rate college, the Laurensville Female academy, and at a much later time served in the college chartered here at Clinton by Dr. W. P. Jacobs in 1880.

Besides his activities as a minister and teacher, Mr. Holmes erected, among other buildings, two notable dwellings, the octagonal house on the right hand side of the street as one enters Laurens from Clinton, and another home near Lisbon Presbyterian church. This octagonal building is striking not only for its form and shape but for its use of concrete and for other reasons. It has been visited on many occasions since it was erected out of concrete, the first used for a dwelling house.

Mr. Holmes married Miss Kate N. Nickles in 1844. She was the daughter of Dr. John Nickles, a notable physician of Laurens county. These two reared a family of eight children and gave each an excellent education. It is difficult to see how, during the Reconstruction period here in the South and the days that followed, he was able to send one son to the University of Edinburgh and another to Cornell. All of the sons and daughters of this family, and many others in the succeeding generations, display gifts and services that are creditable and humanly helpful. Rev. J. S. Holmes, one son, was a great man and minister. Miss Rose Lee Holmes, the youngest daughter, gave her life to caring for those unfortunate daughters of whom Jesus said in his gracious compassion, "Go, and sin not." Dr. Joseph R. Holmes, another son, after graduating at Cornell, became professor at the University of South Carolina and was in charge of the United States bureau of mines when he died, and in his connection with that department of the federal government had created the great system of safety for miners. These are some of the distinctions of a family reared and given opportunity in difficult times by this devoted servant of God and his wife.

The church at Clinton continued in the informal but careful, zealous care of Mr. Holmes for nine years after the church was founded. In 1864, a young man came to Clinton whose father had already become known to the people, Rev. W. P. Jacobs, the son of Dr. Ferdinand Jacobs, who was at that time directing the Woman's college at Laurens. This young man became the pastor here in 1864 and continued so for nearly fifty years. His great work in this community, which is largely a reflection of his character and still bears the impress of his personality, his opening of Thornwell orphanage and founding of Presbyterian college — all these and other achievements are a loved and well-known story. The life and labors and love for this great man are woven into the texture of this church here where today we are to unveil his name along with the three others who have been here as pastors of this congregation. All of these four together, from 1855 to the present, have served eighty-five years.

Rev. Mr. Holmes was supply for nine years. Dr. W. P. Jacobs was pastor for forty-seven years. Your speaker was minister here for nearly ten years. For the past twenty years, since 1920, Dr. D. J. Woods has guided the affairs of this congregation with great credit to himself and with great benefit to the congregation. As his friend and predecessor, I wish to pay a sincere and heartfelt tribute to Dr. Woods. He has, with your

co-operation and help, accomplished a great deal in his two decades of tenure here in circumstances often very difficult.

The bronze tablet now to be unveiled by Mrs. Ida Holmes Davis, a granddaughter of Rev. Zelotes Holmes, carries not only the names of the former pastors of this church but the names of all the officers, both elders and deacons, who have been installed in the past. I pray God's blessing on the family and descendants of these former ministers and upon your present pastor and upon you who now labor with him in the church and kingdom of God. God's guidance — may it be granted you all until we all come to dwell in that house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

# A Christian Builder

A Book Review by W. W. Ball in The Charleston *News & Courier*

(DIARY OF WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS)

William Plumer Jacobs was one of the remarkable men—there have not been many—who have lived and wrought in South Carolina in the last half of the Nineteenth century and well into the Twentieth. The public does not often discover its remarkable men; its attention is too absorbed by governors, senators, politicians who discover and "publicize" themselves. It was enough to set him down as remarkable that from January 1, 1858 (he was then fifteen) he kept this diary until September 9, 1917. He was one of the first in South Carolina to learn stenography or "phonography" as he called it—perhaps not more than one was ahead of him—and he was master of it, competent to report the Secession convention for a newspaper when he was seventeen.

Dr. Jacobs was a Christian boy, son of Dr. Ferdinand Jacobs, also a prominent minister of the Presbyterian Church, and was a graduate of the College of Charleston. This entry is dated "Friday, July 16th, 1858: After college today I went down to Mr. Woodruff's (Josephus Woodruff) and we had a real old-fashioned talk with him about phonography. Should anyone wish my opinion of phonography I can say that I would rather know it than have $100 in cash." That was a sum of money to a lad eighty years ago! Dr. Jacobs never forgot his phonography.

During the Confederate war, until 1864, Dr. Jacobs was a student in the Theological Seminary in Columbia. His Southern feeling was intense, and often he was troubled that he was not a soldier at the front, but he suffered from a disease of the eyes and his physical strength was not great. In sessions of the legislature he reported the proceedings of one or the other house for a newspaper. Dr. Gibbes' *"Carolinian"* Dr. Thornwell, Dr. Palmer, Dr. Woodrow and Dr. Howe were of the great teachers under whom he was prepared for the ministry.

Before his graduation he received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the church in Clinton and two or three other churches of the country-side which he accepted, and he was ordained May 17, 1864—"the tricentennial anniversary of the Calvin's death at Noyon." This he writes of Clinton, at the beginning of his residence:

"I ought to be happy—there is so much that would make me happy if I could but be. My deepest trouble is that Clinton is so small. Indeed, it is but a village of three years growth. It would have been the size of Laurens by this time had not the war interfered. I trust that a closed war will wonderfully improve it. If I only had a neat parsonage and a nice wife I would be perfectly happy as far as I can foresee."

It was not long before the last wish was realized. He married Miss Mary Dillard, daughter of a prominent family in Laurens county. In the diary is a beautiful story of love and courtship, and the marriage was one of those that might have been "made in Heaven."

They soon had the "neat parsonage" too, for above all William P. Jacobs was a builder, and men could not live in his neighborhood without building with him. Clinton is this day a thriving city of about 6,000 souls, by the last census it had slightly out stripped Laurens, and of this growth Dr. Jacobs, of human causes, was the principal—or so I think.

In 1874 the cornerstone of the "Home of Peace," first of the Thornwell Orphanage's houses (now there are scores of them) was laid. A wee lad starchily encased in a white home-tailored pique suit and ruffled shirt, and proud of himself, was present, his father presiding over the Masonic ceremonies; he thought it was a grand show, and that lad was I! Now the Thornwell Orphanage calls for a book; it was Dr. Jacobs' work, under God, and its generations of useful men and women speak for it.

So a few years later the Presbyterian College came into being, with no endowment of money but with the richer strength of the Jacobs faith and force, and there it stands. The little frame church that was on the side of the road as you drive into Clinton from Newberry, the temple where Dr. Jacobs first preached and taught, has now on its site a splendid edifice of granite.

In all, or nearly all, the fifty-three years that Dr. Jacobs was pastor and superintendent of the orphanage "Our Monthly" was published by the institution (it is still published). He was the editor, and it was filled with pleading for the children and declaration of faith that they would not be forgotten. There was a minor note, but it rang unceasingly and beat on Clinton ears. It was faith in Clinton, which the young man had come to when it was only "a wide place in the road." There was no task beyond the power of its people, and hearing it ever said, accompanied with practical,concrete suggestion, they believed it, built the factories, the oil mills, expanding their business, reaching out, moving forward. A "captain of industry" unconcerned, never thinking of himself save as a village parson and witness for what God had wrought, he was happy in his parsonage and pulpit.

An extraordinary man he was, and only a few discerned or suspected it. A mind with the versatility of a company of men. An energy in a delicate body of inexhaustible resource that gave to his hand, to whatsoever it was put to a strength of iron. Withal a modest, a sweet but true sense of humor, and an answering-not gentleness that confounded opposition and sent away fault-finders and enemies slinking though unrebuked.

There was something more, something far above what has been said, in his character and life. It was piety. It was personal, daily, never absent faith in God and in prayer. For what he desired, whether it was food for the orphans next day or week or materials or funds to roof a new building, he went to God as a friend, asking for it and never doubting. Scarcely is an entry in the diary, in more than half a century, that does not reveal this intimacy of the man with his Maker. There are those who, reading, will scoff, but a city is there where this village preacher worked and watched and prayed, and a city to which thousands of men and women in all parts of the country—some in other countries—look back as home, the only home they knew, and to them it is sweet home.

I knew Dr. Jacobs—knew him well, as a young man knows his elders—and held him in respect and reverence. . It never occurred to me that he was one of South Carolina's great men (the suggestion would have made him smile.) I know now that he was.

To his son Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University, South Carolina should be grateful for editing this diary and causing it to be published. It is a document of surpassing value.

# Founder's Day At Thornwell

## Hugh Jacobs Makes Address Honoring His Great-Grand-Father's Memory

"Founder's Day" exercises were held Monday morning at ten o'clock in the Thornwell Orphanage chapel in honor of the ninety-ninth birthday anniversary of Dr. William Plumer Jacobs who opened the institution for the admission of eight children on October 1, 1875, and served it as president for 42 years until his death.

Hugh Shockley Jacobs of this city, a great-grandson of the founder and member of the Senior Class at Presbyterian College, was speaker for the occasion, and spoke feelingly of the high qualities of Dr. Jacobs, the man who founded the Orphanage, Presbyterian College and did much to build the First Presbyterian Church of this city to its present excellence.

The exercises were attended by the entire Orphanage family the day being a full holiday on the campus. Dr. L. R. Lynn, president of the institution, and Rev. C. E. Piephoff, assistant to the president, were seated on the rostrum and took part in the program. Mr. Piephoff spoke of his own entrance in the Orphanage at the age of 14, and introduced Mr. Jacobs.

In his address the great-grandson of the founder traced the early life of Dr. Jacobs, his coming to Clinton as a young minister, and told of how he had the courage, in spite of much opposition, to go forward without money to establish the Home on faith.

"He heard a knock on the door early one wintry morning, and found outside the door a small boy, about ten, clothed in

rags, who asked to be given a home. Another boy, the same age, came over to his side when he was making a visit to the home of this child's mother, and in his hand held something very tightly. The little boy gave to Dr. Jacobs what he had—it was 50 cents, and his request was that it be used to start the Orphanage of which the older folks were now talking.

"For nearly a month, this 50 cents was the only contribution and answer to his prayer until his own little daughter gave to him her small hoard, which made the first dollar. Given by children, this dollar, like the five loaves and the few fish, was to multiply into thousands and was to furnish a home and protection for hundreds of other little children."

Mr. Jacobs' speech follows:

It's really a pleasure for me to be here today to talk to you for a few minutes about the life of my great-grandfather who was the founder of this Institution. Although, I realize as I stand here today that there are many in this audience who know more about Dr. Jacobs than I do, for several of you have worked with him, and knew him personally. Having never seen him, everything that I know about his life I learned from reading his diary and the book which was written on his life.

So, I would ask you this morning to accept what I say as the words of one who has read his diary, and not as a descendant and relative of his, and, if at any time I seem to verge on the egotistical side I hope that you will accept it as admiration and pride for his life. In relating the incidents of his life, I do so in all humility, and for your information, none of these incidents are exaggerated because no amount of exaggeration could make his life more interesting or colorful.

This morning we are gathered together here to honor a man whom many of us have never seen. A man who was more influential in the founding of Clinton and in its growth than any other single man. A man who was responsible for everything good that happened to Clinton and who lived as nearly a perfect life, probably, as any man in modern times.

I say we are gathered here to honor him, but I realize that nothing we can do could be more of an honor to him than the great institutions that he built and which are standing now as a living memorial to him. His honor is in the lives of the thousands he influenced and the hundreds he has taught and who are

now teaching the word of God. We could not hope to honor him, but we can pause for a few minutes and look back over his life and honor ourselves by refreshing in our memory the life and actions of this great man.

Two books have been written about the life of William P. Jacobs. One of them is a story of his life by his son, Thornwell Jacobs, and the other is a printed form of his diary, which he kept faithfully from his sixteenth birthday to his death. So through them, it is easy for one to really find this man.

His first entry in the small diary is on this sixteenth birthday, where we find him in Charleston, already taking up studies in college. From his birth he had been a weak child and now, at the time when most boys were playing ball and growing into manhood, Willy, as he was called, was only five feet three inches tall, weighed ninety-three pounds, and had to wear glasses to see. Each winter his chest was wracked with pain and he suffered constantly from colds and sore throat. So, on his sixteenth birthday, he was physically, a weakling.

To most boys, his physical defects would have been discouraging, but to Willy, they were an incentive to work even harder with what he had. In the Spring of his sixteenth year he thought about the ministry, and by the Fall of that same year this thought had become a determination. He could not do any physical labor at all, and his slight build would have hindered him in getting any job; but this boy knelt before his Master when he was only sixteen, and gave himself wholly to the work of God. Handicapped in every way, he worked every day to show himself approved unto God, but never without first asking God's help.

That he loved God would have been evident, even had he not mentioned the fact repeatedly, because his very life was God. Everything that he loved had God in it, for his chief loves were Nature and the Church. He would wander alone through the streets of Charleston seeing God in the trees, flowers, the sky and in the sea. His respect for God's house was a devout humbleness, and he spoke of St. Michael's as if it were a person. He could call every star by its name, and from time to time in his diary, noted the comets which streaked across the evening skies. He would take long trips into the country and come back with the look of a dreamer, unmindful of the strange stares and remarks from passers-by who saw him walking along as if in another world. He did not mind because he did not know they were there—for in reality he was a dreamer. He did dream, but

his friends soon found out he not only dreamed his dreams, he lived them.

He had a great love for books and preferred to dust his father's many volumnes than to go to dancing school. Much of his time was spent in the libraries where, with his weak eyes he drank in the religious truths found between the covers of these, his friends. At this early age he was thoroughly acquainted with Latin, Greek, and German.

From his early years William P. Jacobs had been motherless. He would spend his vacations and summers with his father who, being a preacher, rarely stayed in one place more than a few years. While visiting his father he would help with the church work. After he had started in the Seminary his father would send him out to preach in the nearby communities and so, on the first vacation during the summer of 1862, he could be seen nearly every Sunday on horseback, or in a buggy riding to supply in one of the many small churches that were situated near Laurens which at that time was his father's home. He enjoyed the long rides through the country for then he could walk with God. And he enjoyed the hospitality of the country folk. They looked upon him only as a boy and often told him how he should preach, thinking that he did not know himself, but he loved it all in spite of the criticisms because he was giving himself away.

That summer in Laurens, after graduation from the Seminary, was a blessing to him because through his summer's work he received a call to Clinton. And in 1864 he began to preach there twice a month, and in Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek once each per month.

There he lived in a small upper room where he often talked with God. During his first year there came to him the greatest power that any man could possess, the power of faith. He had faith before, and believed that through faith anything could be done, but it was not until this year as he started out his life in the small village of Clinton that he received proof of the great power of faith.

His affirmation came in an answer to a prayer for forty souls for his church. Specifically had he prayed for that certain number, and just as specifically had God answered his prayer by giving to the church exactly forty souls. And he entered in his diary, "Isn't this a remarkable answer to prayer? Surely I will never doubt again."

With this incident as a foundation he built his faith and love for God. Believing always that God heard his every prayer, and yet apologizing always for having so little faith. And we soon find that this was one of his traits, even in the times of greatest achievements he never felt that he was worthy of the love of God and he continually was striving to become better.

In the Fall of 1864, this young minister met the girl who was to be his companion and strength for life. It was in the big meeting at Rocky Springs that he first saw her. He was in the pulpit, and looking out over the audience, when he saw her face. He loved her from that very minute. She was Mary Jane Dillard, and her home was soon the destination of many horse rides by the young preacher. Within a few months his love for her was matched only by his fear that she would say, "No". She did not refuse his proposal, however, and in April, 1865 they were married. From that time on his purpose in life was made even more dominant.

In April of 1866 a child was born, named Florence Lee, and in 1869 a boy whom he named Ferdinand. Now a man with a family he resigned his posts at Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek and devoted all of his time to building the church in Clinton. He was offered pastorates in Anderson and in Alabama, both at twice the salary he was getting, but refused them because his job was in Clinton. In the fall of 1869 he wrote these lines, "I propose to establish an orphan asylum, under the care of the South Carolina Synod, here in Clinton. If I were a man of faith and energy I could easily do it."

So we find his character shown again. As he was laying down the plans for the greatest achievement of his life he remained humble, praying to God that he could have the faith and strength needed, and never for one minute believing that he could do it alone. In 1872, he wrote, "If one dollar is offered me for the home of the fatherless this month or if one child is tendered me, I will take it as God's call to His work."

In later life he tells the story of hearing a knock on the door early one wintry morning and finding outside a small boy, about ten, clothed in rags, who asked that he be given a home. Dr. Jacobs told this story to some friends, shortly after he had proposed to build the Orphanage, and he hinted that some day he wanted to build a home for just such little children. When he had told his story, another child, in the room with the "grown ups" came over to Dr. Jacobs, and in his hand held something

very tightly. Th little boy gave to Dr. Jacobs what he had. It was fifty cents, and his request was that it be used to start the Orphanage, of which the older folks were now talking.

For nearly a month this fifty cents was the only contribution and answer to his prayers, until his own daughter gave to him her small hoard, which made the first small dollar. Given by children, this dollar, like the five loaves and the few fish, was to multiply into thousands, and was to furnish a home and protection for hundreds of little children.

He began to pray and to trust that this dollar would increase. At first he prayed that any sum of money would be given, and then he set the monthly goal at $100. Each month he earnestly prayed for this amount to carry on his work, and each month he received more than this amount.

His first prayers were answered, and soon that dollar had grown into enough to purchase a tract of land and to contract for a house. In January, 1874 a site was staked off for the first building and on May 28th., noted as the greatest day in his life, the corner-stone was laid.

However, no sooner had he begun work on his Orphanage than he was dreaming of a college, and in June, just one month after laying the corner-stone of the Orphanage he wrote these words: "I hereby resolve to establish a college in Clinton. I will do this for the glory of God, and to show that a poor country preacher, living in the least of villages, can, if he will, do great things for God."

This was only a plan though. He still had the Orphanage to build, and wrote that he would put the College off for ten years; and then if the Lord spared him he would carry out this plan.

The little Orphanage grew, and in December of 1878, they had paid off every cent of indebtedness.

All this time he was still pastor of the church but was drawing a small salary of $600.00, only a part of which was paid. He never asked for himself but always urged his flock to give to others and, therefore, they could give only a little for his work. Yet he loved them every one, and at the end of each year would not ask that the coming year bring financial sucess. Instead, he would ask to be able to love God more dearly, to work for the Master more and harder, and to be given proof of an everlasting life.

Then came the dark year of his life. His little Orphanage was finally on its feet and with five children of his own growing up to be young Christian men and women, it seemed to be one of the happiest periods of his life. Yet at this time his wife passed away. As if part of him were cut away, the young pastor was at a loss. The one he loved had been taken away, the one person who had always been his helper and companion in trying times was gone, and he was left to face the rest, and better part of his life alone. But he soon found out that he was not alone, for he still had his Savior, and by this sad incident was drawn closer to God. Never a day passed that he did not think of Mary, and never an anniversary that he did not make a note of it in his book; but love for her was replaced with a deeper love for Christ and a more profound understanding of God's purpose. Now, for the first time, his greatest pleasure was in visiting his flock.

The death of his wife was the beginning of a hard year for Dr. Jacobs; for in the same year, the whole world seemed to stand up and defy the progress of the Orphanage. There were false accusations and editorials written asking the people not to contribute to this orphanage work. And even fellow ministers found fault in his plan. But he did not despair, for the Lord still sent the means of continuing, and at the close of this year of sorrow and abuse he remembered and found strength in these words, "Woe be unto you when all men speak well of you."

For the next four years the Orphanage progressed rapidly, and new friends came in with added contributions. On the first day of each month, Dr. Jacobs would make a list of things he planned to do, and the things that he wanted God to do in the coming month. He would check off the things one by one as they were accomplished, and never did he have to carry them over from one month to the next.

He rarely ever traveled and enjoyed being just in Clinton, for here, Jesus Christ was with him. Christ was as real to Dr. Jacobs as one of the persons with whom he ate and talked, and everything that he did he enjoyed because he did for someone else, and because he did it with Christ. He was satisfied to deny himself the joy of seeing the world and of seeing his country because he knew that God wanted him to work in Clinton. His longing to see Europe was satisfied though for God gave him a trip to see the world, and he had never asked for it. Simply because he gave the little bit that he was saving for such a trip

to a poor minister, the Lord sent to him from a friend, three hundred dollars for the express purpose of seeing Europe.

And so, after twenty-two years of self-denial and labor for others, he received for himself the thing that he had always wanted—a trip abroad. And, as an added gift, his congregation made up a purse to help in his expenses. As soon as he came back he began to work again for the Orphanage, and as if the time he had taken in the trip had been borrowed, he worked to make up those few months of absence.

From time to time he would ask God to give him clear proof that what he was doing was the right work. Once he asked that the sign appear in the mail, and that for a week, he should receive one letter with money in it. They were receiving money all along, but it usually came in groups of eight or ten in one mail, and then no money for several days. This time, however, for one week, in each meal he received one letter and no more. And he was happy because he knew that this was God's work.

Again he asked for a special sign, and on the 20th day of the month, which was his 22nd anniversary, he received three letters, two of which contained exactly twenty dollars each, and one containing twenty dollars and twenty-two cents. Another direct sign that his work was the work of the Lord. His willingness to work without pay is shown later when some of his teachers came to him asking for more pay. He wrote these words: "These teachers certainly do not have the spirit of faith, I have served the people of Clinton for twenty-five years without a guaranteed salary, and all has worked well."

When he would go to the Synod for help and they would refuse, he did not worry because he had more faith in God than in the Synod, and he would take his problem to God.

So Christ-like was his life and so kind was he to everyone, that once, when a small girl came to Thornwell for the first time and saw all the things that "Doctor" had built, and heard the loving words that everyone used in referring to him, she asked, "Is Doctor Jacobs God?"

We have seen that he continually asked things from God, special little things, but he never asked them to test God's power; he asked for them so that his faith would be stronger, and so with these words on his lips he knelt one night and made this prayer: "Lord, we need one hundred dollars. I do not ask this to test the power of prayer; grant it and my poor faith will

be made stronger; refuse it and it will be all right, but for the children's sake grant it, dear Lord." The next day he opened the first letter, and in it was a hundred dollar bill.

In 1893 he was sitting beside Dr. Guerrant who was conducting a service in the Clinton church. Dr. Jacobs suddenly remembered that God had given him fifty people for the church on the year before as an answer to a prayer and, he said, "why not again?" So there, while the service was in progress, he prayed that twenty-six people be added to the twenty-four he already had to make the total fifty. And the next day he wrote: "Was it an accident that exactly twenty-six people came before the Session this morning and asked to join the Church?"

The most beautiful, and yet one of the saddest answers to his prayers came later that year. He had continually been puzzled with the theory of eternal life, and frequently would ask that he be given a sign that he would not die but would live forever in Heaven. His last answer came with the death of one of the children. But, as he wrote, "she did not die; she was translated!"

He was seated beside her at her last few moments, and with a smile on her face she said to him: "The angels have come into the room. They are passing over to the side of the bed there by you, and they are so beautiful, they have come to take me." And then she left, with a sweet peace on her little face. Dr. Jacobs was so impressed with her action that he turned to see if he too could see the angels but he could not. Suddenly he realized though, that this was the answer to his prayer for eternal life. The Master had sent His shining ones to carry home one of His little orphans, and Dr. Jacobs had been in the room when they came.

From here on his life was down hill, for he had reached the summit. He did not stop to rest, however, but prayed that he should know no rest until the end came. He wanted to die in the middle of a great task, and he wanted to work for God up to the very last minute.

The next years of his life were busy years, for he built a new church, a college, and finished the orphanage. As his prayer was, he never stopped working, and although he was completely deaf and completely blind, he continued to work for God. He wrote: "I have never asked the Lord for anything that I did not get."

It was at this time in his life that his faith became the strongest. His prayers now were not for one and two hundred dollars but for one and two thousand dollars, and they were always answered.

In August 1911, he preached his farewell sermon to his church in Clinton. He had resigned because of deafness and blindness. For 47 years he had led his people, built the church for them and had made their town more than just a crossroad.

With his life almost over, he settled down to work with the children entirely now. He was so busy, and there were more than two hundred little children who called him father. He still felt responsible for them, and though he could not see to write, or hear a spoken word, he continued to work for them and to make them happy.

His last day was as he wanted it, full of work. It was Sunday, and he rose early for Sunday School. Then there were two preaching services, a meeting of the Session, visits to the Orphanage children. A typical Sabbath for him. Then tired, he lay down to sleep. The perfect sleep. His battle with death had ended, and he had won. The thing to which he had looked all his life had come to pass. He now had eternal life.

During his life he gave to Clinton, an orphanage, a college, a high school, and a church, and he was influential in the building of two railroads through our town. He caused the mills and the bank to be built here, and it was largely through his work that Clinton had its growth. All of these things he gave us, any one of which would have been sufficient to make us praise him; but, in my opinion, the greatest contribution he made to us was his life, and the example he set through his Christian living and faith.

Handicapped physically, he did not for one minute sit down to let someone else do his job. Never having full use of his eyes, his ears, or his voice, he continually preached the Word of God. And, in the middle of his journey through life when he lost his wife he began to work even harder. Then in the final years of his life, when the use of his eyes in God's service had rendered him completely blind, and he could hear but little, at that time in life, instead of retiring he did his greatest work for the Master. For, blind, he saw even more clearly his goal in life; and deaf, he heard more plainly the voice of God directing him.

This man's determination in overcoming his defects should be an incentive to us, who are much better off than he was physically, to make full use of our bodies. And his consistent faith and humility in spite of opposition, should encourage us not to give up so easily when we meet difficulties.

The greatest tribute we could pay him today would be to model our lives in some fashion after his life, for if we had one tenth the faith that he had, we could call ourselves worthy of the love of God; and if we had only a little of the determination he had we could be great successes.

Let us today accept as our motto these words that he had as his motto, and that so accurately describe his life: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!"

# Letters Of Mrs. Nettie Fowler McCormick *

(Telegram received at Clinton, S. C., Feb. 15, 1899)

To: Wm. P. Jacobs
Clinton, S. C.

Will celebrate my husband's birthday by adding Virginia Home, named for my daughter.

N. F. McCormick.

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Chicago, March 1, 1899.

Rev. William Plumer Jacobs
Clinton, South Carolina
Dear Mr. Jacobs:

What you say in regard to the superior usefulness of two smaller cottages rather than one larger one seems to me to have weight. I mentioned to you my wish to make two cottages—one for my elder daughter, Virginia, to be called Virginia Home, and one for my youngest daughter, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, to be called the Anita Home; and I have decided, in view of what you say, to make my gift two houses, at a cost of $3000 each, and $500 each for the furnishing of each of them.

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* Samples from a lifelong correspondence of generosity and gratitude.

My son, Stanley, thinks that you ought to have variety in the architectural design of your various houses, and he has therefore offered to contribute the cost of new drawings for these houses. Will you please, therefore, send to him at 329 Wabash Avenue, a plan of what you desire. You suggest using the plan of the Infirmary. If you will send the drawings to him, with any improvements you can suggest, he will thank you.

Assuring you of my continued interest in your institution, which I sincerely feel is doing a great deal of good, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
N. F. McCormick.

P. S. I can send you the whole amount, if you wish, or I can send it in installments of $1000; and the first installment I am sending under another cover.

(By pen.) By the doctor's advice I will probably leave for California Saturday.

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135 Rush Street, Chicago
December 20, 1900

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

I think of you so often during the year that it is not difficult to think of you a great deal at Christmas time. I want to send you herewith $60 each, for Hedvig, Anna and Carl,—$180. This belongs to 1901. I hope that each of them is doing well in the branches of study they have taken up. Do they grow in habits of careful study? I am glad when they do their domectic work well. I am glad to hear through the *"Monthly"* that all is going so well with all the dear children.

I often think of your two fine sons, each in a career of great usefulness, taught by you in the great lesson of doing for others. I pray for all good to come to yourself as well as to your family these holiday times. You are doing incalculable good and I pray for blessings on you.

Ever yours faithfully,
Nettie F. McCormick.

P. S. I fear if I wait to have the typewriter copy this, it may not get off promptly, but it ought to be copied.

Give my kindest and most cordial regards to your sons.

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February 12, 1900

Dear Mr. Jacobs:

I send you $100 herewith to be used on my dear husband's

birthday, February 15, for the advancement of the occupants of McCormick Cottage, the method or manner of the outlay to be determined by your own wise mind, only requesting that it be something to help on their spiritual life. For when they go from the sheltering fold of dear Thornwell Orphanage, and from under your own, your loving hand, how great the temptations that assail them.

With many loving wishes
I am ever yours faithfully,
Nettie F. McCormick.

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135 Rush Street, Chicago
June 22, 1901

Dear Mr. Jacobs:

Your letter made me quite sad, because you were sad when you wrote it. You need some additional room and you do not see your way clear to get it.

Now I will help you a little in this. If you can get from any state in the Union, $500—I will give you $1000 for the object you have in mind—you stating more clearly what that need is. You are a person so great in the field of your choice; so fine in judgment and in organization, so large in heart, as well as in conception of plans for the orphans, that you should have the fullest facilities to do with. I have often thought of you as unique and without a peer in the wise training of youth.

These are busy days for you. Park College has its exercises this week, and other schools I know. There was a fine conference and school for Bible Study and meeting of all the teachers from the mountain coves and primaries, at Tusculum, Tenn. this last week or two.

Ever yours.
Nettie F. McCormick.

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On a ranch, Cimarron, New Mexico
December 18, 1901

Dear Mr. Jacobs:

I am thinking so much about you this month and fearing you have not fully recovered,—can we ever fully recover lost ground? This is a deep question, and I cannot answer it. I can only just go on.

I think with great regard of your great self sacrifice—your unwearied labors for those orphans, sent you by their kind Heavenly Father,—kind in providing them such a loving earthly father

as you are. It always seems to me that I have never met your equal in combining great qualities of soul with great executive abilities. Your spiritual nature and your high mental endowment keep pace with each other—a rare possession seldom seen in one person. I read that tragedy is love's self sacrifice. Your history illustrates that fact. For these orphans' sake you should cast on others the physical care of the great plant you have reared. There are deeper cares that others cannot shoulder.

I send you herewith a Christmas token $250 not knowing whether any want remains not supplied in the Mary Jacobs Building, but wishing it applied there if any such need remains. Then I would like the Anderson orphans to have $5 each, but I don't know wheather they should themselves have it to spend, or whether their teacher should help them judge how to lay it out. Perhaps it might be, in Carl's case, given him to buy books of which he is fond, or music. In Anna and Hedvig's case I cannot judge what they need; or how they would lay it out. Let the lady judge who comes nearest to them in care of them.

Augusta Nelson is in Sweden with her father.

Wishing you Merry Christmas, dear Dr. Jacobs.

Ever yours,
Nettie F. McCormick.

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135 Rush Street, Chicago
March 27, 1902

Rev. W. P. Jacobs
Clinton, S. C.
Dear Dr. Jacobs:

Mrs. McCormick is confined to her room today, and, not feeling well enough to write herself, has handed me the enclosed check for One Hundred dollars with instructions that it be forwarded to you at once for a trip for yourself. Mrs. McCormick feels that you have been carrying a very heavy burden for a long time and that in justice to both you and the work itself, you should get away for a time where you can have a complete change and rest and wishes you to use this check for that purpose.

It is most gratifing to Mrs. McCormick to receive such a good report in every way of all three of the children: Anne, Hedvig and Carl.

Very truly yours,
T. B. Gordon, Secty.

P. S. Your letter will please Miss Augusta Nelson, the children's aunt, and we will send it on to her.

Paul Smiths, N. Y.
October 2, 1902

Dear Mr. Jacobs:

Could it be that my thought went out to meet your letter last night, while your thought was coming by this morning's mail, for I thought of the orphans when I could not sleep, in the night, and wondered how the school year was opening with you. I was thinking in the night that I would ask you what was the most pressing need with you in the care of the orphans. I have $1000.00 I thought I would like to do good with, and I was wondering what use Dr. Jacobs would put it to. In your letter today, you say you must do something. What is that something? It is, indeed, a problem. You see, Dr. Jacobs, you are now renowned, both as a great educator, and as an able organizer of orphanage homes. People feel that you weave more of home, and less of institution into your Orphanage than any other man, perhaps in the country. I am so glad your son is with you. Remember us to him. Your friend,

N. F. McCormick.

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675 Rush Street, Chicago
December 15, 1911

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

Will you accept the enclosed Christmas token for a journey to some place of rest and retirement for yourself?

I send it with the request that you will isolate this little check from all others, in order that when you can leave Clinton this amount of ready money may be in hand—without any peradventure, otherwise you may forget it is for yourself—your all is given for the Orphans.

Your splendid son and daughter-in-law are so filial in their concern lest you wear yourself out by overwork for the dear Orphan children. We feel great attachment to those dear young people. Their beautiful character and great charm have won our admiration and affection. We know too from whence they, (I mean your son), have got their lovely natural traits—it is from the dear, self-denying father Jacobs.

I am glad to read the publications you so kindly send me—so well edited. I can discover your writing all through. The children of our families are well, as I hope also is the dear child of Mr. William States Jacobs.

Ever sincerely yours,
N. F. McCormick.